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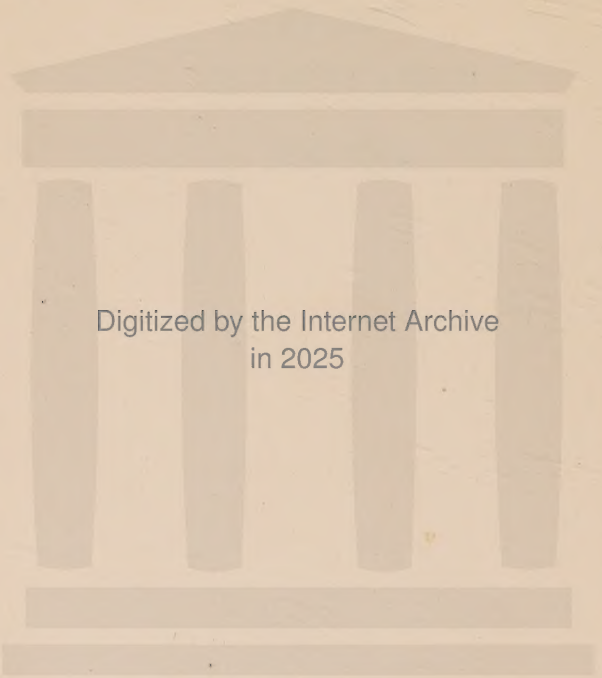
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Sermons and Addresses

OF

HIS EMINENCE

WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL

ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON

VOL. IX

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Sermons and Addresses

THE BASIS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE[1]

The Cecilian Guild is accomplishing one of the noblest works in the Diocese. The Guild was instituted to minister to poor little babies and needy mothers. Reflect upon the birth of our Saviour on a dark, cold night, the swaddling clothes and the straw manger. The Guild was instituted precisely to give a welcome to the little Infant Saviour as personified in these poor little babes. I congratulate you on the work you have done, and I am very glad to see that it is growing.

But we must keep it alive, because it means so much. We are living in a very selfish age. Everybody seems to be living just for himself and herself. We must be entertained and amused all the time. It really is getting to be a very serious matter. This is due, I suppose, to the prosperity of the country to-day. Not so very long ago life was simpler, and it was better for everybody because it was then necessary to learn self-sacrifice.

Then men did not expect everything to be done for them. They did not have so much money for the future, so they grew to be very conservative. This seems to be all passing away. The atmosphere is filled with selfishness, and life goes on at such a pace that everybody must fight for his rights. If it continues thus, panicky conditions face us.

[1] Address to the Cecilian Guild at the League House, November 10, 1925.

The only way that life can be kept orderly is by self-sacrifice. To obey anybody, to follow advice, or to abide by others' wishes, is considered old-fashioned. Carry out your own schemes, express yourself — that is now the fashion. In other words, "Have your own way" is the watchword of the day. Mothers do not count, fathers do not count, their feelings do not count. They are not supposed to count.

But all human nature, fortunately, is not constituted thus. There is something in all of us — call it ethics, religion, anything you like — that rebukes such selfishness, and chides us gently that unless we are doing something for others, we are not happy.

To be always running around and never getting anywhere is an idle course. Even the most irresponsible tire of it.

You must have some purpose in life to be happy, something outside yourself. If you are content with nothing special to do, you will never be happy. Go out and find something to interest you, outside yourself, and you will be happy. You find happiness only by forgetting yourselves.

Great is the debt of those who receive, but even greater is the joy of those who give. An empty-handed life is absolutely valueless. If you have nothing to think of, no cross to bear, no worries to bother you, you will get nothing out of life, because there is nothing in it. Men eat, drink, and amuse themselves in an animal-like way and think they are happy. But this conduct ill becomes the immortal soul that God has given us. You must have a balanced life. This means that you must work for something outside yourselves.

First of all, do not think so much about happiness.

Life consists in something much deeper. You can be happy looking at a passing stream, by watching the waves on the ocean, or by twirling your thumbs, but you were not born for that. God did not give you an immortal soul save for a very serious purpose. Your life will be very much fuller if sometimes you have something to worry you or some burden to bear. That constitutes a kind of happiness far superior to the other.

It seems to me that the great beauty of life is its variety. If you always had to sit in a gilded room with gilded things about you, there might be a moment when that would count, but only a moment, and you would soon tire of it. If you are thinking only of your own pleasures, you will become so selfish that, like the miser, the more you get the more you want. He thinks a hundred dollars is a great amount, and when he has it, it is not enough. Then a thousand dollars looks large to him until he gets it, and then again it is nothing. He is never satisfied, and never gets anything out of his savings. On the other hand, he sees others who have no money enjoying life to its full.

The natural tendency of youth is to have a good time, but Holy Mother Church teaches her children to be unselfish. You need not be ascetics, but you must give up something, you must cultivate the spirit of unselfishness.

In our Catholic schools, the children are trained to be unselfish. There are terrible temptations facing the children of to-day. From the movies they learn lessons of luxury and selfishness. Their minds are distorted. Everybody is much disturbed about the future of the present generation of young people. How can they be serious? What time is there to read a serious book? Who is train-

ing their minds? Who is bothering about their souls? Under such conditions, whither is the world going?

Very likely it is the reaction of the war. In that case we expect our young Catholic people to lead the way. But when you stop for a minute and think of your own life lived amid the atmosphere of to-day, you begin to wonder. Jazz, dances, card-playing, one continuous whirl of so-called pleasure seem to engage the popular mind.

The Guild of St. Cecilia was founded on the spirit of charity. Its purpose is to keep your minds and your hearts in the right place, because there is a tremendous good to be achieved in the world. You have an excellent opportunity to do good and save those who are being swept along with the current.

Your great possession is your Faith. You must keep your Faith as well as your charity. These will fortify you and save you. Have your own ideals, but remember that the basis of Christian life is unselfishness, the basis of all Christian characteristics is service.

The world does look to, and its only hope is in, Catholic womanhood. The Catholic woman has standards to guide her. Her Church teaches the entire truth. The reason that you work in an organized way is because you cannot do these things alone. It is not so much how many layettes you give out, but the great blessings that return to you. This helps to keep your standards high, it helps to keep your Catholic ideals pure. Here is peace, here is service. Would that we could only get all our young women to join such guilds!

May God bless the Guild, and may He bless those who are coöperating in its admirable work.

A FAITHFUL PEOPLE [1]

I CONGRATULATE you on adding another monument to the honor and glory of God.

Lowell, known the world over as a great industrial city, has experienced more industrial tranquillity than any other city of its kind in the country. There is one reason and only one for this continued prosperity. That reason is the faith of the good Catholic laboring people of the city.

There have been many causes for unrest, especially in the early period of our history, but the Catholics, always God-serving people, who put Him before everything else, have put aside these differences. Because God truly reigns in their hearts, they have borne their hardships without a murmur, although their lives, many of them, have been lives of incessant toiling. From sunrise to sunset they have been devoted to God and their work.

Out of all Lowell's prosperity and productions, however, the people to whom all the credit is due have received but a very small share. They have felt the industrial injustice, but they are a hardened race with firm faith in their hearts. They were a strange people in a strange land, but they prospered.

The industrialists left Lowell, but her workers found hope and condolence and remained and brought up their children in that spirit.

Nowhere else in the country can be found such monuments to God as here in our own city of Lowell. Only faith and love have reared them, as only faith and love

[1] Delivered at the dedication of St. Rita's Church, Lowell, December 5, 1925.

could rear them, for men do not contribute to a cause unless it is a loved one.

The beauty and simplicity of your church is in good taste. It is another treasure of the archdiocese.

The industrial peace and wonderful prosperity made, if not kept here, are due mainly to the efforts of the God-fearing Catholics who worked because they had the great treasure of wonderful faith in God.

This church is a noble gift, rich, not only in material value, which is great, but in the fact that behind every bit of mortar, every piece of wood, is the faith and love of good people.

Lowell not only builds its churches, but it maintains and supports them. I sincerely hope that sooner or later those of power and wealth will realize the work done by our good priests and their parishioners and help to make Lowell a better civic center for all concerned.

As I could not be in Lowell personally to conduct its religious affairs, I have tried to choose representatives who would carry on the work with interest and devotion, and Father Powers has done this, as he did in Cambridge. It is a new life, a new time, and a new era, and we need those who understand these conditions in order to promote good on every side and for all concerned.

God bless you all. May St. Rita protect and be with you at all times. May this day be a memorable one in the history of Lowell and may she prosper by virtue of that true faith which sees beyond difficulty and trouble to eternal destiny.

THE NATION'S NEED [1]

I SEE more and more the need of having Christians realize the importance of a Christian education, one that will prepare the coming generation for good citizenship in America. One of our first duties to the Republic is to perpetuate it. The first duty of a father is to perpetuate the family just as it is the first duty of a mother to instruct the children in the essential qualities of family life.

It needs only a very superficial examination of the facts to realize that the Republic, with all its heaven-sent blessings and privileges, will not and cannot be perpetuated without a profoundly religious training of the mind and heart of the youth of our land. As I see it now, it seems to be a pure platitude. Certainly it would appear to be a self-evident truth, and yet what is the fact?

How many fathers and mothers are really doing their duty to the Republic by giving their children training in Christian morals with a view to forming a genuine Christian character? My answer would be that a very small proportion of fathers and mothers give any thought at all to the actual training of their families in Christian principles.

Of course, I know perfectly well that the majority of parents want their children to be Christians. They do not want them to be pagans, barbarians, or savages, immoral or unmoral. Certainly no one would accuse them of such a thing. And I suppose if you asked them if they wanted their children brought up in the tenets and principles of Christianity, they would answer, Yes.

[1] Delivered at the Cathedral, December 8, 1925.

But if you went further and pushed the inquiry, if you were to ask them point-blank, What do you do to see that your children are getting a Christian education? They could not say very much, if they answered you truthfully.

I am not talking now about the parents of my own flock. I am talking as a citizen of the United States who is fully convinced that the Republic is founded on Christian principles and cannot be maintained without them.

Neither am I talking about the public schools. We all understand perfectly well that, under the present conditions, denominational religion can have no place in them. Of course, to my mind that is wholly illogical. There ought to be, and there might reasonably be, a system of public education in which legal and logical room would be given to religion in the front rank and in first place. Such a system exists elsewhere and flourishes. But I accept the fact as it is just now, for under present conditions such a system cannot be adopted.

Since it cannot, what are the parents going to do about it, or what have they done about it? Well, some Christian parents, Catholic and non-Catholic, who foresee the utter breakdown of the fabric and the structure of the country unless some provision is made for the Christian upbringing of their children, have at great pains and sacrifice established, patronized, and supported their own church schools.

Of course, that is nothing short of a most logical inevitableness, but I am not going into that question nor into what ought to be done if anything. If the public would look the matter squarely in the face and decide it without prejudice, the problem would be solved.

What are Christian parents doing about this lack in

public school training? I am not talking against the public schools, but simply asking a most absorbing question. What, I repeat, are Christian parents doing to supplement this lack? I feel convinced that if this question were put to the parents directly and they answered truthfully, they would say — not much.

And all I have to say in answer is that if this state of indifference continues long enough, it will mean, first of all, complete ignorance of Christian principles on the part of our descendants, and as a consequence the gradual extinction of those principles upon which the Republic is founded and on which alone it can endure.

There seems to be great amazement on the part of some people because there is a crime wave, because we have brigandage, highway robbery, and banditry in our midst. Perhaps never in the history of our country has there been such open and flagrant defiance of what is fundamental in our civilization. Some people pretend to be very much shocked, disturbed, disquieted, and annoyed. I can perfectly understand why they should be disquieted, but not how they can be amazed.

If parents are abandoning their sacred trust and high privilege of teaching their children the morality which alone can produce actual responsibility to their nation and to their God, it seems to me pure hypocrisy to pretend to be amazed at what is, after all, a logical sequence. It seems to me that when I have said this I have said everything to indicate that the Christian training and education of youth is one of the most vital problems of the day.

I for my part am striving, as far as my power can reach, to impress this duty upon all who come within the range of my influence, quite indifferent as to whether they are

Catholics or non-Catholics. How it should be done must be left to them. The Catholics are doing it in their own way. The others must decide on some way of doing it for themselves, but ignore it, the country cannot.

I place education among the things that concern me most and affecting which I am always glad to use my best endeavors, but, of course, much of my work is in the cause of charity. The problems here are much easier than in education.

First of all, it is very human to sympathize with all who are unhappy, who are abandoned, in suffering or in need, and to do what you can to make life more comfortable for them. I think I have a certain right to be proud of the fact that here in the Diocese of Boston we have conducted the charity work of the Church in a manner that defies comparison in any other diocese anywhere. We have well-established homes for orphans and outcast children, homes for wayward boys and girls. We have a wonderful school for the deaf and dumb, one of the most successful in America. We have homes for aged men and women who in the last days of life have been stranded on a barren shore and have no one to think of them or to look after them.

A short time ago I met a Protestant gentleman who is very much interested in all those grave and necessary social questions involved in the care of the poor and unfortunate, and we went from one home and school to another throughout the Diocese. He said he was astonished at the work.

He is a man of wide experience, with a very keen mind for social questions, and, I am happy to say, a very tender heart. At the end of the tour he said: "I never dreamed there was so much work for charity going on right under

my eyes." My answer to him was: "I am not surprised at that. I know very few Catholics themselves who realize the great work for the poor and the needy, the outcast and the wayward, that their own Church is carrying on under their own eyes."

I think I may say in connection with this, and I am glad to acknowledge it, that our non-Catholic neighbors have shown, and still continue to show, a most wonderful spirit of generosity toward all such institutions. What I cannot sometimes understand is that they do not see or realize that these institutions are doing work for the community with little aid or help from any one, for we rarely get any bequest at all, certainly extremely few of any large amount. Practically all our institutions are supported by the pennies of the laborer, which makes one think sometimes that the poor are the most charitable.

I am glad to note that the greatest, the most generous aid to the Diocese in the way of charity was left to me by Mr. Paul Keith, who died a few years ago. That fund is being used now to help out the old institutions and to erect new ones, both of charity and education. I think it is only fair to ask the general public to show their gratitude toward Mr. Keith and his saintly mother for all the good their generosity has already done and will make possible in the future.

I wish that the public at large could be made to realize the tremendous amount of good for the welfare of the whole community that is being done in the Catholic institutions of education and charity.

And now let me say a word in conclusion of thankfulness to God for His wonderful gift of good health with which He has endowed me and enabled me to sustain the burden of responsibility that my office places on me every

day. Heaven knows how grateful I am for all the coöperation of the good priests and faithful people of the archdiocese. What could I do without that coöperation?

Let me add a word of simple but heartfelt thankfulness to all my good neighbors who are not of my flock and from whom I have received, during all these years among them, only kindness and understanding.

Yes, the 8th of December will be a very happy day for me, but the only celebration will be my Mass of thanksgiving at the Cathedral in the morning and after that my usual work.

THE CONSOLATION OF FRIENDSHIP [1]

My dear friends, a happy event has once more recurred, the reunion of the men of St. Vincent de Paul. I am so glad it happens just at this time, because it is within the octave of the Immaculate Conception, which is also my birthday; so I am having all the feast-days one after the other.

I need not repeat to you what you really and truly must know by this time, that I consider the men of St. Vincent de Paul a band of personal friends of mine.

I have not the slightest hesitation in placing them in the front rank of all the organizations of America. There are a great many organizations of all kinds. The St. Vincent de Paul Society, without any question, is the one organization that above every other organization of the Church has grasped the idea that the controlling note of the Church is charity, the love of our neighbor, which is really the foundation of all Christian society.

Of course, it is a great delight for me to hear the report of the Society, of its propagation, its spirit, the number of conferences, the number of new conferences, and the large amount of new work which is being done. This is a matter of great encouragement to us all.

Well, I can only repeat, and it is absolutely true, I consider every single member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of this Diocese in a very special way a particular and a personal friend of mine. I may not know them all, but I know a great many of them. I wish I could know

[1] Delivered at the Cathedral, Sunday, December 13, 1925, to the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

all of them. For the sort of men who get into the St. Vincent de Paul Society wear well.

People have an idea that one who is an Archbishop and a Cardinal has no friends, that somehow he ought to be above friendship. It is perfect nonsense. The fact that a man is a Cardinal or an Archbishop does not mean that he has put off human nature and has suddenly become an angel.

No one can do a work well unless he has the consolation of friendship. The great consolation of friendship that comes to every Christian is the friendship of Christ, the friendship of God, the feeling that you are in His love and that you love Him. Without that there can be no Christianity. Even our Blessed Lord Himself, when He came on earth surrounded Himself with His own little body of friends. He loved them all. He loved all the world.

He came to teach us how to behave as men, and He accommodated Himself to the humility of our humanity. God needed nobody, and yet I think it is most beautiful and touching how God has taught us to love friends, by what He did for His friends. It is wonderful how He thus transformed the world.

He wandered about from village to village in Palestine with his humble companions. Our Blessed Lord did the most wonderful things for them. He transfigured Himself, even, before some of them. He taught them how to deal with human nature, how to comfort the poor and to heal the sick.

When I was in Palestine two years ago, I felt that more than ever. I could see Him always with a little band around Him, as though they were of St. Vincent de Paul one might say. They went around with Him all the time.

They could not possibly do otherwise. Our Blessed Lord was so attractive in His personality, so beautiful in His human soul, not to speak of the divinity about Him.

This morning you have felt, in Holy Communion and Mass, that wonderful bond of affection among the members of the Society. People wonder at the unity of the Catholic Church. There is only one center of unity. Of course, there is the center of organic unity — the successor to St. Peter. There must be a head to every organization, a visible head forever. But the unity of the Catholic Church is explained by this coming together around the Holy Table and partaking of the body and blood of our Divine Master.

To-day is a sacred day for you and the St. Vincent de Paul Society. People like to go back to the days of the early Church. The Church has been one organic body carried straight down through the ages since Christ Himself. The early Christians were a part of our family.

You will find that they were doing just the same things we are doing now, but under entirely different circumstances. They had their love feasts. They would gather in the houses of their friends. Some of them were rich Catholics, members of the Court, and some of them large landowners. They had to be very careful, because there were always enemies spying on them. They were not supposed to be exactly in order with regard to the Empire. Just as the Klan feels about us now, that we are boring underneath America and that we are not one hundred per cent Americans. That is exactly the same feeling that prevailed at the time of the Apostles themselves.

The love feasts were little luncheons given to enable the Christians to keep together on Sundays and

feast-days, to talk over the interests of the poor and ways and means for carrying on the Church.

The only way to deal with humanity is the method the St. Vincent de Paul Society employs, that of kindliness, patience, and moderation. Its true spirit of Christianity, that of love and charity, is the only real spirit that ever brought good to humanity. The spirit of the Society is the spirit of Christ. May God bless your work and prosper it.

THE RIGHT USE OF RICHES[1]

THE passing of another year brings us again to this glorious feast of the Holy Name and renews this now wonderful vision of which we never seem to tire.

Thousands of men all over the diocese meet in their various churches to honor the Holy Name of Jesus. In itself it is an extremely simple thing, for men gather for almost any purpose, but that they should gather solely to honor God seems to cause surprise to some people.

That in itself is a curious commentary on the faith of the world in general. God, Who is the author of our being and the end of our whole existence, to honor Him seems to cause surprise!

Well, the faith of the saints is still alive, thank God, and year by year, we find the ranks of the Holy Name Society filling up with new faces, with new souls that glorify our Saviour's blessed name. For this we have to thank God, really, because the atmosphere of to-day is so completely filled with skepticism.

To-day one reads in the papers of a man who, beginning with nothing almost, a poor boy, through dint of perseverance, labor, and work, finally amassed millions. One cannot help admiring the tremendous force of character behind that, because he suffered poverty and hardship. He labored all day and long into the night with just one hope, one determination — to make a success of his enterprise.

Well, he made it a success so far as getting money was

[1] Delivered at the Cathedral, January 3, 1926, to the Holy Name Society.

concerned. Really, when one thinks of it, it seems the whole thing was not worth while after all. As for the value of what he created, that may be disputed. As for the enormous energy he put into his plans, one can only say that, if a tenth part of that energy had been expended in the right direction, wonders would have been achieved. That would have brought him satisfaction in life, and the contentment which comes from doing things for God.

And in the end, after all these years of terrific labor and wonderful effort, and the striving night and day for this purpose that was uppermost in his mind, and after gathering these countless millions of dollars, which I suppose he never saw at all — they were all on paper as far as he was concerned — he could not eat any more or drink any more than when he was poor. He could wear only one suit of clothes, just as when he was poor. One may wonder if he had any real friends. It would seem not, for he seems to have dealt very coldly, very harshly, with all those who worked with him or for him.

By gaining these millions, no doubt, he achieved the purpose he set out to achieve, but in the end what was it all for? Of course, a man's money is his own, and he has a certain right to deal with it and do with it as he likes. In a general way, that is true. But every man who is worth millions, or thousands, is bound to help his fellow man. No one escapes that obligation, and the richer he is and the more power he has for good, the greater that obligation becomes.

Now, of course, art is a wonderful thing. No one wants to decry art, or minimize the value of art, but I repeat, there is a certain liberty which every man has in disposing of his own goods. So, I am not criticizing, I am only saying, that with that forty million dollars what wonders

could have been done for the sick in the hospitals, for the poor in the slums, for his own fellow workmen who helped him to build up his enterprise.

Yet nothing of this seems to have appealed to him. It really does seem sometimes that in following out a certain set purpose the end of which is money, the heart is dried up, and such a man fails to see in his fellow man a child of God, one worthy of his sympathy and of his help. When labor and toil produce only money, and the great spirit of charity dies, there is nothing left but dust and ashes.

No doubt wonderful pictures will be purchased which will be enjoyed by those who can enjoy pictures. Great galleries will be endowed for men and women who have the leisure to wander through them. This man was a poor boy, and yet, in the possession of millions, he seems to have lost his touch with that noble sentiment — compassion for the poor — which is the very essence of Christianity.

Now all this proves that without a spirit of faith, a spirit of religion, the natural sentiments of the human heart dry up. Men reach out for what they call success, and they lose the very treasure under their eyes which can be gained for the mere asking. They spend their nights and days in labor and effort, and here, within their hand-reach, is that wonderful power which comes with faith, which abides with charity, and which makes men almost divine.

The spirit of Christianity is a wonderful thing for those who possess it, because it teaches the love of God and the love of neighbor. Our Blessed Lord said that you cannot do one without the other. You cannot have possession of God without feeling in the heart compassion for

those around you, who need your sympathy, your compassion, and your help. No number of magnificent art galleries, no number of wonderful works of art can ever supply the need in the human heart of faith and love.

Most of the men before me are working men. We are all working men. Those who have the happiness and privilege of labor and of toil and are happy and contented in it, if they have faith, have more than all the world can give. When toil is blessed and lightened by the love of God, then the heart is fresh and the mind is clear.

Day by day such men go to their work with the blessing of God upon their heads and in their hearts, and their lives are contented and happy. What are all the millions of the world, purchased with the loss of one's immortal soul, compared to the life of an honest toiler who loves his God and who lives a life of virtue?

That is the product of Christianity. That is why our Blessed Lord came on earth, to destroy all false ideas of a mere material triumph which is not worth a day's work, and to give men the real and profound consolations of soul which are a part of the vision of God, and which make the lot of the poorest and the humblest happier than that of a king.

We must realize what we have, beloved men, because the world is always making comparisons. In this America of ours it seems so easy — fortunately on the surface — for some people to make a fortune. The worst of it is that when they get it they do not know what to do with it. They were far happier when they had their day's wages and were sure of their day's work. They were happier and more contented than when, through some process or another, God knows how, they accumulated a

large fortune, only to die leaving it to some perfectly vain purpose or for relatives to squabble and fight over.

My dear men, the great advantage of faith is to see life as it is, to face all facts as they are, to realize that love is one of the greatest blessings of God, and that love with work brings you near the throne of God every day of your lives, if only you are faithful. But if you pass your time in longings and discontent about things which really have no value at all, then you make your own lives unhappy, and the fault is all your own.

Let us thank God for what He has given us, and especially for what He has given us to do. When our lives are useful, we are happy. For all that, we may bless and praise every year of our lives, to the moment of our death, the Holy Name of Jesus, for it was He Who brought that secret to the earth.

Love of God, love of our neighbor, the casting away of all our bitterness, giving no hospitality to evil thoughts or jealousies or envies, keeping the heart open to noble sentiments — these are gifts of God beyond all millions, beyond all treasures of this world.

Faith is yours for the asking, my dear men. You have it. You know what it is because you possess it. Therefore, now that the new year is upon us, let us cleanse our hearts and our minds and our souls of all those things which prevent the understanding of our duty in life, and that stand in the way of our approaching nearer and nearer the love of Jesus Christ.

Our Blessed Lord will not love us unless we accept His gifts and are grateful for them. Unless we toil with honest hearts, unless we are filled with the true love of Christian souls, Christ will not or cannot give us His love, and without His love life is a desolate waste.

But if we are honest with ourselves, really trying to do our best, which is never much, and are determined that not for all the world and the treasures of the world shall we lose Him, we will find Him the most generous of Masters and He will be satisfied oftentimes when we are not.

May this be the blessing upon you all on this Feast of the Holy Name, beloved men. May God keep your hearts true and faithful to Him year after year as long as you live.

A SPIRITUAL OBSERVANCE [1]

On January 26, 1926, the members of the Archbishop's Council assembled in the Diocesan House for the purpose of considering what would be the form of the observance of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration as Bishop of the Cardinal Archbishop of Boston, which took place in St. John Lateran's Church in Rome, on May 19, 1901.

After some deliberation the Council decided to wait upon His Eminence, the Cardinal, and request his suggestions as to the form which would be most acceptable to him.

His Eminence received the Council most courteously, and after having heard the object of the visit immediately set forth the following programme as the only one which would be agreeable to him:

"It is my desire," said His Eminence, "that the whole Diocese, Archbishop, priests, and people, observe the twenty-fifth anniversary of my consecration as a Bishop by uniting in fervent thanksgiving to God for whatever good these twenty-five years of my stewardship have accomplished. I want no gift but that, and that, needless to say, will be the most consoling tribute of affection which my priests and people could possibly offer me.

"I hope you will send out, as soon as possible, a notice to the priests and people of this desire, so that between now and the 19th of May they may have ample time to gather a wonderful spiritual bouquet which could be presented to me on the jubilee day of my consecration.

[1] Announcement of His Eminence's wishes in regard to the observance of his Silver Episcopal Jubilee, on May 19, 1926.

"I trust that every man, woman, and child of the Diocese will offer up for me, between now and then, as many Communions as possible, that they will say, or have said, as many Masses as possible, and that they will repeat as many rosaries, as many forms of ejaculations as their devout hearts will prompt them to say, and that all these wonderfully beautiful spiritual flowers will be gathered together, parish by parish, and woven into a glorious garland — the united gift of a united people to their spiritual Chief.

"I wish further to request all the priests of the Diocese to join with me on the day of my anniversary in the celebration of a low Mass at seven o'clock and that as many of the faithful as possible assist at these Masses and receive Holy Communion as an act of gratitude to God and as a prayer for further graces and blessings for me and the whole Diocese.

"As my consecration as Bishop took place in the month of Mary and as our Blessed Lady is my Patroness, born as I was on the great feast of the Immaculate Conception, I suggest that from the first day of May to the nineteenth inclusive, a special effort be made to have every member of the Diocese offer a Mass and a Holy Communion to our Blessed Mother in thanksgiving for the wonderful protection she has given me during all the years of my life."

CARDINAL MERCIER [1]

The Church, in fact the whole world, loses a great and saintly man in the death of Cardinal Mercier. He became suddenly famous through a Pastoral Letter, which he issued to his flock at the beginning of the war, but that incident only served to bring to the foreground a prelate who for long years before that was well known all over the intellectual world as a student and teacher of philosophy as given to the world by St. Thomas Aquinas, the Christian Aristotle.

Indeed, he never ceased to be a student, and his advice and counsel were sought on all sides by those whose duty it was to regulate ecclesiastical studies. He was a member of the same Roman Commission as myself, known as the Congregation of Studies.

But it was the war that brought him out from his cloistered life into the great public world of action. At that time the German army was really in command of affairs in Belgium, and constituted the *de facto*, if not the *de jure*, civil authority.

Cardinal Mercier took the stand which any Bishop in the Catholic world would take under similar circumstances. He refused to submit his spiritual jurisdiction over his own flock to military orders, and he voiced the principle — which, of course, he did not discover, but was merely obeying — that the shepherd has the Divine right to feed and guide his flock and in so doing is not subject to any authority, military or civil, *de facto* or *de jure*,

[1] Tribute paid by His Eminence to the memory of Cardinal Mercier, January 30, 1926.

but is acting in his incontestable right of a divinely constituted spiritual authority.

I have no doubt that at the moment he was quite prepared for very severe consequences, but it never disturbed him in the least. He did his duty, and the singular thing is that the world at once proclaimed him a hero, especially the English-speaking world — that is to say, the Protestant world.

Undoubtedly in doing that they reacted to a profound conviction that the shepherd must tend his flock whatever the consequences to himself, but I cannot help wondering why Cardinal Mercier was admired as a hero throughout the Protestant world for obeying a principle which, under other circumstances, has not been accorded the same applause.

For instance, only a few days ago, Pius XI declared the same principle in his allocution at the closing of the Holy Door, and the Protestant world lifted its eyebrows very high at the exactly similar thing to which they had accorded such world-wide applause when it happened to be consonant with their wishes.

Cardinal Mercier was a Belgian patriot undoubtedly, but he was even more than that. He was true to his Divine office of Shepherd of Souls, and in that he stands side by side — not an inch above — all that long line of Pontiffs and prelates who have held steadfastly to the incontestable principle that it is better to obey God than man.

He was my guest during his stay in Boston, and he enjoyed his visit immensely. He had a charming simplicity of character, the simplicity which always marks the truly great man. He enjoyed meeting all the Bostonians who approached him, and his great regret was that he could not stay long enough to know them better.

Again and again he said to me, in those delightful evenings which he spent in my company in my house in Brookline, "The Bostonians are charming. They are so friendly to me, and so considerate and kind."

He felt very much at home here because of his very friendly reception, and also because he admired the sterling faith, the fruits of which he saw on all sides.

I think no one who saw the beautiful scene in the Cathedral, when I welcomed the King, Queen, and Cardinal to our Mother Church of Boston, can ever forget it. For a moment it was a bit of old Europe, the stately Gothic of the sanctuary with the two remarkable figures close to the altar — the King on one side in a simple military khaki uniform, and the great Cardinal in his robes of royal purple seated on the Archbishop's throne.

I have often thought since that it was a great pity that some great artist was not present to catch the wondrous beauty of the scene, and a great poet to describe its full significance. The King still reigns. The great Cardinal, many years his senior, has passed to his reward. May he rest in peace!

MUNSEY AND THE CARDINAL[1]

If I were really clever, I should be able to dissuade any one from leaving one dollar to the American Museum of Natural History until Henry F. Osborn, head of that institution, becomes a real scientist. In the mean time, perhaps, really respectable rich men would be persuaded to think of the poor and the sick.

I have in my hand an editorial from a metropolitan daily paper entitled, "Munsey and the Cardinal," upon which I wish to comment briefly. The editorial truthfully says that I stated that Mr. Munsey, in leaving so many millions to the Metropolitan Art Museum of New York, entirely overlooked the poor, whose struggles Munsey surely might have remembered, as he was at one time extremely poor himself. So much of the extremely interesting editorial is true, and I might add that it would require no remarkable mind to discover that much.

The editor, or some one else, proceeds to offer some explanation of Mr. Munsey's queer state of mind in making his will by suggesting that evidently Mr. Munsey wanted his money handled by respectable people — as for the poor — well, let them work as he (Munsey) did, and they will succeed. If not, then it is their own fault.

To this I merely answer, briefly, that I do not understand what Mr. Munsey and the writer of the editorial mean by "respectable people." Am I to conclude that the poor who are honorably struggling, not to succeed by Mr.

[1] Address delivered to the League of Catholic Women at Fenway Academy, January 30, 1926, commenting on Frank A. Munsey's gift of his fortune to the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York, and on an editorial in a Boston newspaper that suggested that money might well be left also to the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

Munsey's methods — God forbid! — but for an honest livelihood often rendered almost unattainable by illness, and whose very honesty and industry often fail to bring material success — am I to conclude that these people are not respectable, or am I to conclude that money wrenched from the working man, yes, even from badly paid journalists, creates respectability?

Surely the writer of the editorial cannot mean that. Does he really think that Mr. Munsey did? In that case he is a poor apologist. He says that Mr. Munsey had a feeling (that is interesting; somehow we had concluded from his methods that he had no feeling) that the best way to help the poor was to encourage them to get out of poverty by hard work, as he had done.

Surely both the writer of the editorial and Mr. Munsey must have seen a thousand times that just hard work does not, as a matter of fact, get millions of men out of poverty, since millions of men barely get enough even by hard work to provide for the future. And, moreover, that phrase "as he had done," is quite cynical.

Was it by hard work that Mr. Munsey accumulated his forty or sixty millions? How about methods which had nothing to do with hard work, but very much to do with — well, let us call it financial shrewdness, which can often dispense with either honesty or honor.

Again, the editor says, he (Munsey) knew nothing of art except that it could do no harm. So idealism consists not in doing good, but in doing no harm. Strange philosophy! So we are to conclude again that to aid the poor, the sick, the suffering veterans in the hospitals whose health was wrecked in defending the country so that Mr. Munsey could pile up more millions — all this would be to do harm!

And now, after all this philosophizing, we get practical advice. "Leave your money to the American Museum of Natural History, which is an educational institution in the best sense of the word."

I have often wondered why the editor is so constantly talking of the cave man, the Neanderthal man, and other kinds of men of whose existence there is not and never has been one single bit of positive scientific evidence. Now I know. Evidently the editor is an ardent student of the Hall of the Age of Man in the same educational institution — the American Museum of Natural History.

In that hall, among the popular features arranged by Mr. Henry F. Osborn, is an exhibition of what might be justly termed the grotesque gullibility of so-called scientists. There is the Piltdown man, for instance. What is he? Two bits of skull bone, a very small piece of jawbone, and a canine tooth. All these bones were found in different places in a sandpit of Sussex, and at long intervals apart.

Now for the scientific process. Out of these scraps of bone which you could conceal in the hollow of your hand, by pure unproved assumption, is reconstructed an apeman, labeled Eoanthropus, or the Dawn Man. Out of pure imagination and false assumption, not backed by one single spark of evidence, "science" produces a purely fake skeleton and bids the world come to the Natural History Museum for educational instruction.

Now, Mr. Osborn in the beginning admits that for such pure assumption and reconstruction there is very slight foundation, but later he forgets what he had said and coolly informs us that this fake exhibit is all presented to the public truthfully, very clearly, and according to

actual knowledge. Is this science or, rather, is this simple honesty?

The same method is carried out in this wonderful educational institution in showing an admiring world the Neanderthal man and the Cro-Magnon man, pure inventions built up in pure speculation without one single positive iota of real, practical evidence.

The best scientists deplore this unscientific bit of fraud and say truthfully that it is only bringing discredit on real science, which is based on positive knowledge of facts, not on mere imagination and false assumption.

Now, thousands visit this museum. They see this utterly false exhibition of fake curiosities, and go away thinking that the museum is a wonderful educational institution, as whoever wrote the editorial thinks.

I am grateful to the newspapers for the undeserved compliment paid me. If I were really clever and able, I should be able to dissuade any one from leaving one dollar to this false museum until Mr. Osborn became a real scientist. In the meanwhile perhaps really respectable rich men would be persuaded to think of the poor and the sick.

ART MUSEUMS A REAL NEED [1]

It seems that some people have received a false idea from some things I have said lately. They seem to have the impression that I disapprove of art and art museums.

Let me set that idea right at once. I am a genuine lover of art and of art museums. The fact is that the greatest patrons of art and the greatest founders of art museums are the Popes and Cardinals of the Catholic Church. The Vatican, and the Doria, Farnese, Rospigliosi, Barberini Palaces in Rome are the best art museums in the world.

What I said was in no sense a depreciation of art museums. It is proper and right, and indeed a duty, for the rich to cultivate and patronize art. The whole point of what I said was that this was not their sole duty. Their first duty, after God, is the relief of poverty and illness among their fellows. That done, there is every reason to commend them if they help the cause of art in any way they choose.

We have a most excellent museum of art in Boston, an institution of which we all may well be proud. I think we all might do more than we do to sustain it and help its growth. However, I think more of us ought to profit by its presence among us.

But — and now let me be clear — no one for art's sake has a right to shirk his Christian duties of helpfulness and assistance to the poor and the suffering.

I hope that every one who can will be interested in the proper degree and just proportions in the Boston Museum

[1] Address delivered to the League of Catholic Women at Fenway Academy, February 6, 1926.

of Fine Arts. But I still say that I hope no one ever again will leave any museum of art forty million dollars, for that is the easiest way of doing a grave injustice to the museum and to humanity.

I want to recommend to you, for reading, during Lent, two books of quite different character, Cardinal DeLai's "Passion of Christ" and "Fabiola," by Cardinal Wiseman.

The first book is the touching story of what our Blessed Lord endured for our salvation. No one can read it and remain unmoved. No one can read it and fail to realize the height and the depth of God's love for man.

"Fabiola" is a fascinating story of the early Church of Rome. It describes the birth of the Church in the heart of paganism and reveals luminously how much the early Church resembled the Church of our time in all essentials.

For instance, the pagan of to-day, or at least the so-called Christian with pagan principles, finds that one of the chief objections to the Church is that the Catholic Church is the Church of the poor, the servants, the little people whose names are not in the Blue Book.

Go back to the early Christians and you find the very same arguments in "Fabiola." The earliest and the best Christians were among the slaves of Rome. It was often they, too, who by their saintly lives led the rich and the titled, even those of Cæsar's household, into the fold.

The Church is Catholic, for rich and poor, titled and common alike. If it is a reason for reproach that the poorest of the poor are at home in it, then the same argument destroys its Founder, a poor carpenter, its Apostles, poor fishermen, and its hierarchy.

The Church is the Church of the poor. Certainly, it is.

That was one of its original distinctive marks. "The poor have the Gospel preached to them."

But it is also the Church of emperors, kings, nobles, and the richest of the world. It no doubt is true that, for instance, the Catholic congregations are working men and women — laborers and servants. But elsewhere, where conditions are different, there are Catholic congregations of dukes, marquises, counts, and millionaires, who, in God's house, kneel side by side with their poorer brethren.

I am sure they would laugh if they heard an American, of all people in the world, refusing to go to the same church as his valet and housemaid. Yet I think only in America could such an utterly un-Christian and undemocratic sentiment be voiced without derision.

It is easy to understand now why all other churches are being deserted in America, and religion now comes conveniently over the radio without the inconvenience of kneeling at the same altar with social inferiors.

Snobbery is essentially pagan, and I have heard it said by those who ought to know that a certain class of Americans are the most arrogant snobs in the whole world. A French marquis once told me that a member of a prominent New York family told him that he would never have received Benjamin Franklin in his house because he was not a gentleman.

The marquis, a real gentleman, in narrating the incident, was weak from laughter. Oh, yes, the Catholic Church is the Church of the maid, the charwoman, the laborer, but also of the scholar, the nobleman, the king, and thank God it is, because it is another proof that it is the true Church of God, the Father of all.

UNIVERSAL COMPULSORY PROHIBITION [1]

I HAVE been asked repeatedly of late to give my views with regard to compulsory universal prohibition. Up to the present I have preferred to keep silence, but the misrepresentation, whether due to ignorance or malice, of the position of the Church generally, and especially in these United States, would seem to require some clear statement on the subject.

I have read the controversial attitudes pro and con as voiced by prominent laymen and also by Protestant ecclesiastics of different denominations, and I think that some of these declarations, coming from people of various walks of life, while they surely indicate a deep agitation on the part of the public, also manifest an extraordinary amount of confusion, both of principle and of fact. That, I suppose, is to be expected from sources which depend more upon emotional than upon doctrinal principles.

If this most important matter of enforced prohibition were merely a question of personal conjecture or personal taste, we might wait for the time when the public would arrive at settled convictions concerning it, and hope for sane legislation. But some of the utterances, especially those purporting to give a Catholic point of view, are so distorted from Catholic principle that it may be of interest to the general public to know the true Catholic standpoint.

Now I know of no better way, for the present, to set

[1] Interview given to members of the Press, February 13, 1926.

forth the Catholic standpoint than by reproducing an article entitled, "Catholics and the Prohibitionists," printed in the London "Tablet" of January 23, 1926.

The statement is so clear and so comprehensive that I do not hesitate to make it my own and to take my position alongside of it as enunciating genuine Catholic doctrine. I will not give the whole article, though it would be worth-while reading, but I will epitomize it in the following form:

The Catholic Church is the oldest and largest ethical society in the world. Therefore, Christendom's moral reformers, both the right-headed and the wrong-headed, ardently desire Catholic coöperation.

From their pulpits, their theologians brand us as traitors to the gospel, but on the public platforms our active partnership is acclaimed with delight. Their orators tell us that Rome is the Scarlet Woman, but they find that she is quite prettily clad in pale pink when they want her to march with them in a temperance crusade.

Not that the Church needs persuading to fight against intemperance! From the days when St. Paul warned the Ephesians not to be drunk with wine, the Church's pastors have dealt faithfully with this ugly vice, but — and here is the real principle — "Abusus non tollit usum" (The abuse of a thing does not destroy its use) — ale, wine, and their like are not in themselves evil. They have their lawful uses, ranging down from the supreme honor paid to wine along with bread as the matter of the Holy Eucharist to their general work of moistening and enlivening the laborer's rough fare.

Unhappily, this is not the view of some Protestants with whom we are asked to associate ourselves for temperance progress. Reviving the hoary heresy of the Aquarians, they would banish wine even from the sacrifice of the altar; as Neo-Manichees they would have us err and stray with them in the thornbrakes of false physics and false metaphysics.

To these appeals the Catholic Church cannot accede. Voluntary total abstinence she applauds as in the case of a strong-

willed man who renounces fermented liquor for the sake of a weak-willed brother.

But compulsory universal prohibition is a different thing! For compulsory prohibition in general is flatly opposed to Holy Scripture and to Catholic tradition. Moreover, it is grossly untrue to say that pathology and diatetics have brought in a verdict of guilty against the immemorial beverages of the old world.

Although it has been made clear a thousand times that we will work with our separated brethren as temperance men, but not as the tools of those whose confessed policy is world-wide prohibition by installments, disloyal attempts are still being made to entangle us.

A few months ago, some prohibitionists in the United States concocted an ingenious plan to entrap the Pope by begging him to give his moral support to secure the observance of the law of prohibition. The ruse failed badly. Protestants as well as Catholics were indignant at the idea of the prohibitionists attempting to gain the moral power of the "foreign potentate" to interfere in their country's domestic concerns, and so these disloyal Americans, seeing the mess they had created, got from under this crazy project of an appeal to the Pope before it came crashing about their ears. They are now tumbling over one another in their hurry to disavow it.

Prohibitionists, having formed the bad habit of misrepresentation, will continue to repeat that same attitude. They have made misrepresentation their all-the-year-round practice. Go with them a mile and they will boast that you have gone with them twain. Promise to work with them by education and moral suasion for the genuine virtue of temperance, and they will ultimately compromise you with compulsory total abstinence.

Recently the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster stated the following position: "Prohibition is certainly not educational. To my mind, prohibition is the antithesis and contradiction of temperance. It is an open confession of failure. Local option is merely a means to an end."

These words of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster are perfectly clear, yet it is constantly being asserted at public places that the Cardinal is solidly supporting local option.

Unhappily the prohibitionists do not stop short at trying to mix up Catholic clerics with their conspiracy on prohibition, and when they find a Catholic taking part in anti-prohibition propaganda, true to their methods, they attempt to impugn his good faith and honor. Only a short time ago, Mr. Caldwell, an excellent and able Catholic, had a most incredibly hateful charge thrown at him because he spoke against prohibition. Mr. Caldwell brought the case to court, won his case on every point and was awarded five hundred pounds damages.

Let me conclude with the words taken from a homily of St. John Chrysostom read in the court at that very trial by the Judge of the High Court.

"I hear many cry when these excesses happen: 'Would that there were no wine.' Such folly, such madness. When men sin, you find fault with the gifts of God. This is great madness! Is it the wine that causes the abuse? Certainly not! It is the intemperance of those who abuse it.

"If you shout: 'Would there were no wine,' then you ought also to shout: 'Would there were no iron because of murderers, would there were no night because of thieves: would there were no light because of informers.'"

(And this is really delicious — Informers!) But St. John Chrysostom goes on:

"Do not reason that way, for this is a Satanical mode of reasoning. Do not find fault with the wine, but with the intemperance, and say to the drunkard: 'Wine was given to us that it might produce in us a sweet joy, that we may laugh, that we may enjoy health, that it may be a remedy for our bodily weakness, not to deprive the soul of her strength.' God honored you with the gift, do not dishonor yourself with the excess of the gift."

In other words "The Quarterly Review" says the same thing: "The moral issue is quite other than the prohibitionists assume. The real moral issue is the eternal issue of liberty upon which prohibition stamps as though it were a reptile to be destroyed. Catholic work for temperance will go on just as it has gone on for nineteen hundred years; but the extent to which we can go as Catholics in association with others must depend upon their willingness to run straight and fight clean."

If there is any other statement which embodies more truly and more clearly the Catholic standpoint, I have yet to see it. Meanwhile, let me add, it is not a new thing to find that some people who are rabidly in favor of prohibition have no hesitation to break even more sacred laws, and therefore no one need be surprised that intemperate orators and writers who are so much concerned with a controverted civil law do not hesitate to break canon law.

It may be of interest to editors in particular and the public to know that there are very wise and prudent Church laws guiding ecclesiastics against rushing into print. And I would venture to say that the general public feels that a cleric who disobeys his own Church laws has nothing of importance to communicate that is really worth printing.

THE CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS OF THE DIOCESE[1]

I FEEL a real indebtedness to the good women of the Guild of St. Mary's Infant Asylum. While wonderful work has been accomplished by the Sisters and the excellent staff of men who have the institution in charge, it would have been impossible for the institution to reach its present enviable position, if it were not for the members of the Guild of St. Mary's Infant Asylum.

There is something that appeals naturally to every normal man and woman in helping innocent little children. We all understand perfectly well the beautiful words of our Blessed Lord on a certain occasion when the children were kept away from Him. The fear of annoyance, or possibly jealousy, may have been the motive. But our Blessed Lord on that memorable occasion turned to them and said, "Suffer the little children to come to Me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

In our modern way of saying things, our Lord's words may be thus interpreted: "Oh, I understand perfectly well your eagerness to hear whatever words I have to say. I understand and I appreciate, too, the good will that surrounds Me here, the anxiety for My welfare and your desire to profit by whatever lessons I have to impart to you. I understand perfectly well," our Blessed Lord no doubt said to them, if not in so many words, certainly with His eyes, "but do not keep these little children away from Me. Do not imagine because you are older in years that

[1] Address delivered to the Guild of St. Mary's Infant Asylum, Sunday, April 11, 1926.

you are dearer to Me than they are. Do not imagine because you are wiser in the ways of the world that your hearts are as close to Me as theirs, because theirs are the hearts of innocence. So, let the children come. They do not annoy Me. I love them, because of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

The sentiment expressed by our Blessed Lord was sublime. His words have come down through the centuries and have transformed human feeling towards the little child.

How destitute the children of the world were until our Blessed Lord came! They were looked upon more or less as a necessity to carrying on the family or the state. Of course, there was the natural, maternal love between mother and child sometimes, though history tells us that there was a certain unnaturalness that had grown into society, in many ways and along many lines. No doubt at times even mothers did not care for their children. The fathers looked upon them as a sort of appendage to the state, to be rejected at will. That was the pagan situation.

It was not the position of the Jewish race. They had a great love for children, and they desired that their goods and their possessions should be transmitted through the family to the third and fourth and fifth generations.

The whole world owes to the love of Christ for little children the tender care now lavished upon them. He said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." And so the Christian mother has become a new and a very admirable expression of love and affection for the child. But, of course, there are thousands of children, unfortunately, that come into the world in ways and at times that are strange indeed. They are unwelcome little things sometimes, and

unless there was somebody to represent this love of our Lord and Saviour for them, they would be dealt with very much as the pagans dealt with their own children. Holy Mother Church, acting as the great mother of all the faithful, imitates Christ's love for the little child, even when it comes unwelcome into the world.

Institutions like St. Mary's Infant Asylum exactly represent this beautiful love of Holy Mother Church for all the children of the Faith. She provides for the care of these little ones. She teaches mothers how to protect them and how to provide for them. Even those who have no mothers, or who have lost their mothers through one cause or another, or whose mothers are of no special benefit to them, she guides with tenderness and beneficence.

And what value she sets upon the poor, unwelcome, nameless little child! As it looks out on this desert world with wondering eyes, it reaches out its tender little arms towards the mother, wherever the mother may be. That mother is there in beautiful asylums like St. Mary's. The Church is there to aid as are those who represent her, and the little ones' arms go out to them. They take these children to their hearts and bosoms and care tenderly for them until they are able to take care of themselves.

Is not that one of the most sublime things that Christianity has brought into the world — this tender, beautiful, maternal love for those who have no mothers, for those who are abandoned, for those poor, little innocent things who through no fault of their own enter life with these tremendous handicaps?

What a noble charity! No wonder that Christian mothers find themselves called first of all to associate themselves with this particular charity. There is nothing

more beautiful, nothing more tender, and nothing that appeals more to the heart of a woman than the care and the affection given to the poor little things who have nobody to care for them.

That is exactly what St. Mary's Infant Asylum represents. The singular thing is that, for a long time, St. Mary's Infant Asylum seemed to find no adequate appreciation. I remember when I was a young priest here in Boston that there was a feeble attempt made to come to the rescue of the Asylum, for it was deeply, and it seemed, almost hopelessly in debt. From the very beginning it was in debt, and the debt increased constantly. Nobody came forward to bear its burdens. The Sisters toiled on and the old house became less and less adapted for its mission.

That was the picture I had of the Asylum when I was a young priest. Just about that time I remember that the Board (this is a bit of history which until to-day has not been written), terribly distressed about the whole thing, feeling that the carrying on of the institution was practically a hopeless task, went to Archbishop Williams and laid the case before him and said, "We think that if we could get a certain young priest to go about the diocese and speak in the various churches, we could interest the people more in coming to the assistance of the Infant Asylum."

The dear old Archbishop had had so many projects laid before him, one after the other proving itself futile, that I think he began to feel that it was almost hopeless to look for any stimulation of new interest in the people for St. Mary's Infant Asylum. You know, they had become tired of the old debt, and I do not blame them. When you are forever and forever asked to contribute to this thing

and that year after year, never seeing any progress, you make a mental calculation and say, "What is the use?" Some such spirit gains a vogue among the people, until it is clearly proved that the work really is deserving and somebody must come to its rescue.

Archbishop Williams said, "Well, there is no harm in trying it. Whom do you want?" They said, "Father O'Connell of the West End." The Archbishop said, "If he is willing to go, I willingly give my permission." And so they came to me and put the case before me. It was quite a surprise to me, as I was young in the ministry and not at all experienced in things of that kind, but it was very interesting. I felt highly complimented in being asked to give my services to such a cause, and I was quite willing, if the parish priest was willing.

They went to Father Byrne, then parish priest at St. Joseph's, and asked him if he would let me go about the Diocese to try to arouse interest among the people in St. Mary's. I think he had heard quite enough of the talk about the debt of St. Mary's. In any event, he decided against the project and said, "No, I cannot spare him. He is very busy in the parish. He has just begun work here, I cannot do without him."

I oftentimes wanted to go to St. Mary's Infant Asylum to inspect the institution and see how it was progressing. I always felt a great interest because I realized that if the word of the Vicar-General at that time had been favorable, I would have been trying to resurrect St. Mary's. That, however, was not to be.

But God has His own designs, and He brings them about in strange ways. When years later I came back to the Archdiocese as Archbishop, I heard the same old story about St. Mary's Infant Asylum. But I said, "I

am not going to give up; I am going to tackle this problem. It is time to settle it. The house has practically fallen to decay. Either close it up or do something." That was the clear problem that faced me. I decided I was not going to close it. I knew perfectly well the cause was worthy. These little children could not be abandoned. There were Catholics enough in the Archdiocese with sufficient warm sympathy to keep the place going, to keep it out of debt.

That was the problem, not only of that particular institution, but of all the institutions of the Diocese. They were all swamped in debt. It was clear to me that the first thing to do in my administration was to clear up the situation, and pull these institutions out of this helpless condition, before conditions went from bad to worse.

I knew perfectly that the one way to arouse interest in all these charities and good works was to pay off the debts first. Without a new stimulus, we never would get anywhere.

So, we held a big bazaar. The proceeds cleared the debts. Finally, I could look out on the Diocese and say, "Thank God, that old story has vanished." And from that day to this the institutions have taken on a new life.

There was provided a fine addition to the old St. Mary's building that added immensely to its efficiency. It gave more room, more air, and more light. Then Father Ronan established St. Margaret's Hospital in honor of his mother. He built it at his own expense and turned it over to the institution. That, of course, was very remarkable. When I went there from time to time, I had a new feeling. We were now walking uphill no longer.

Then I saw that the old house needed renovation. It had no proper chapel; the Nuns were badly housed. Poor women, I do not know how they were able to survive and do their work in the quarters they occupied. They never murmured, they never do. At old St. Elizabeth's Hospital, in the South End, the poor Nuns lived in the cells in the hot summers. It was enough to kill any one. I asked the Supervisor to take me through the Nuns' quarters. They had been living there all these years under most difficult conditions. I can only repeat, I wonder how they ever survived.

I was determined, now that the children were provided for, and a hospital attached to the institution, that we should have a better place for the Sisters, and a new chapel. Now we have a really fine institution, up-to-date, comfortable, very well situated, of which we can really and truly be proud. And it has really been achieved first of all through that impetus which the paying off of the debt gave some eighteen years ago. Ever since, the wonderful coöperation of the Sisters, the Board, and the Guild has been notable.

I think I may as well tell you that one of the bits of training I had to go through with the Sisters was rather curious. They are called, and well they may be called, Sisters of Charity. Charity is, of course, to them their whole life. They dedicate themselves and give themselves entirely to it. They really are absorbed in the sentiment of Christian charity for others. They never think of themselves. As one might expect, they understood perfectly well what charity meant. But I fear they did not always understand what justice meant. You will see what I mean in a moment.

The charitable side absorbed so much attention that

the side of justice was overlooked. Any number of children were cared for. None was refused admittance.

But what I often found was that a great number of people, who might well afford to pay for the board of these children, left their children and walked away. It is not an uncommon experience. This was the case in nearly all of the institutions. There were a great number of people shirking their responsibilities. They received good wages, but unfortunately were never concerned with the board of these children. It happened in St. Mary's Infant Asylum, in St. Elizabeth's Hospital, in every one of our institutions. Hence our institutions were accepting more than they could carry out. They never could make ends meet that way.

I corrected this procedure; this is the explanation of the financial success of all the institutions as they are at present. It was a question of justice. The basis of everything must be justice. I kept at it, and finally the lesson reached home. Now I am very happy to say, and I am sure you will be relieved to know, because, after all, we always have to turn to the good, Catholic people for the money, that the institutions of the Archdiocese are all flourishing.

At the end of every month the heads of the institutions must make an accounting. That really is the simple secret of the success of our institutions to-day. That is the reason why St. Mary's Infant Asylum financially is as well off as it is, and is going along so splendidly.

It is always a charity. It must be a charity. There never will be a time when an institution like that will pay for itself. We do not want to reckon on that. Unless we are doing something for the children with no hope of return for it, we are not really doing charity.

So I hope that all of you will take courage and fresh interest in this institution which has done from the beginning a very notable work. In this great Catholic community it ought not to be difficult to arouse a large and wide interest among all the Catholic women of the Diocese, to advance the work of St. Mary's Infant Asylum.

I have known the presidents of the Guild for a great many years. They really were remarkable women. This little group that came together week after week and year after year, deserve every possible credit. The men of the Board, too, deserve untold credit. They never gave up hope. They always carried on. Thank God, this sublime work of Catholic charity is now going on without any appearance of a possibility of failure. That is a consolation to all of us.

I pray Almighty God to bless the Asylum and the work that it is doing, and I beg our dear Lord and Saviour, Who loved little children so much and Who taught the whole world what the love of the child really meant, to bestow His blessing upon the women of this Guild, upon its leaders and those assisting the work, and upon the members of the Board and the good Sisters who have it in charge.

I am very happy to be here with you to-day. I want you all to know my interest is with you always, just as fresh as it was when I was a young priest nearly forty years ago. I then had the hope that I might be in some way instrumental in setting St. Mary's Infant Asylum on its feet in carrying on the work for the little children. That hope has now been realized. God bless you all.

THE PRIESTHOOD OF CHARITY[1]

THERE is nothing in the whole round of my labors that gives me so much pleasure as meeting the men of St. Vincent de Paul, who really are engaged in doing the work of the Lord among the poor.

The members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society come from various walks of life and know the spirit of the people and their needs; and knowing their needs they feel deeply for them. That is a very important consideration.

Whether a man is king or commoner, if he loses touch with the plain people in the world, he misses the most interesting thing in life. The latter are the backbone of society upon whom successful achievement depends.

Take Franklin, for instance, an American citizen, a great philosopher. He lived for years in poverty and toil. Through the sheer power of his own phenomenal mind, he did remarkable work for his country.

So, too, our first Presidents, with the exception of Washington, were poor men. The Adamses had not the possessions of the ordinary citizen of our day. Though poor, they were great men. America honors them.

It is a fact that the distinguished men of this country have usually been educated and lived their early lives, if not in poverty, at least, in very humble circumstances. As Catholics, we understand the value of poverty. How unfortunate that the wealthy so often underestimate this important virtue! You, however, have given yourselves over to care for and assist the poor. It is a noble calling.

[1] Address to St. Vincent de Paul Society, Cathedral School Hall, April 18, 1926.

Living among the people, you realize their needs and can sympathize with them. Does not Kipling truly say that the great secret of life is to walk with kings and keep the common touch? You have nobility of soul, you have high ideals, lofty principles, and, therefore, you are worthy of walking with the highest.

That is exactly what the St. Vincent de Paul Society represents. You walk with the King of Kings, because the needy have Jesus Christ in their hearts. You feel the public pulse and minister to it as far as it expresses itself in misery and poverty.

Is anything nobler than that? Outside the priesthood it really does seem to me that the men who are nearest to the warm, loving heart of our Blessed Saviour are the men and women who engage in charitable work for the poor. Indeed, it is a priesthood in itself, the priesthood of charity.

Some years ago, I longed to see the day when our good people might possess material prosperity for the spiritual good that I knew could be accomplished by it. Unfortunately, too many have become wealthy, only to forget the poor. Of course, there are noble Catholic men and women who have become enormously wealthy and who live simple, beautiful lives, as their fathers and mothers did.

It is most regrettable, however, that some Catholics had much better have remained poor than to have acquired large fortunes; much better for their own lives, for their prospects of Heaven, for their own characters; because so often we see the results of a sudden attainment of wealth that ends in the silliest kind of vanity.

You cannot teach them or tell them anything. They have lost touch with the world, because they have acquired wealth.

One cannot but admire the broad spirit of charity of many rich non-Catholics. They are constantly giving millions to great causes. Certainly God will bless them, and reward them for it. Many wealthy Catholics might well imitate their example.

Let us pride ourselves on our Catholicism only in the measure that we contribute to it and work for it. To abuse God's graces because one has a few paltry dollars speaks very little for the training such people have received. Some style themselves self-made men. Do they forget the loving counsel and direction of the Church, and the strengthening assistance given them by their mothers? No man in this world is self-made.

With this knowledge such a man must view the wants of his fellow men sympathetically. Failing to do this, he is recreant to a high duty, a confession, I regret, many must make. Hence, until people know how to use riches rightly, it is far better for them to remain without wealth, and retain nobility of character and contentment of mind.

The poor and moderately circumstanced, God bless them, are over-generous. They know what it is to suffer, to have the world look coldly upon them. Such knowledge builds up their characters, makes them understand life, and brings them nearer and nearer to God. They never fail in the full performance of their duty. Sometimes they ought not to give as much as they do. God forbid that I should limit them! We must leave that to God. Our poor people never allow themselves to be outdone in charity. What a lesson the wealthy Catholic might take from them!

How consoling it is to know that there are so many noble-hearted rich Catholics! I know many who seem to

live to spend their money for religious purposes. All over America, the story is doubtless the same. The happiness that radiates from the faces of these people bespeaks the beautiful peace of their hearts.

God takes care of His own. He is always present to help us and to give us strength to do His Holy Will. Never does He desert His children.

Face the world! If you have an abundance of this world's goods, use it wisely. The more one spends up to the limit of his income for noble causes, the happier he will be. Therefore, be noble-hearted Christians, worthy citizens of a glorious nation. That is our duty as Catholics.

A very short time ago the Patriarch of Jerusalem came to see me to return the visit which I made to him when I went to Palestine and was his guest in Jerusalem. During his sojourn here, I expressed the desire that he ask the Holy Father to confer the honor of the Knighthood of the Holy Sepulcher on a few of our men. Unfortunately, these knighthoods cannot be multiplied indefinitely. We can have only a few. I could name twenty or thirty men equally worthy with those I named.

I confined myself to asking for four, and among the four was your President. He was honored because I knew it would make you happy. He has done remarkable work in a very simple and beautiful way according to the spirit of St. Vincent de Paul, with no affectation to leadership and without pretense.

Poverty is a beautiful virtue. St. Francis, whose seven hundredth anniversary we are celebrating this year, called her "Lady Poverty." He ennobled her and gave her that title. Really, poverty is wonderfully beautiful. Witness the patience, the noble, untiring zeal of those

who have very little of this world's goods. They hold their heads high and keep their hearts noble and true. That is the sentiment of the men of St. Vincent de Paul.

May God bless you, and prosper your Christlike work.

PRACTICAL PATRIOTISM [1]

I AM glad to be back with you again. The Chairman truly said that I have been absent now for several years from this annual Patriots' Day banquet of the Knights of Columbus.

No one has regretted it more than I, because from the very beginning I have felt a special friendship for your Order. But your Order is not exempt from conditions that face other societies. There are critical times when we must exercise great patience until the crisis is passed. Happily, the crisis is passed. I need not be more explicit. Now I can come here and feel that my presence is a real approbation of your present attitude. I have the fullest confidence in your chief officers; I have always had the most complete confidence in the Knights themselves.

Now the sky is clear. The clouds that were lowering have disappeared. The latter were the cause of my absence. I rejoice, even more than you do, at this new vision of conditions and I am proud and happy to be here with you to-night. I feel sure that you all know very well in your hearts that whenever I speak to you, whether it is at a public banquet like this or on some other occasion, I feel it my solemn duty to give true direction to your thoughts and activities, to deal with the reality of things, and to point out the perils before you. Whether it be pleasing or not, it is essential to face facts as they are,

[1] Address delivered at State Banquet of Knights of Columbus, April 19, 1926.

and then to speak my heart out honestly. Thus only can I be of service to you and to this Order.

Knowing your Order as I do, I might speak at length to you to-night. I shall, however, confine my remarks to a few considerations that merit your serious attention.

The title given to the nineteenth of April, Patriots' Day, indicates the real spirit of its proper observance. Its purpose is a noble one — the cultivation of love of our country, true patriotism, which ought to be the virtue of every citizen. Love, real love, will always stand its tests. It is mere lip-service to talk of patriotism and then betray it; the test of true love is sacrifice, the sort of sacrifice which a good son makes for his mother when she needs his help. Christ listened in silence as His apostles, Judas with the rest, proclaimed their great love for Him. When they had finished He said simply, "If you love me, keep my Commandments."

To-day there will be much talk of patriotism, of hundred-per-centism, and of the love of America. And I can hear America say when all the shouting is ended — if you love me, enact sane laws and then obey them.

You are called Knights of Columbus. Then clearly it is your bounden duty to carry in your hearts a noble, knightly spirit and to serve well the land which Columbus discovered — America. And the fact that you are known to be Catholics only makes that duty doubly clear.

I remember well the foundation of this organization, and I know well the spirit that animated its founders, and that caused the Church to bless it. That spirit was certainly religious and patriotic. It is clearly your present duty to keep it so.

It will not be an easy duty. Unless this organization is unique in history, its foundations, both religious and

patriotic, will be put to the test like other historic organizations of similar aims, by enemies without, but more especially by false friends within who will seek to control it for their own selfish purposes.

If you are wise, you will pay less attention to the external assaults than to the weakening of your own spirit within. Not infrequently enmities, calumnies, and misrepresentations in the end achieve the opposite purpose — not your destruction, but your strengthening. Holy Writ warns us: "*Inimici hominis domestici ejus*" — A man's worst enemies are those of his own household.

Now, I know that your organization means to be really and truly patriotic. Have you made this clear to everybody as well as to me? I am sure, positively sure, that the great body of your members really wants to do its full duty as an organization, to serve well your Country, your State, your City. If it were otherwise, it would need short notice from the Church to wash our hands of a knighthood that was unfaithful to her as well as to America, for the two go together.

But are you quite sure that the public attitude of some conspicuous individuals, who have gained prominence by your supposed or alleged support at the polls, not as an organization — that never, of course — but by astute maneuvers among the unthinking mass, is not reasonably the cause of the suspicion that this organization is manipulated by clever men for purely political purposes? Are you quite certain that no ground for this suspicion exists? You must answer that. And beware of it, if you expect our approval.

I know so very little of petty politics that I hear only some of the rumors that at times are rife enough. Is it true that in some recent political fights honest,

upright men and, on the testimony of their own pastors, good Catholics, merely because they ran for office, were calumniated to the extent of being accused of desertion from their Faith? That surely is poor patriotism and poorer religion.

True patriotism is honest. It thinks first and last of the national welfare, not of cheap political triumph won by mean lying and contemptible calumny. Are there not always plenty of perfectly honorable reasons for differing with candidates for office without having recourse to whispering campaigns that ruin decent men's reputations?

You know as well as I can tell you that in America, where, thank God, religion is unfettered by government shackles, merely because a man calls himself a Catholic or a Knight of Columbus or a Protestant or a Mason is no proof in itself that he has the ability, the intelligence, or even the honesty requisite for the making of a first-class executive of Nation, State, or City. These requisites must be examined and approved on other grounds of actual fitness. No true Knight of Columbus will ever be guilty of appealing for public support on false grounds, and if he should, he deserves open repudiation because he puts his selfish ambition above his patriotic duty — and that is an insult to all of you.

Let me say while I am on this subject that no party, no faction, no organization, has ever had the temerity to mix me up with politics. I am a Catholic and an American. I religiously abstain from all intervention in matters that are purely political. But whenever, and as often as, I see clearly that a question is not merely a matter of politics as such, but aims at the destruction of the home, the freedom of religion and of education, make no mis-

take, be the assailant Catholic or Protestant or atheist, I shall use my rights as a good, law-abiding American citizen, and I shall on every such occasion deem it my solemn duty to protect and safeguard my country against those who would destroy it, and I shall appeal to all my fellow citizens, Protestant and Catholic alike, to ward off such a danger to the Nation's welfare. If under such restrictions and such limitations this performance of a sacred duty means entering politics, let those, who would muzzle an American citizen because he happens to be a cleric, make the most of it.

That to my mind is the highest kind of patriotism. When the people of this country think otherwise, the people's liberties are doomed, as they are now dying, murdered in Mexico. And let me repeat what every one who knows me at all realizes to be my honest sentiments. I have known many Presidents, Governors, and Mayors of this City of Boston, and I have never at any time received anything but the most courteous consideration from them all. And, I will add, it has been told me by those who know that many a time the public officials who were not of our Faith gave a glowing example of genuine willingness to hear the real merits of any case in which Catholic interests from a purely civic side were concerned, which some Catholic public officials might well copy.

Since freedom of worship is guaranteed to all, let all, Catholic and Protestant, put aside in political questions all bias and prejudice, and work together for the common good of our City, our State and our Nation.

That to my mind is practical patriotism and practical Christianity as well. Long live the memory of every true patriot, and may the true spirit of to-day's observance make us all better citizens and better Americans.

APHORISMS OF HIS EMINENCE [1]

Cardinal O'Connell, the beloved head of the Archdiocese of Boston, Metropolitan of New England and Dean of the American hierarchy, will be a Bishop twenty-five years on May 19.

He was consecrated in the Basilica of St. John Lateran on that date in the year of Our Lord 1901 by Cardinal Satolli as consecrator, with Archbishops Stonor and Merry del Val as co-consecrators.

The scene described by the newspapers of that day was brilliant as a great court function. Though he had come to Rome five years previous practically unknown, in that brief time he became one of the most distinguished and widely known prelates of the Papal Court.

The gathering that assembled in the great Basilica on that occasion was one that would do honor to a sovereign. Ambassadors and their wives, princes and nobles of the proudest names, the cream of Roman society (the finest in Europe), crowded the Corsini Chapel to lend distinction to the great ceremony by their presence. In the place of honor was His Excellency George von L. Meyer, American Ambassador to Italy, with his clever and handsome wife and their children. Then came representatives of Europe's best blood — Shoenbergs of Saxony, Zichys of Hungary, De Rohans of France, O'Hagans of Ireland, Arco Valleys of Bavaria, Merry del Vals of Spain, and Massimos, Colonnas, Orsini, Pecci; — in a word, it was a gathering of personages of historic names, every one of

[1] Interview by Mr. James Walsh, published in the *Boston Sunday Advertiser*, May 2, 1926.

whom was there as a genuine friend of the prelate, who by his own unaided genius had made not only a high place in the Roman world for himself, but a warm place of real friendship in the hearts of the very discriminating *élite* known as the Blacks — the most religious nobility of Europe.

Yet, with that background than which nothing could be more splendid, he chooses to observe the silver jubilee of that day with the most complete simplicity: Mass at 7 A.M. at the Cathedral thus to allow the working people to be present, the meeting of his Council who will represent the Diocese, and for the rest, work as usual.

Strong and persistent efforts have been made to persuade him to enlarge the programme. All met with a smiling firmness, for when the Cardinal has made a decision, the matter is settled. Again and again he has indicated to his friends, approaching him on the subject, that the thing to him most precious on that great anniversary will be the book containing a record of the prayers and Masses of his priests and people.

"Does Your Eminence mind if we all write you a personal letter on that occasion?" I heard a gentleman present ask. "Mind?" said the Cardinal, his whole countenance beaming, "I would love to get a letter from any one and every one who cares to send me one on that occasion. Nothing would please me more. Oh, yes, of course. I should feel honored to get a line from the humblest and the highest, and I would place every one of them at the foot of the Altar at my anniversary Mass and beg God to answer them all with His blessing."

When I called on him a few days ago, he looked as rugged as an athlete. Every one knows that, as the modern *patois* puts it, His Eminence is a miser with food and

a glutton with work. The simplest fare eaten sparingly and work to the limit — that is his régime, and his eyes gleam and his cheeks glow with perpetual youth.

He is a writer of clarity and force. No time is wasted in frills of speech for him. Clear as limpid water, strong as the theme requires, this evidently is his character as well as his manner — for style is, after all, character in black and white. I know, as thousands do, how widely everything he writes is read, everything he speaks publicly is listened to. I have the eight volumes of his collected sermons and addresses, and they are a veritable mine of learning and good English. I know that they are held in highest esteem by many non-Catholics who keep them permanently on their bookshelves, and I know one Protestant Mayor of a large neighboring city who has them on his desk. They are already widely known, but not nearly as much as they deserve, nor as they will be in a few years when it will not be so easy to get them.

Even in private conversation the Cardinal always talks easily, but never out of form. Clear thought and good English are as much a part of his mind as the genuine sincerity of his character. On one occasion I sought his opinion about a certain public matter. Without a word or a moment's hesitation, he went straight to his desk and wrote out rapidly in clearest language, clean-cut, epigrammatic, in a few lines what would require a whole column from one less precise in thought and more verbose in style. I am afraid at times, when I have occasion to call on him in the midst of urgent affairs, that my presence is something of an irritation, but he never shows it.

The other day, I bolted in between callers to ask him if he were doing any new literary work. "Well," he said with a smile, "nothing new, I am always doing it. If you

care for these," he said, opening the drawer of his desk, "you can have them. I scribbled them down just as they came to me. 'Asides' I call them because I scratch them down just as they come to me." And he gave me several detached sheets of paper covered all over with what was evidently rapid penmanship, but the thought expressed was like a handful of jewels.

I remember reading several years ago a book which created a great sensation. It was called "Pensées d'un Curé" (Thoughts of a Parish Priest). As soon as I had time to glance at the crumpled sheets given me by the Cardinal, I said to myself, "Here are the Pensées d'un Cardinal" — jewels — let me present you with a few:

A Bishop is the shepherd of even the black sheep.

Flattery is taken with salt by the wise, with pepper by the foolish.

Pious men speak little of their devotions: Pietists speak of nothing else.

Bitterness in a priest turns the Blood of Christ to venom.

Why impatience with the sinner? God waits for him.

The reviler is a suicide who digs his own grave.

Keep talk about sins to the confessional.

Filthy tongues belong in the sewer.

Calumnies hurt, but they kill the calumniator.

Men who eat too much, drink too much and sleep too much, are always wondering why others succeed.

The basis of confidence is justice.

Quick temper is human — prolonged hate is satanic.

A jealous mind is the fruit of a poisoned heart.

Which is worse, a kind sinner or a smug saint?

If you want to be big, find some good in your enemy.

Bigotry is a mixture of ignorance and bile, without any milk of human kindness.

To-day's sorrow is to-morrow's sunlight; to-day's difficulty is to-morrow's triumph.

The best thing in Christian science is absent treatment.

A learned man frankly says he does not know. An ignorant man is ashamed to do so.

If there were only three men in the world, one of them would be the leader.

If you want to know your friends, make a mistake.

If you care to see a coward, fall and see who kicks you.

The fire fiend hates the name of Hell.

Many can command — to be obeyed is another story.

Gentleness is the best indication of strength.

I think I have rebuked harshly those under me eight times in twenty years. That was four too many, though twenty deserved it. In twenty-five years I have never censured a priest. If it depends on me I never shall.

I have dealt with a dozen nationalities without a single quarrel. I like them all and they know it.

In twenty-five years I have kept every single engagement to the minute.

With peace at home, work outside is easy.

I have worked hard for sixty years. It never hurt me.

The chronic grumbler is incurable. It is a fatal disease which lives long.

The stingy parishioner soon goes bankrupt.

Style is the fancy dress of thought. A good thought is never ashamed to go naked.

A pompous preacher is a peacock in the pulpit.

Every real saint is human. His biographer may make him a prig or a cad.

A bad artist will make a saint a freak.

A happy priest is he who never seeks an honor and never shirks a duty.

A jeweled cross may be a sign of vanity.

Normal men are kind; the peddler of scandal has a criminal mind — which passes for blood pressure.

The robes of a prelate are so gorgeous that he is glad when they are off.

No two men ever absolutely agreed about everything. Why worry about difference of opinion?

Forgive quickly — you will save your time and your digestion.

A firm superior gets things done quickly. A gentle one gets them done well.

Never notice an insult — it deserves nothing.

Do not fear to smile — it will rest your face, and ease your burden.

Rather be considered weak than cruel. One only hurts you, the other hurts others.

The best superior I have ever had, never gave an order, but expressed a wish.

Officials are not apt to be unsusceptible of praise. They always get a surfeit of the opposite.

Do the good that you can do, then forget it. Others will remember it for you.

Friendship is the passion of great souls, and the test of little ones.

Man without faith is an aeroplane without an engine. He cannot rise.

Prayer and work achieve the impossible.

The Little Flower (St. Teresa) has become every man's *boutonnière.*

A gentle strong man — a rare species.

Forgive and forget. The first helps your soul, the second your liver.

I never pass a circus without wanting to crawl under the tent.

Now, if the villain of the modern play would only strangle the author instead of the heroine, he would earn his applause.

There is a whole world of difference between resting and rusting.

The modern Savonarola is a loud-mouthed trouble-maker, too cowardly to face the fire.

The real priest weeps at another's sin. The pharisee draws a long face and peddles the scandal.

"See how these Christians love one another!" Who says that now?

The truest mark of a saintly priest is his charity toward the fallen.

To pass from the Mass to uncharitable and bitter words is to invite God's vengeance. Some day it will strike.

To hoard enormous wealth for heirs is to pay them to forget you.

Money can do wonders — of harm.

To own broad acres will not make your grave any longer or wider.

Reverence for the old is natural to well-bred youth. They will be revered too.

Many chase the rainbow — and get wet.

Patience conquers vicious criticism.

A true critic looks for good qualities. An unjust one is blind to everything but defects.

Anger is a bad guide to action.

Cocksureness is the vanity of weak minds.

Frankness is only a virtue when you temper it with kindly judgment. Be always frank with yourself; with others? — that depends.

Discord is diabolic. Only the Devil loves it.

Pay your debts promptly and save the interest for more credit.

All the world is a stage; — the hypocrite is always a bad actor.

We can have only one real success in life — final perseverance.

A miser is only a deluded beggar with a bank-book.

The best legislators make few laws.

I wonder if some of the bystanders applauded the driving of the merchants from the Temple because they wanted the vacant booths!

Governing men is an art — with a heart.

My guide in my religion is the Church; not the fads of posing fanatics.

When you have touched the goal of your hopes, be ready for disillusion.

A flying fish is soon back in the water.

A dutiful son makes a good father.

Cowardice often passes for prudence.

The richest man is one who needs little.

Wealth comes from weal, but seldom brings it.

Some men seem strong-willed when they are only stubborn.

Some appear good until they get the occasion to be otherwise.

Seventy per cent of complaints investigated were lies — twenty were misrepresentations — the rest had some truth.

Do not believe much of what you hear — not all even of what you think you see.

I could never understand the utter malice of a man until he died insane.

An open mind sifts evidence until truth appears.

Unbounded joy may be the door of grief.

Watch ambition — it is a leaping horse which may land you in a ditch.

Civilization brings restraint.

Jealousy is a green-eyed hag who sees red.

Understatement is stronger testimony than bombast.

The best are the simplest.

Vulgarity is incurable — it thrives on vanity.

The foundation of good manners is humility mingled with kindness.

Out of the heart of a great grief, peace is born in a calm happiness.

Thin lips are the best whetstone for a bitter tongue.

A calm temper disarms a mean foe.

When your enemy rages, smile and hear him stammer.

The social climber enters by the back stairs and goes down by the front ones.

A faithful servant earns his wages and wins affection.

God keep us humble and spare us a tumble.

THE MISSION TO JAPAN [1]

CARDINAL O'CONNELL has had many honors showered upon him during his twenty-five years as a Bishop. Perhaps the outstanding event in the two and a half decades as a prelate, with the possible exception of his elevation to the Sacred College of Cardinals, was that of his selection by the Holy Father as Papal Envoy to the Mikado of Japan.

The appointment of an American prelate to such a mission was so unprecedented that the selection of Cardinal O'Connell, then Bishop of Portland, electrified the world.

His success on that mission resulted in his appointment as Coadjutor Archbishop of Boston, with the right of succession, and he returned from Rome to his native diocese with that high honor.

The inside story of the Cardinal's mission to the Mikado never has been told. At the time, the fact that he had been selected to such an unusual mission and the usual description of the trip was published, but not the inside history.

Calling on the Cardinal the other day, I asked him to give the details of the mission. He paused for a moment, and I could see that his mind had flown back over the twenty years since that memorable event.

He lived again through that period, began immediately his narration of the journey, and did not stop until he had finished with his return to his home diocese as Coadjutor with the right of succession.

[1] Interview published in the *Boston Advertiser*, May 10, 1926.

The story is best told in the Cardinal's own words, and in his own inimitable style. Here it is:

"Like all the positions that have come to me, the naming by the Pope as Envoy to the Emperor of Japan was a surprise. Perhaps of all the other appointments it was the most surprising, because it was so utterly out of the ordinary order of things to name an American prelate to any such position.

"It was certainly the last thing I was thinking of when I was spending a few days at Old Orchard Beach that I was to be sent as an Envoy of the Pope to the Mikado, and yet, when one morning after breakfast my secretary came running down from Portland to say that he had for me a cablegram from Rome — as he was ordered always to deliver such cablegrams immediately to me — he came down as fast as he could.

"I opened the message and there was the order of the Cardinal Secretary of State Merry del Val, to get ready to proceed to Tokio as soon as possible, that a letter of instructions was on the way together with an autograph letter from the Holy Father to the Emperor of Japan, and the diplomatic code.

"I sat back in my chair and wondered if I were dreaming. To prepare as soon as possible to go to Tokio! That was a tall order! It did not take me long to recover, and I set out with my secretary for Portland and began to make preparations for my departure for what I knew would be a voyage around the world, because, of course, I had to go back to Rome to report the results of the mission.

"In due time the documents arrived from Rome, and by that time I was ready to leave for Japan. I had gathered quite a little library on the Island Empire, as I had

never been especially interested in it before, and knew very little about it, and these books would help me to prepare as I crossed the continent and then the Pacific.

"With two secretaries I started one bright day early in September, 1905, for Montreal. There, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, who was the head of the Canadian Pacific, had made all arrangements for my convenience and comfort, and soon I had started the long journey across the continent.

"I cannot say that I like railroad travel, especially on the fast trains, but on this particular occasion the whole journey was particularly delightful. We arrived at Portland, Oregon, and went down the coast to California, where we boarded one of those great ships of the Northern Pacific Company, the Siberia, 27,000 tons.

"We stopped at Honolulu for a day, and then sailed on over really beautiful seas, on the wonderful Pacific, and arrived at Yokohama in sixteen days after we embarked. Arriving at Yokohama, the Governor of the place came aboard to greet us and escort us to Tokio, and from the start to the finish we enjoyed every moment of the stay in the capital of Japan.

"The mission was directly to the Emperor, but, of course, he had to be approached through the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was then Baron Komura, and the Prime Minister, who was Katsura, two extremely able men, and between them they really carried on the work of governing Japan.

"Komura had been to Portsmouth for the framing of the peace treaty between Russia and Japan, and he knew America and liked Americans, which was fortunate, as most of my business was done through the Foreign Office, of which he was the head.

"President Roosevelt, without my knowing it, had sent word to our Ambassador, Lloyd Griscom, to give me every courteous consideration. He was, as you know, very intelligent, very capable, and a great favorite with the Japanese. His wife was a cousin of my old friend in Rome, Prince Rospigliosi, and at once they made me feel perfectly at home at the Embassy, and from that day until I left Japan, they never ceased to make my stay there as pleasant and as enjoyable as possible.

"At the beautiful entertainments they gave in the house of the Embassy, they gathered all the great leaders of Japan, in order that I might meet them — Prince Togo (he was Admiral Togo then), Prince Ito, and all the other notables of Japan who happened to be gathered in Tokio just at that time to give an official welcome to Togo, the great conqueror of the sea-fight. Nearly all of them spoke English, and they all were courtesy itself all during my stay.

"After a few days I was notified the Emperor was ready to receive me, and at the appointed hour the state coaches came to take me and my suite to the Palace. I made my home while I was in Tokio at the Imperial Hotel, which was really the only good hotel for Europeans in Tokio, and it was just the last word in comfort and convenience.

"The royal coaches came to the hotel in full livery and outriders, four horses with mounted grooms. The Japanese do things well, and the horses started at a brisk trot across the city to the Royal Palace. As we passed through the streets, all traffic was held up for the moment.

"Japan is the land of etiquette *par excellence*. Reverence for the Emperor is part of the Shinto religion, and as we were guests of the Emperor, we were the recipients of that sentiment.

"The presentation to the Emperor was very formal, and practically the same forms were gone through that are gone through at every Court. It was all very quietly ordered, and in a most dignified form. It will be remembered that it was that Emperor, Mutsuhito, who had broken through the old custom of Japan of keeping the Emperor out of sight even when people were presented to him.

"On this occasion and, of course, I suppose on similar occasions, the highest Court etiquette was observed, the most rigid formality. We were conducted along corridors to the antechamber. There the Master of the Court Ceremonies left us for a moment and disappeared into the inner room.

"After a few moments, the doors were opened, and we entered to find the Emperor sitting in his shrine in the great hall. Remember, the idea always is that the Emperor is a god, a descendant of the Sun. Outside the shrine and around it were the chief officials of the Court and of the Government. On the right of the shrine was Prince Katsura, the Prime Minister, and on the left Baron Komura, the head of the Foreign Office.

"To my right was the official interpreter, who interpreted first my address to the Emperor, and, secondly, the Emperor's address to me, which was in Japanese.

"At the end of the ceremony, I delivered the autograph letter of the Holy Father into his hands. He arose to receive it and took my hand in a very warm and very cordial grasp. I bowed and retired, my mission had officially begun.

"I might as well say that one of the chief purposes of the whole mission was to express the gratitude of the Holy See to the Emperor and his Government for hav-

ing protected the Christians from abuse, imprisonment, and annoyance during the Russo-Japanese War; and the Emperor stated to me at that audience that he was very happy to say that he had done that, and that I might inform the Holy See that that would be his uniform policy thereafter.

"The Christians, he said, were safe in Japan and in all the territory under the rule of Japan, and that it would always be so. Of course, there were many conferences with the Prime Minister about various ecclesiastical affairs in the Kingdom, and every advance was met with the friendliest attitude.

"Again and again the Emperor and his Ministers assured me that they felt proud of this mission with which the Holy See had honored them. They were not forgetful that their Emperor and the Holy Father were the two oldest monarchs in the world.

"Of course, between the conferences there had to be the usual interchange of social observances. Among them was a dinner given in the name of the Emperor by Prince Fushimi, as the Crown Prince was very ill at that time, and who since has retired from public life.

"Another was the garden party given by the Empress in the Palace gardens, in which there was the most wonderful exhibition of chrysanthemums, as it was the height of the chrysanthemum season. Various nobles of the Empire did me the honor to ask me to accept their hospitality, which was generous in the extreme. On one occasion I sat on the right hand of one of the royal Princes and just opposite was a prominent Bonze of Japan, who had come all the way from the ends of the Empire to do honor to the Holy See.

"Of course, the conversation with all these extremely

intelligent and capable people was as interesting as one could imagine. They were so completely versed in all the affairs of Europe and of America, of diplomatic usage, and of the art of government, that it was enough to terrify one, and yet withal they were extremely simple, but you never failed to get the impression that you were among the keenest sort of minds, at the same time the most charming gentlemen.

"My life was certainly a busy one during my stay. With the exception of four or five hours of sleep which I managed to snatch from the various engagements, and the preparation for the conference, there was not a moment that I could call my own.

"Every morning there was a battalion of reporters representing journals of the most unpronounceable names, who wanted to know this, that, and the other — what I was doing, what I was going to do, what I intended to do, what I was not doing — everything except what they were doing. I received every one as politely as possible, and they in turn gave me handsome treatment. That is to say, they, as I was informed by our official interpreter who read the papers, repeated exactly the things as I had said them, which, of course, is a rare courtesy and a very valuable one.

"Again and again the Bonzes from the various temples all over Japan came to my hotel with formal addresses, which they read and to which I had to answer impromptu as best I could. They looked exactly like kindly monks, except that they were robed in the most gorgeous fabrics. They were gentleness itself, and always under every circumstance bore that placid countenance which one sees on the face of the Buddha.

"They brought me gifts of their wand of office, which is

a lotus with the stem serving as a handle, and beautiful bits of china and bronze and ivory. To me it was all quite touching.

"As an instance of how alert I had to be, a committee came to invite me to address the Imperial Education Society of Japan, which was to meet in Tokio the next day, and asked me, if you please, nothing less than to make an address to them in Latin, as they had never heard a Latin address; and with a courage which now staggers me I accepted the invitation.

"It meant sitting up most of the night. But I did it, and at the end of the meeting I was elected a life member of the Imperial Education Society of Japan, with a wonderful Japanese diploma which I never yet have learned to decipher, and the most fascinating gold medal covered with some hieroglyphics.

"On another occasion I was invited to address the young students of the University of Tokio, in the greatest hall in the city, holding about three thousand people. For that I had the very indulgent space of two days to prepare. The meeting was what might be called a tremendous success.

"At the end of my address, which recalled the mission of St. Francis Xavier to these islands in 1549, the whole audience arose *en masse* and shouted with all their force and power, 'Banzai!'

"It really sounded like an explosion, and when I left the hall, they quietly filed out, surrounded my carriage and followed it all the way back to my hotel, a distance of a good mile and a half.

"Then, of course, in between the conferences with the Prime Minister and the Foreign Minister, there would be receptions of various Catholic societies and sodalities, and

also invitations to the houses of several of the rich merchants of Japan.

"At first, on receiving these invitations, I was seized with the mortal horror that I was going to be invited to a rich Japanese dinner and asked to sit on the floor, a pose which I am perfectly conscious I never could take with any sort of safety, not to say, grace.

"But the horrible thing never happened. When I went to their houses, I found everything in the most modern European fashion. We sat on very solid, if beautifully lacquered, chairs.

"I was delighted with the shops. They were certainly most fascinating in every way and had the most exquisite ivories and embroideries that were simply bewildering in color and design. Of course, it was my duty to accommodate myself in every way to the situation and the locality.

"The one thing I could never accept was the jinriksha. As I came out of the hotel the first time to make a visit, my jinriksha was drawn up to the door by a sturdy riksha man.

"I looked at this magnified baby carriage on two wheels, thanked the riksha man, and returned to the lobby of the hotel. At that moment along came Count Arco Valley, the German Ambassador, who had been an attaché at the German Legation in Washington several years previous. He was also a most devout Catholic and had one of the finest households of all the embassies in Tokio.

"He also, thank Heaven, was the master of a very good victoria and two excellent horses. As I saw him driving up to the door, I envied him, frankly envied him those horses and that carriage. I told him laughingly about my horror of the jinriksha. He laughed and said: 'I think

you are wise. Mr. Taft tried one, when he was here a few months ago, and it nearly was his finish. Why can't I offer you the use of my carriage?'

"To this day I wonder if he was the victim of my telepathy.

"Of course, I eagerly accepted. He insisted upon taking the riksha home, as he was a featherweight, after having conducted me to his carriage and given instruction to the driver, and off I went very safely and grateful for my escape.

"The secretaries followed briskly, each in a riksha of his own: so we always made quite a procession through the town, which, as the days went on, became rather a familiar one to the people.

"Without going into the whole of my visit, I might state here that I was impressed very deeply with the need of a Catholic university for the Japanese. There were some very good Catholic schools, but no first-class institution of higher education, and the Japanese worship education. Suffice it to say, that the university was established at my recommendation and is now a thriving institution.

"The days flew until it was near the hour of my departure, and that meant, of course, an endless round of visits to the officials of the Court and the officials of the Government. Quantities of cards were distributed and left at the various offices and homes and places of residence of all these people. And woe betide the one who fails to leave every single one as it is due!

"Remember again, etiquette is the soul of Japanese life, and I never allowed myself for one single instant to forget it. Formal etiquette, such as we know in Europe and America, is an easy thing. Formal etiquette as it ex-

ists among the Japanese is a supreme art known only to them. You can only keep your eyes wide open and try to make as few mistakes as possible. Notwithstanding the kindliest and most delightful attitude on their part, my days were passed in terror lest I should make a slip.

"It was a memorable day when the highest Court official came, asked audience of me, entered, made a low bow, and with a most charming address delivered into my hands a box of royal lacquer, with the coat of arms of the Emperor in gold, and within which was the highest Order the Emperor confers upon foreign diplomats, the same one which a month before he had given to the Duke of Connaught, a brother of the then reigning King of England — the Order of the Holy Treasure.

"Naturally, I expressed my profound gratitude to the Emperor, to be conveyed to him by the Court official, and then, bowing again, he retired. I opened the wonderful box, which in itself is a work of art, and there glistened and gleamed the great Star of the high Order, with the Grand Cordon lying beneath it.

"I am not going to pretend that I was not very happy, for I knew the meaning of this very well. It meant that my mission was a success, and that the Emperor was pleased with me personally. If I had any doubts about it, I had it in those exact words the following night, my last night in Tokio, at the great State dinner offered me by the Prime Minister, Prince Katsura.

"At the end he arose and, raising his glass of champagne, said he was about to do something startling. As far as he knew, it never had occurred before in the history of Japan. In the name of the Emperor he offered the toast, 'His Holiness the Pope.'

"We all sprang to our feet. The glasses were held high.

I bowed to the Prime Minister and he to me, and we drank the toast in silence and sat down.

"It was my turn, of course, to rise and, in a similar manner, propose the health of the Mikado, and briefly to express to him my deepest gratitude for the endless friendliness with which I had been received by him personally at Court, and by his representatives.

"At this, the Prime Minister, and of course, all the others — there were sixty of them, really the grandees of Japan, the men who run the Empire — arose and finished the ceremony of the toast.

"There was a little more conversation, and again Prince Katsura arose, and in words which sent a thrill through my soul, expressed in the most flattering terms the way in which the Papal Envoy had conducted his mission, in these exact words — to the great pleasure and satisfaction of the Emperor as he knew it would be to the Holy Father.

"Again it was my turn to rise and propose the health of the Prime Minister, and with appropriate thanks to express sentiments of gratitude I felt to him and to those high representatives of the Imperial Government who had lavished kindness upon me from the very first day of my entrance to the Kingdom to this delightful and unforgettable hour.

"We arose from the table and mingled in the most delightful conversation for an hour. And I went back to my hotel to dream, because the next morning I was to leave Tokio for Yokohama and the boat that would carry me back to Europe, to Rome, and finally, as it turned out, to Boston as the new Coadjutor with the right to succession.

"Until my dying day I will never forget the kindness, the intelligence, and the generosity of the high officials of the Imperial Government of Japan."

LETTER OF HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI CONGRATULATING HIS EMINENCE ON HIS SILVER EPISCOPAL JUBILEE

To Our Beloved Son,
WILLIAM, of the Title of Saint Clement,
Cardinal O'CONNELL,
Archbishop of Boston.
OUR BELOVED SON:

Health and Apostolic Benediction!

We have heard with great joy that you are to celebrate on May 19th the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day upon which you received the Episcopal honor and office. We have heard that according to your wish the observance of that day by your clergy and your people will be, not in the splendor of public solemnity, but as an occasion of rendering thanks to the Giver of all good gifts for the blessings which during that space of time have come to you and to the flock entrusted to your care.

With all Our heart We rejoice at this wise decision of yours, for it is the mark of a good shepherd that in all such happy events as these his thoughts are not turned to his own glory, but the glory of Him Who gives all good things, planting and cultivating in the dew of His blessings and giving increase and fruitfulness under His protection, so that an event like this of your Episcopal Jubilee will redound to the spiritual welfare of you and your flock. I know the many and great things which under your direction and by your action have been

accomplished for the welfare of Holy Mother Church and which well deserved Our praise, because, among other things, of your well-known devotion to this Apostolic See, whose honor has always been foremost in your thoughts and your deeds; whether We consider the devoted and studious care given by you to the students of your beloved country in this Eternal City, or again the glory of the Faith abroad, spread and nourished by you as representative of the Apostolic See in Japan, or again the zeal and wise and beneficent action in the government and conduct of the great works done in the Archdiocese of Boston — the building of schools and the erection of churches and the founding of charitable institutions — and besides all these things, very noteworthy in themselves, your charity was known to all those in need during the bitter war which for a while was raging in the world. No wonder then that We hold you dear to Our heart and love you as We know the citizens of Boston do. And so We wish to be with them and to rejoice with them on the happy occasion of your Jubilee.

We pray the Author of all good things, Almighty God, to make that occasion both to yourself and to your flock one of great joy and spiritual favors. And that the glorious day may bring to you and your people most bountiful graces, We ask you to give in Our name Our apostolic blessing to all the priests and people of your Diocese. Moreover, with a heart full of affection We grant to all who will sanctify that occasion by approaching the Divine banquet of Christ's Love, fulfilling the usual conditions, a plenary indulgence.

Finally, Beloved Son, as a pledge of heavenly graces and favors and as a sign of Our special paternal benevolence, We impart to you, to all your clergy and

people most lovingly in the Lord Our apostolic benediction.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, the twenty-fourth day of April, 1926, and of Our Pontificate, the fifth year.

PIUS P.P. XI.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS A BISHOP[1]

With a heart overflowing with gratitude to God for His abundant blessings, I approach the Silver Jubilee of my Episcopal Consecration. Twenty-five years, crowded with work and with the responsibilities and anxieties that necessarily accompany it, have rolled by; yet my health to-day is excellent, and my spirit as buoyant as on that memorable day, a quarter-century ago, when I was solemnly consecrated Bishop in the Corsini Chapel in Rome.

As I review the history of those years, fragrant memories crowd thick and fast upon me. I love to dwell upon the holy associations and lasting friendships both in Rome and in America that those years have brought. Many of my old-time friends, high officials both in Church and State, have passed to their reward, leaving memories that I shall cherish all the days of my life.

My years in Portland passed all too swiftly. As I look back upon them, I give thanks to God for the loyalty and coöperation ever and always extended to me, by the good priests and faithful people of that, my first episcopal charge.

Coming to Boston, the Metropolitan See of New England, I naturally approached the graver duties and higher responsibilities of an Archbishop with some trepidation, but with perfect confidence that God would direct and strengthen me.

Thanks to His unfailing assistance and to the united

[1] Jubilee message of His Eminence to the priests and people of the Archdiocese on the Silver Jubilee of his Episcopal Consecration, May 19, 1926.

purpose of priests and people, coöperating with me so loyally, so generously, and so devotedly at all times, I can now look back to a record of accomplishment that has placed Boston in the forefront of the dioceses of Christendom.

All the days of my episcopate have been days of ceaseless toil. I have labored throughout the day, and often well into the night, for the spiritual and material advancement of the faithful. Cares and anxieties inseparable from office beset me, as they have beset every Bishop, but they are all forgotten now, the labors, the cares, and the anxieties, in my joy at seeing to-day this portion of God's vineyard so flourishing and so fruitful, with its institutions clear and free of debt, sufficient to care for every class and condition, with hundreds of new churches, convents, and schools erected, with the seminary thoroughly equipped and enlarged, with a strong and virile Catholic Press, with an educational system coördinated and efficient, with Catholic progress along all lines notably advanced.

All this brings joy to my heart on the day of my anniversary, as I review the history of my episcopate; a joy in which I know the faithful of the Diocese participate. In the years that lie before me, I will with God's help give the best that is in me to carry forward the constructive programme of the past, in order that the future may see a still brighter page added to the glorious history of the Diocese of Boston. May God bless my loyal priests and faithful, generous people.

JUBILEE SERMON[1]

I HAVE in my mind to-day one only thought and in my heart one only sentiment, humble gratitude to God for all His wonderful graces and benefits during the past twenty-five years.

To the Holy Father, the Bishop of Bishops, my profound and heartfelt thanks for his kindly and paternal affection and constant interest in me and my work even to this day.

To my beloved brothers, the most Eminent Cardinals, who have honored me with their precious friendship and who have sent me to-day messages of fraternal greeting —

To the prelates of our own dear land who have manifested on so many occasions their kindest consideration —

To my dearly beloved Priests, my zealous co-workers in this portion of Christ's Vineyard, the proofs of whose loyalty and love I have daily received —

To the good religious who so valiantly have sustained me in all my labors —

To the faithful men and women of this Archdiocese who have listened docilely to my counsel and have cooperated in every plan for the welfare of the Diocese —

To the dear little ones, the precious lambs of the flock, whom I love as Christ loved them —

To my fellow citizens of Massachusetts and America of every race and condition, who have shown to me un-

[1] Delivered before an immense congregation at the Cathedral on Wednesday, May 19, 1926, the twenty-fifth aniversary of His Eminence's Episcopal Consecration.

failing kindness, trust, and confidence, and who have applauded and encouraged every effort I have made as a fellow citizen of our blessed country to further its best and highest interests —

To these all, after God, I offer to-day my deepest and warmest gratitude. Each and all of them by kindly indulgence and generous friendliness have helped to bring me through dark hours and many misgivings and shortcomings to this day of complete happiness.

To them all I know I can look with complete confidence for encouragement, consolation, and coöperation in the work yet before me to do.

God bless us all!

A GRATEFUL TRIBUTE[1]

I THANK the priests of the Archdiocese for the truly royal gift which you in their name offer me and the Archdiocese, as a memorial of their affection and loyalty on this twenty-fifth anniversary of my Episcopal Consecration.

Nothing they might offer on this happy occasion could possibly bring greater joy to my heart.

To all of us, prelates, priests, and people, the Seminary is a sacred and precious possession. It is the very center and cradle of all ecclesiastical life. So that to the heart of the priest everything connected with the welfare of the Seminary quickly and vitally appeals. But the magnitude of this gift of my beloved priests, representing as it does not only deep devotion but evident sacrifice, touches me to the quick and moves me to say to-day what all my predecessors have said — "The clergy of Boston is the most generous-hearted body of priests in the whole world."

Never yet has any great purpose been presented to them for their coöperation and support, but instantly they have hastened to give of their best to the work.

The Seminary is very dear to me as it is to you. The new structure which at last gives us ample space for present and future development will add to the efficiency of the whole institution and will be a constant reminder to all within its sacred walls of the splendid generosity of the priests now in service in the Arch-

[1] Address of His Eminence to members of the Diocesan Council and Papal Knights, on the Day of his Silver Episcopal Jubilee, May 19, 1926.

diocese as well as a beautiful public recognition of my Episcopal Jubilee.

God will certainly not fail to bless all those who have coöperated in doing a noble work for His Church, and I for my part will never forget their great-heartedness in making this day one of thanksgiving to them and to God, the Giver of all gifts.

Your noble words touching my labors here among you move me deeply. I can sum it all up in a single sentence — We have worked together, suffered together, rejoiced together, and the years and the labors have brought us into a union of mutual love and reverence blessed by Almighty God.

You have not been ignorant of the attitude and action of a few outside this Archdiocese aiming to create disunion and dissension, but you have wisely ignored them, and by a closer union to me and to one another have rebuked them in the charity of silence.

That is the Christian way of contrasting bigness to pettiness, and that is the way, that has always been the way, of Boston's prelates and priests. But we make no promise that that silence will never be broken if the welfare of the Archdiocese, dearer than life to us all, demands plain speech.

And so to you and to all the priests of the Archdiocese I give again the pledge of my devotion and sincere affection, and in the name of our Holy Father and in my own name I beg Almighty God to bless you and reward you.

Pius XI has praised and blessed our work of twenty-five years of united and fruitful labor. That puts forever the seal of God's powerful approval upon it. That for us is more than sufficient. That and that alone counts in

the balance of just judgment. Your kind words of loyalty serve only to increase the value of the Holy Father's message.

To-day I ask you to forget me — my joy has been fulfilled in your glorious union at the Altar where together we have offered up the Holy Sacrifice in thanksgiving and in united prayer, and in the millions of Masses and Communions offered by the faithful of our Archdiocese in thanksgiving to God for all His blessings to me and to my flock.

This sacred spiritual garland — its hundreds of thousands of Masses said and offered, these millions of Communions and prayers — the fruit of a united devotion all over the Archdiocese now offered to me as their most precious gift, is now and forever shall be to me the greatest treasure, the highest monument, the choicest memorial. No words of mine could express my gratitude for such tender and sacred proofs of the love and devotion of my priests and people.

The past is already recorded. Let us go forward with hands joined and hearts united to labor still more valiantly, still more zealously, still more unselfishly, for God's eternal glory and the glory and progress of His Kingdom on Earth.

To you, Sir Knights, who to-day represent the whole lay-body of the Archdiocese and in their name offer me words of consolation and attachment, I return my thanks heartfelt and sincere.

Where in all the world is there a laity more strong in the Faith, more devoted to their Church?

All the world knows that nowhere else is there more activity in good works, more reverence and devotion to prelate and priest, more vocations to the priesthood

and the religious state, more converts to the Faith than here.

To you, and to every man, woman, and child, I return for all their wonderful demonstrations of devotion and affection my pledge of affection and devotion; and upon them all I ask our Heavenly Father to send His choicest blessings of health, happiness, and prosperity.

And so to all the clergy and people of the Archdiocese, who have so enthusiastically observed this jubilee in the way of faith and love, I give from my heart my affectionate benediction.

DEVOTION TO DUTY[1]

My dearly beloved students of Boston College, there has come to me to-day such a wonderful outpouring of love from the Diocese, from the kind priests and the people, that I can hardly think of words to express what is in my heart.

As I look back over the span of years, I can say in all sincerity that I have thanked God for the day that I was led to the doors of Boston College. There have been other influences in my life, but those that surrounded me in Boston College have left their indelible impress.

When I was in Boston College, I worked hard, as you must in these days. It is hard labor that brings results in terms of success. That is the only way in which you or any one can attain success, through hard labor, both day and night.

There will come to you, as there comes to every one who seeks to reach success in the world, many crosses and trials. They will be with you all through life. But these will be overcome by devotion to duty. They come to you even in your student days. They came to me, though I had been truly a faithful and hard-working student at Boston College.

I look back with a keen sense of appreciation of the sincere efforts of the professors, all doing their day's duty, eager and interested always to accomplish everything possible for those under them, acting more like brothers,

[1] Response of His Eminence to the address of welcome and felicitation from the faculty and students of Boston College on the occasion of his Silver Episcopal Jubilee, May 19, 1926.

showing at all times that rare kindness and patience and the spirituality that is their nature.

And with all this interest there was ever to be found that wonderful atmosphere of the Jesuit. It was distinctive then as now. They were not in any way puritanical; they could not be; they do not know how. Still, why should they not be as they are? They follow the course marked out by their founder, St. Ignatius, who risked his life for Christ and who had a deep insight into the souls of men.

The Jesuit instructors bring out the best that is in the students so far as possible. They are not surprised at defects or failures, nor do they expect too much. This sympathetic attitude is a part of their very organization.

I did not know in my student days just where I was being led. No one of us knows that in the period of formation. None of you knows what God has in store for you, what He has intended for you. But now, as I look back, I recognize the hand of God, leading me step by step. My first step was toward Christian ideals. Day after day, my mind and heart were moulded and formed, not in any strange or impossible way, but by a steady onward progress. It is not book knowledge alone in these days that counts. Of surpassing importance is the moulding of character and the fostering in the individual of Christian ideals.

The sound and systematic training you acquire in philosophy, psychology, history, and other subjects is a good foundation. But the college does not make the student or the scholar. It aids him and brings out the best in him, but he must work hard himself. Therefore, as I said at the outset, it is well to work zealously while at college.

Meet your difficulties and trials and overcome them by hard and laborious work. The reward is well earned then, and is lasting. Anything worth while having is attained only through overcoming difficulties. If you stand aside idly, without striving for your place, you will surely fail. To conquer, you must fight honorably.

The world needs leaders to-day. In fact, it is seeking them in every sphere. But men to-day shrink from leadership.

We need men who are willing to promote with unselfish purpose the righteous cause in all directions; men who will risk their lives. Why not? The soldier does; the general in the army does. When the world discovers in you the valuable traits that make leaders, it will beckon to you. Hard work and trials and crosses, young men, are blessings. Embrace them!

I do not know, nor do you, what God intends for you. But for whatever sphere you may be destined, prepare for it worthily, with zeal and hard labor, with interest and pains. You represent the future to me. You are the men on whom the Church and the State will depend. Some of you will go to the sanctuary and many to the world. Work for God and you will be sure of your reward. Trust Him, have courage, go on and on, and heed not the world.

Always keep in mind this fundamental principle — I believe in God. After all, life's span is but a few years; so do the very best you can while you are here. Then you will face the great and just Judge with a knowledge of a faithful stewardship.

I am very happy to be the guest of Boston College on this day of my Silver Jubilee in the Episcopacy of our Holy Church. On that day I am happy to say to you,

work for God and you will be sure of your reward. Trust Him; have courage.

And now, my dear students, may God's blessing descend upon you, your good professors, your parents, and all our good people.

REMINISCENCES OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS[1]
1901–1926

It is hard for me to realize that twenty-five years have flown since that lovely May morning, when in San Giovanni I knelt before the great Cardinal for episcopal consecration.

I can see the beautiful chapel crowded with a hushed throng — my students and my friends of many nations, a sea of kindly faces. Beyond and above the glorious altar, the gleaming mosaic of the Corsini Pope, and, in front, the glowing robes of the great Cardinal: on his right, Archbishop Stonor, the aged scion of old English noble stock, and, on the left, youthful, handsome, calm, stood out the figure of Archbishop Merry del Val, just over thirty, already famous for his intelligence and perfect urbaneness, soon, very soon, to become world-renowned as the successor of Rampolla, excelling even the great Sicilian in his power of penetrating through the glittering shell of diplomacy into the heart of deception which styles itself statecraft.

The picture rises to my memory with all its lovely local coloring; the aroma of the great Basilica where a few years before I had been ordained, the *sussura* of the solemn ritual being carried on — the perfect stillness and calm of all present — the balmy air of the early May morning — the cloudless sky — the flash of the sun through the high grated windows; every detail of it comes back and thrills me now infinitely more than then,

[1] Published in *The Pilot*, May 22, 1926.

when my entire attention was riveted on the rubrics and the ritual, though subconsciously not a note of the entrancing scene escaped observation.

Leo XIII had named me to the See of Portland and he took the most keen interest in my consecration. When the following morning I went to the Vatican for audience, he amazed me by his complete knowledge in detail of the ceremony — who were present, how beautifully it had gone: even the *colazione* in the wonderful cortile of St. John's had not escaped him.

Frail, almost translucent, his face the color of old ivory, his eye still bright and penetrating, his mind alert, missing nothing — how I venerated him — how the world admired him; and how soon it would all end for him, though the memory of his pontificate will live for ages! The great Leo — he had been my patron and friend from the first day I came, timid and cold with awe, a young, inexperienced nobody, asking for his blessing upon my rectorship. He gave it then in January of 1895 — mid-winter, chilly for me without and within, for I knew nobody and came only because I was bidden to a big post full of difficulty and surrounded by pitfalls.

He must have read my soul through, for leaning over me as I knelt he whispered very slowly and very calmly, "Have no fear. It is a hard task for one so young, but I am always here; come when you need me." Then he sank back in his great gold chair with such a look of complete exhaustion that I was terrified. (That did not prevent my hearing the voice of Christ as ages ago He had said, "Fear not, I am with you.") Later I heard from these same hallowed lips the words I can never forget — "O'Connell, *io mi fido di voi*" — I have confidence in you.

And so, when twenty-five years ago he held my hand pulsating with energy and health in his — so thin and delicate and cold almost as death — and smiling slipped a great ring on my finger and then hung a jeweled cross on my breast, and then like a father whispered a confidential word, how could I remain unmoved? Ah, well, I came to America to work, and when I went back he was gone, as he told me he surely would be; and I see him still as last I saw him — smiling encouragement as I left him, saying again for the last time the same words which had spurred me on as Rector of the College to my best efforts — words which now, after a quarter of a century, still ring in my ears, "O'Connell, *io mi fido di voi.*"

For four years as student and six as Rector I had lived near one of the great Popes of history. When he died in 1903, the whole world sang his eulogy. Leo was a statesman, a scholar. He had inherited a hard position from Pio Nono, whose whole life was passed amid the turmoil of Europe in revolution, and the confusion and bitterness which accompanied the remaking of Italy.

There had been hopes at his election that he would pacify things. How could he, when the whole peninsula was under the heels of rabid anti-clericals and the most irreligious Masonic leaders? A certain *modus vivendi* was the most he could achieve under such intolerable conditions — and even that required a miracle of tact and restraint.

But Italy's loss was the gain of the world — intellectual and social. For, turning his attention beyond the Alps and over the seas, he penetrated with the most searching analysis the causes of the social conditions which threatened the world with anarchy — and which,

falling just short of that, ended at last in the World War.

A false philosophy was the real basis of the trouble — between master and servant — people and ruler — nation and nation. Until that was remedied it was futile to attempt to rectify the merely material side of the situation which already was full of foreboding.

And so were born of the clearest mind of his century the great Encyclicals on Government, on Labor, on Socialism, on every conceivable subject which had to do with national and international human welfare. They are to-day the textbook of true social science and are on the desk of student and professor, subject and ruler.

What a mind — ever youthful, ever alert, always clear as crystal and detached as a hermit, yet penetrating forever into the very marrow of the present, while invoking for its solution the eternal principles without which the ship is rudderless!

I see him to-day as I saw him just twenty-five years ago — his trembling hand raised in benediction, his eyes jet black, piercing, his aged frame worn and wan, leaning far back in the great gold chair, his pallid lips still speaking words of courage — "I am very, very old — and you are all leaving me. Ah, well, so it must be. I shall not be here when you return; so it is not *au revoir* this time, but *addio*."

When next I went back to the Eternal City, I found in the place of the great Leo, whose death the whole world had mourned, a kindly figure little known even to the Romans, never before seen by me — the gentle Patriarch of Venice, Cardinal Sarto, who was now Pius X.

Accustomed as I had been to meeting Leo XIII with a sentiment akin to awe, I was deeply moved by the kindly

familiarity with which the new Pope greeted me. The difference both in appearance and in temperament of the two Pontiffs could scarcely be wider apart. Leo was emaciated, colorless, detached, aloof, philosophic, speculative; Pius, hearty, florid, solid, amiable, practical, intimate.

In reviewing the history of the Papacy the student will be frequently struck with contrasts like these — and if he probes deep enough he will find that these contrasts are no mere accident. The man of faith will see in these contrasting personalities a providential supplement to one another, that the whole balance may be kept even.

Leo, the scholar and statesman, with a mind elevated and far-seeing, just missed what a closer observer of daily life would have observed in the things just about him. While he was busying himself superbly with the great philosophic problems of the whole world, with his vision concentrated upon the art of government and the basis of philosophic thought, he little dreamed that surreptitiously and subtlely, right almost within sound of his voice, was a treacherous enemy invading imperceptibly, but very really, the atmosphere of the very schoolrooms, pulpits, and professorial chairs. Slyly taking advantage of the great Pontiff's far-sightedness to sneak in, even to the sanctuary, Modernism began under his very eyes, though he saw it not, the malicious attack upon the very foundations of faith.

Pius X was undoubtedly called providentially to the See of Peter to meet this danger, this subtle menace face to face; to drag it out from its hiding-places, to expose it for just what it was, a sham and a subterfuge, and then, like another St. Michael, to crush out its

venomous life under the heel of a merciless condemnation.

Leo XIII, in the cloistered calm of Perugia, meditated lofty thoughts and profound principles. Pius X, Bishop of Mantua and Patriarch of Venice, found himself face to face with the practical problems which confront the Bishop of a busy See, requiring daily attention to irritating details; and when he came to the See of Peter, he had learned well all that the great Encyclicals of his predecessor could teach, but he had besides that knowledge the keen and practical outlook which had come to him as a busy parish priest and an overworked Bishop in a very active city.

And so it came to pass that when Cardinal Sarto, the Patriarch, became Pius X, the Supreme Pontiff, he had an unclouded vision of what he saw was before him to do, and a knowledge of the very practical methods which alone could achieve it. The story of how he met the menace of Modernism — that synthesis of all the heresies — is now glorious history. Had Loisy in France and Murri in Italy been allowed to scatter more widely their plausible but utterly damnable errors, academic and social, in a very short time the whole student body would have been infected with the plausible poison and the whole field of Catholic action blighted by a poisonous cockle.

Both of these men imagined that Pius X, the good parish priest, as they so ironically styled him, would busy himself about pious nothings, while they would be allowed to spread their poison freely. They little knew the fiber of this particular good parish priest, whose kindliness and simplicity of soul they reckoned as lack of scientific learning and amiable complacency.

In a word, Modernism met God's champion and went down instantly to ignominious defeat. The men who championed those plausible heresies of that day and who, carried away by the applause of the Church's enemies, were flattered into open contumacy, within three months after the publication of the great Encyclicals "Lamentabili" and "Pascendi" of 1907 were universally repudiated and to-day they are utterly forgotten. "Deposuit potentes de sede et exaltavit humiles."

They had spread the rumor all over the whole world that Pius X was a kindly man who knew nothing of the higher scientific principles of Biblical criticism. How utterly and completely they had deceived themselves! For here was a Pontiff who was so genuine in character and soul, so absolutely clear-minded in his faith, that instinctively he detected sham in so-called scientific pretenses, and unfailingly cut straight to the root of the matter, and exposed their bluff. And so Modernism is absolutely and completely dead. It never again will have the vital force to lift its head within the Church of God.

How splendid was the motto that he chose, "Restaurare omnia in Christo"! What a gigantic task to face — but what absolute courage, straight from the heart of Christ to his heart, steeled him to the work before him! He had come to the Throne of Peter unknown, not only to the world at large, but even to Rome: but within a very few years the whole Catholic world realized that it had a chief shepherd, holy, fearless, and Christlike.

Run through the list of his achievements during the eleven years of his all too short régime — the abolition of the veto in Papal elections — a new constitution for

future conclaves — the reform of Church music — the codification of Canon Law — the new marriage legislation — the systematization of the Catechism — the reform of Seminaries and education of ecclesiastics — the reform of the Roman Curia by the Motu Proprio "Sapienti Consilio" — the erection of an Oriental Congregation — the revision of the Vulgate — the reorganization of "Catholic Action" — the foundation of the Biblical Institute in 1910 — the new regulations for religious orders — the reconstruction of the Roman Curia — the new arrangement of the Breviary — the institute for the care of emigrants — the reorganization of suburban Sees. Here is a list which will surprise many who have been unaware of the tremendous activities and fruitful results of the holy work done for the Church by Pius X. And who can ever forget the overwhelming wave of devotion that swept over the Christian world at the invitation which Pius X, the Pope of the Eucharist, sent out to all the faithful to receive as frequently as possible the great Sacrament of Christ's love? And what father or mother will ever forget the boon beyond price of the early First Communion of children?

Again Pius X was in the beginning supposed to have no knowledge of what is called diplomacy or statecraft. Perhaps some of the diplomats then accredited to the Holy See, little understanding the fineness of that gentle spirit, expected that soon he would fall into the diplomatic pitfall which some of them were sedulously digging around him. How completely they had deceived themselves! I remember on one occasion, when he was deeply disturbed by the situation in France, he looked at me with a twinkle in his eye and said, "They say I am no diplomat — well, I am no diplomat; but they'll find if

they go too far that I am not lacking in shrewdness."

How little a man of his perfect simplicity of heart and soul needed the futile shell of diplomatic falsity! He despised that and all that it stood for. He was Christ's Vicar who would stand on that ground and no other, though all the princes of the world threatened him.

But also he well knew that at his side was a young knight of God's calling, his Secretary of State. By heredity, training, and experience, there was no one who could teach anything that was worth knowing of diplomacy to Raphael Merry del Val, who had spent his whole life in the courts of Europe and had lived for years within the Vatican Palace itself. Here truly was a wonderful and most providential combination — Pius, firmly grounded in perfect faith, panoplied in the fearlessness of God's messenger, with a heart bursting with sympathy for all who suffered, nations and individuals, with a craving to be of help and of service to all, nations and individuals alike; and at his side, youthful, keen in the knowledge of every diplomatic principle and practice, tactful, laborious, patient almost to a fault, with the affection of a devoted son to the dearest of fathers, Cardinal Merry del Val stood between his holy master and the diplomatic world, a defense and a help. And very soon to their chagrin the diplomatic world in Rome and in every capital of the world changed their estimates, and often found to their cost that, where sacred principle was concerned, they would never be allowed either to evade obligations or by malevolent opposition to obtain their unjust purposes.

The cynics had termed Pius X the Religious Pope, as if it were a sort of slur for a Pope to be religious; but the strange thing about his régime was that from the

very start he was compelled by force of circumstances to enter the field of diplomatic action. We all knew that for years France was behaving like a spoiled child. I mean, of course, the Government of France, mostly anti-clerical and masonic. Both Leo and Rampolla had an almost overweening affection for France, and so they let many things pass with the hope that time would remedy them. But time cannot in itself remedy the bitterness of a hatred that is almost satanic, and so things grew from bad to worse. See after See was vacated by the death of a Bishop, and the French Government blocked every attempt to fill these vacant Sees agreeably to the Holy See. The actions of her official representatives in Rome were sometimes scandalously spiteful. It was perfectly clear to everybody that it was the deliberate intention of official France to break the Concordat, exile the religious, and rob them of their property. Several smoke screens were sent out from the Quai d'Orsay, the purpose of which, of course, was to obscure the real issue.

By a series of exhibitions that were simply puerile, they attempted to involve the Holy See in various minor issues, only to cloak the great issue, which was separation and spoliation. That, I repeat, had gone on for years during the pontificate of Leo with Rampolla as Secretary of State. Both had borne, with a patience which had gone beyond all limits, injury and insults from France — I am talking of those who represented France civilly — so that when Leo XIII died this whole baneful inheritance faced the new Pontiff.

What was to be the policy of the new Pope and the new Secretary of State? Well, of course, in the great issue there was no question of policy for the Holy See —

it was only a question of showing to the world the contrast between straightforward honesty of principle and a flagrant breach of good faith. In the matter of preserving diplomatic relations at any cost, Pius X and Cardinal Merry del Val were decidedly not of the mind of Leo and Rampolla. There are some rights and duties of Church and Pope which no earthly power may be allowed to question, much less usurp. They are God-given and must be defended at all costs. That settled the question in principle. If diplomatic relations had to be broken on that score, neither Pius X nor his Secretary of State would ever lift one finger to prevent the breach, though they would be willing to avert that breach, if possible, by long-suffering and patience.

The breach came as it had to come, and we know now that nothing better could have happened for the religion of France. Then came the question of the acceptance of lay control in the matter of the Churches, "Associations Culturelles." To the Holy See it was perfectly evident that that was only a clever scheme to sow schism in the Church of France. There Pius X stood firm as the Alps. Had he wavered or yielded, there is now no question but that catastrophe would have followed quick and fatal.

I saw a good deal just at that time both of Pius X and Cardinal Merry del Val, and I can never forget how, amid the rumors of impending disaster, they remained calm and imperturbable. They had done their duty, God would do the rest — as He surely did! At once there was a strengthening of the bonds of the Episcopacy all over France and a unity of priest and people which had not been witnessed in a whole century, with the result that religion thrived gloriously. Robbed of their mate-

rial possessions, the clergy and the laity vied with each other in zeal and generosity, and God blessed their efforts in a thousand ways.

I see now the reason of Pius's perfect calm. I had the temerity, as a young Bishop, to open the subject with him. I knew something of what the sentiment was in America about the whole affair, and I told him that we were all praying for him and the Church and for France as well, and that, of course, at the end the Holy See must triumph in so righteous a cause, and France with a change of spirit would come back.

He smiled cheerily, and then a look of deep melancholy spread over his features and he said, "They are making it very hard for Merry. They are doing everything they can to annoy him and to belittle him; but I know him, I trust him, and I love him. God surely will not abandon to his enemies one so faithful as he is to me." And then, rousing himself back to his old sense of gentle humor, he said, "Well, we must do the best we can — the rest is in the hands of God. And now tell me about your Seminary" — for he was deeply interested in the work of seminaries. When I had told him, he said to me, smiling, "So I see you have your problems as well as I. These troublesome professors, still playing with the fringe of Modernism, must not be tolerated in training Levites. You, and you alone, under me are responsible for your Seminary. Go back and assume that responsibility without fear or favor."

This is an epitome, but it is enough to show the perfect straightforwardness of a holy Pope who never minded the blows aimed at himself, but who was aroused to holy indignation at those aimed at his generals.

The air was filled with troubles and difficulties during

his whole pontificate. They came from within as well as from without. I know them as few do or can. Of the internal ones I have nothing to say now, though doubtless in the process of the canonization of that holy Pope they will be all unfolded in due time. Here and now I want to speak only of the external ones. They seemed larger in a way, though they were oftener more easily dealt with than the others.

For instance, there was Germany, which during the end of the pontificate of Pope Pius X was seized with a veritable mania of putting obstacles in the way of everything he said or did.

If one reads calmly now the admirable Encyclical on St. Charles Borromeo, it is impossible to find a reason for any shadow of a protest from the German Government. Yet it caused one continuous stream of protests from a Protestant government, which, of course, had nothing to do with the case. Not a decree or ruling for the Universal Church was issued from the Holy See, from that prescribing the age of children at their First Communion to the anti-Modernist oath but the officials of Germany rushed in to make things disagreeable.

I remember once, just at that time, going to see Cardinal Merry, as the German Ambassador was leaving. The representative of Germany made his exit talking in a harsh loud tone, in which there was not the slightest trace of diplomatic courtesy. The Cardinal politely bowed him into the next room where I was, and then I entered, to be received with the most instant cordiality and kindness, as if nothing had happened. And we talked as we always did in the manner of friends about everything but the diplomacy of Germany. And my admiration for him grew correspondingly in leaps

and bounds, for I knew that every day of his life he was facing difficulties before and behind with a calm that must have come to him from contact, deep and intimate, with that saint of God, Pius X.

Even Spain, Catholic Spain, seemed to join in the procession for several years. Canalejas, the Prime Minister, kept throwing in objections to this and to that, and attempting to raise questions of the validity of the Concordat. The Spanish Ambassador was called home and that condition had to be faced and settled, as it was finally.

In 1910, the Portuguese Revolution broke out, followed by the bitterest sort of persecution of everything appertaining to religion in Portugal. Again the greatest patience was observed by Pius X and his Secretary of State. Nevertheless, diplomatic relations were broken and the Portuguese Legation abolished. How deeply the clouds were hanging all that time over the Vatican and those within it! Yet occasionally there appeared, if only for a few days, a hopeful light. The Concordat which Cardinal Merry del Val drew up with a representative of Servia just at the end of the pontificate of Pope Pius X was a most remarkable document in every way, securing to the Holy See the most agreeable and useful concessions on the part of the Servian Government.

Italy, of course, had been for years a constant source of difficulty. The whole peninsula was flooded with masonry and anti-clericalism and socialism.

Nathan, the Mayor of Rome, added insult to injury in a flagrant and violent and insulting speech aimed at the holy Pontiff and the Holy See, which he delivered at the Porta Pia, September 20, 1910.

That was the climax of offense, to which Pius X an-

swered with a loftiness of spirit and a fearlessness of soul which even his enemies were forced to admire; and from that day the waves of anti-clericalism and masonry began to roll back upon themselves.

Pius X warned them that the whole Catholic world would be outraged and would find its way to rebuke Nathan's gross insult. It was a true prophecy and the fulfillment of that prophecy we are seeing to-day, when anti-clericals and masonic influence are posted all over Italy as enemies of the country to be detested and abhorred. Certainly it was a wonderful thing to hear the head of the Italian Government to-day proclaim, "We are a Catholic nation; secret societies have no place in this nation!"

And so, amid difficulties and trials of every kind and from every quarter, the gentle Pius worked and prayed; and, when at last the Great War broke out, his Christ-like soul entered upon its final agony. As he saw death slowly approaching, with universal war raging all about him, he wept to see such universal folly seize upon Europe which he had loved and served so well. With all the strength that remained to him he implored the nations to stop and think of all the misery they were about to create, all the horrors, all the frightful losses, which war would certainly inflict upon civilization which now seemed staggering to a fall — but, alas, without avail. He could do no more. His tender heart was broken. Around his deathbed were the representatives of many nations, weeping like stricken children, and beside him stood his faithful Secretary of State in silence — but each looking at the other with affection and perfect trust. Between them no further words were necessary. And, of course, they could speak none. The holy Pontiff

breathed his last, leaving a memory of holiness to all the world, and to his noble and faithful Secretary the rich inheritance of a memory that is ineffaceable.

I saw him only a month before his death. I had just assisted at the ceremony of the opening of the great Cloaca constructed by my orders under the historic Basilica of San Clemente. He was looking very, very tired. He wanted news about the old Basilica and the work I had done there, and he said to me with his dear old smile, "And what have they done for you for all you have done for them?" I said, "Holy Father, they have erected a tablet in memory of that work and my name is engraved upon it. So, Holy Father, even Rome will not be allowed to forget me."

"Troppo poco — that was all too little; you have saved the ancient Basilica — of course, Rome cannot forget you."

He seemed so weary that I rose to leave him alone; and he arose, too, and with an expression I can never forget in those wonderful dear eyes of his (Irish eyes I used to tell him jokingly), he kissed me on both cheeks, not formally, but affectionately. I knelt and kissed the hem of his garment, the garment of a saint. I never saw him again. From that day to this I have prayed to him as a friend who is a friend of God.

To the saintly Pius succeeded Benedict XV. The story of his pontificate is the story of the war, which need not here be told at length. He was not spared the trials which seem to be inherent with the holy office of Christ's Vicar. He steadfastly maintained the utmost impartiality between all the nations. The best proof of it is that each in turn attacked him for favoring the other side. Step by step he followed the nations in their awful

round of warfare. And both he and his able Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri, were tireless in their efforts to bring back peace and good will to earth. Even amid the horrors of external warfare, the anti-clericals could not desist from the most shameful campaign of calumny and hatred. But it was the last kick of a dying ass. Under Cardinal Gasparri's foresighted directions the Catholics of Italy were again taking their place in the life of the nation.

The Popular Party arose, and for a time seemed to render good service. But after a while that, too, became involved in such a way that it could be no longer even indirectly approved. The Methodists attempted obstruction and defamation, and for a time it seemed that they had joined hands with the worst of the anti-clericals. But just then the Knights of Columbus began their great and glorious work for the Roman youth, and this served as an offset to the malicious interference both of the Methodists and the Young Men's Christian Association in Rome, both of which seemed to have entered into a vicious rivalry of offense to the faith of Catholics under the very shadow of St. Peter's. The Knights of Columbus are still continuing their glorious work which is bound to bear abundant fruits.

Cardinal Gasparri by most extraordinary tactfulness succeeded in bringing back many delegations of the different nations to be represented at the Holy See. Great Britain led the way, and during the pontificate of Benedict XV the number of states having diplomatic relations with the Holy See increased from twelve to twenty-five. Some of them have given abundant trouble since their arrival, but the patience of Cardinal Gasparri seems to be limitless. To his honorable account, under

the initiative of Pius X, is to be credited the complete codification of Canon Law. He is a man of wonderful erudition and completely versed in the knowledge of diplomatic practice, and, of course, much of the success of what Benedict XV accomplished was due unquestionably to the ability and the keen perception of his Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri.

The confusions arising within the domain of the Popular Party troubled greatly the last months of the pontificate of Benedict XV. But, when all is said, the pontificate of Benedict XV was in the designs of Providence an interlude.

That brief interlude ended in the election of Cardinal Ratti, who then became Pius XI

In him God has raised up a champion as learned as Leo, as calm and peaceful of mind and heart as Pius X. His career seems little short of the miraculous intervention of Providence. He is the Pope of to-day. I mean by that, he is precisely the sort of Pontiff that this particular age needs. He has no faction nor party. He is literally the Father of all the Faithful. He has faced the conditions which he inherited with the calm, irresistible exhibition of assurance, humble, yet confident, which seems to be a part of his whole character.

The whole world is still crying for peace after the Great War which upset all values except the eternal, spiritual ones. He has taken as his motto the prophetic one, "The peace of Christ in the reign of Christ," and little by little the world is beginning to understand the loftiness of his purposes and the calm perseverance of his ways.

During these first years of his pontificate he has made a profound impression upon all those who have come

near him. His zeal is untiring — not in leaps and bounds, but in its constant, persevering action.

Italy especially seems to understand at last that the Pope is its greatest and best friend. He has met every problem with the honesty of a perfectly open mind. He is not easily swayed by words, but he has a profound intuition for truth. The last time I saw him was when I went with my pilgrimage for the observance of the Holy Year last March. Notwithstanding his tremendous labors and cares, he seemed to me stronger and brighter than when he ascended the chair of Peter. Genial, kindly, considerate, patient; how could I help feeling that here was the successor of my dear Pius X? Not a single one of our Pilgrims but came away from Rome with the most genuine sentiments of filial affection for him. His very simplicity made him even greater in their eyes. At my final audience, as he embraced me I really could not help whispering in his ear, "How your Holiness reminds me of Pius X. I know that his intercession will help you in all your great work for God's Church."

These are the four great Popes under whose holy leadership I have been privileged to work as a humble Bishop for now twenty-five long years, which, as I look back over them, have been certainly teeming with work and effort, with trial and consolation, with honors beyond my deserts, and with a sense of unworthiness known only to God.

These Sovereign Pontiffs — Leo XIII — Pius X — Benedict XV — Pius XI — all of whom I have known well, most of them intimately, were all truly remarkable men, differing in personal traits, but akin in all the things which really mattered — holiness of life, com-

plete devotion to their office, and untiring labor for the welfare of the whole world.

They were each in his own way both good and great — Leo in academic wisdom and diplomatic skill — Pius X in the unerring instinct of the holy priest for the salvation of souls, and utter fearlessness toward the enemies of God — Benedict in his keen perception of international problems when the world was in chaos — Pius XI in the imperturbable calm of a soul close to the heart of Christ and a mind stored with the wisdom of the centuries.

What a series of men — the pride of the Church — the glory of Italy — the fine flower of Christian manhood! What a privilege and honor to have known them, to have served under them, and to have labored with them for the glory of God and the welfare of humanity!

God rest those who have gone to their great reward. God preserve, bless, guard, and defend Pius XI, true father and true friend.

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The picture of many of the wonderful Cardinals of my early years is still a vivid and clear memory. Most of them are, of course, dead; and I find myself now one of the old Cardinals — not in years or in feeling, but in rank of creation; for there are not many of the Sacred College left who were created more than fifteen years ago.

There is, of course, Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, nearly ninety years of age, and created in 1889. Then there is Cardinal Merry del Val, still well and strong and youthful-looking, notwithstanding his white locks and the tremendous burdens he so valiantly bore for eleven years as Secretary of State in very troublous times.

There, too, is Cardinal De Lai, vigorous of mind and body, upright and holy of soul, a tireless worker, as humble as he is valiant. But most of those I knew as a young priest and young Bishop have gone to their reward.

I mention a few as they appeared to me then and as they still remain in my grateful memory:

Monaco La Valetta — a democratic aristocrat;

Mazzella — learned and lofty;

Schönborn, of Prague, and Howard, of England — typical noble guardsmen, handsome as pictures, born in the purple — one efficient, the other decorative;

Parocchi — short and pompous, yet so kind that he could never say "no";

Vaughan — handsome as Howard, but consumed with zeal;

Ledochowski — the gentlest of souls, but the terror of Bismarck;

Casali del Drago — a Barberini — a continual sufferer who never complained;

Vannutelli brothers — Serafino — apostolic, friendly to all Americans, at one time very papable; he died blind;

Vincenzo — diplomatic, active at nearly ninety, friendly and amiable;

Rampolla — deep, resourceful, shrewd — an imposing figure with a mysterious face;

Mathieu of France — hearty, loquacious, no respecter of protocols;

Satolli — my quondam professor, brilliant, impetuous, orator of the first order and teacher first of first; he forgave his enemies;

Agliardi — another quondam professor of mine, tall, kingly, agreeable, suave; his silence was ominous;

Della Volpe — once Maggiordomo, serene and efficient. A nobleman of the Marches, he could cut deep with a phrase and heal it with a smile. He loved poverty, though a patrician, and lived amid the poorest surroundings. On the wall of his shabby apartment with its shabby furniture was found after his death a motto written by his own hand and explaining the poverty of his house — "Morituro Satis." As Maggiordomo he was kindness itself to me and all Americans;

Bonaparte and Chigi — both princes — both deeply pious, uniformly courteous — in short, princes;

Cardinal Mertel — who had been once Chief of Police of Rome before the *débâcle*. Though partially paralyzed, almost blind and over ninety when I knew him, he was most gentle, affable and kindly. I could never associate him with any such thing as a Police Department — though good police chiefs are often clever and genial.

He had that wonderful vitality and love of holding on to life which I think one sees more in Italy than elsewhere. He was Dean at that time of the Cardinal Deacons, and again and again I saw him assisted by his valet limping to his place in the Sistine at great functions. It used to be whispered that Leo XIII liked to see him there, for he had a vague feeling that when Cardinal Mertel died, he would soon follow — as they were much of an age. But Leo outlived him several years.

Once when I called on him, he told me that while he was still a child his mother held him high in her arms to see the great Napoleon pass in the streets of Cività Vecchia — and he never forgot the sight.

He sat propped up in a great chair at his desk. His

servants were devoted to him — the reason, gossips whispered, was because he told them that while living he would pay them generous wages, but he would leave them nothing in his will.

Se non è vero è ben trovato — for it worked.

What a series of prelates, each with a distinction of his own — a glorious and picturesque procession still vivid in my memory.

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I knew personally most of the Archbishops of that day. They were a remarkable body of devoted prelates — differing in many points of view and in personal traits, but loyal and true to their duty and their often difficult positions. God rest them all:

Williams — reticent and righteous;
Gibbons — tireless and tactful;
Ireland — patriot and publicist;
Riordan — oratorical and open;
Corrigan — correct and critical;
Farley — gentle and gracious;
La Chapelle — diplomatic and deep;
Keane — rhetorical and ready;
Kain — straight and soldierly;
Elder — aristocratic and artless;
Ryan — witty and wary;
Bégin — keen and careful.

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I have met and known personally all the Presidents since McKinley. They, too, were remarkable men — not all great as executives, but all, each in his way, giving of his best for the Nation's welfare. They were not infallible, not impeccable; but I believe that they all meant to be honest, serviceable, loyal Presidents.

We have only to look over the list of other rulers and premiers and presidents to appreciate our own Chief Executives.

They were all most kind to me personally. I never asked a favor from one of them, but I have more than once at their request helped them as best I could in advice and counsel:

McKinley, who protected industry but not himself — a Christian gentleman;

Roosevelt, who scolded trusts and muck-rakers and founded the Ananias club — a Christian soldier;

Taft — who never lost a friend and never made an enemy;

Wilson, who wrote enchanting essays on friendship, but never held a friend — a one-track mind which ended in a fatal collision — a maker of wonderful phrases which taken literally would make the world a paradise too mechanical;

Harding — kindest of hearts who could not say "no" — to whom life was a comedy which ended in tragedy, a dear friend to some for whom he paid too dearly;

Coolidge — calm and careful — hard-working and wholesome.

* * * * * * * * *

Many of the great Roman houses were then and still are always open to me. I learned to know well their really noble masters, and I am proud that they name me and think of me as an old friend of the Family.

Prince Barberini is a saint. His son, the Prince of Palestrina, also a dear friend of mine, is like his father, a true Catholic nobleman.

Prince Chigi, the Hereditary Marshal of the Con-

clave, is as witty as an Irishman, as keen as an American, and as simple as a Roman Prince.

Prince Lelio Orsini, of the Pope's Noble Guard, is as loyal a friend as he was twenty-five years ago — and as courtly and handsome as ever.

There was also dear, delightful Prince Camillo Rospigliosi — alas, now dead — who looked like a clever American business man in civilians, and like a Roman Emperor at the Vatican as Commander of the Noble Guard. His wife, Donna Elena, still lives, honored and revered for her piety, and still remembered as the most regally beautiful Princess in the world. So, at least, the whole American colony agreed, to whom she was a sort of patron saint. Her sister is Lady Isabella Howard, wife of the British Ambassador at Washington.

Of the colony of a quarter of a century ago, few of my old friends are living except Mr. and Mrs. Wurts, whose home in the Palazzo Antici Mattei has been for years a center of the kindest and most princely hospitality.

Alas, nearly all those who were best known among the Americans living in Rome are gone, I hope, to Heaven.

Mrs. Lee, Mr. J. P. Morgan's cousin, and her sister, Mrs. Hurlburt, were among my most precious friends — revered alike by all who had the privilege of knowing them.

Then there were the Hazeltines in the Palazzo Altieri, the Storys in the Barberini Palace, the MacNutts in the Doria Palace, and the Abbotts of Villa Lontana.

How well America was represented then by the kindliest and the most urbane hosts who ever opened their doors to a friend!

Among the English colony were Lady Herbert of Lea and Lady Denbigh — both dowagers who spent their

winters in Rome and showed the world how to be deeply religious and *grandes dames* of the social world as well.

All the American Ambassadors to Italy have been good and devoted friends, MacVeigh, Draper, Meyer, Griscom, O'Brien, Page, Child; all were dear fellow countrymen and delightful friends. And our present Ambassador, Mr. Fletcher, is as dear a friend, as competent a representative, and as clever a diplomat as the best of them.

How well I remember the delightful visits made me at the College in those golden Roman years by many well-known and distinguished Americans who came to spend the winter in the Eternal City! Mr. Levi P. Morton used to come frequently in the late afternoon for a cup of tea and a cigar. I see him now, rather feeble and old, but very distinguished-looking, seated in a great armchair, pensive, reticent, and often reminiscent of the days when he was Vice-President.

I remember well one afternoon when I found myself out of the good cigars which I kept for my guests, with only a box of my favorite Minghettis, very mild and very cheap, which I habitually smoked myself. A good host never makes a fuss, so I handed Mr. Morton the box with an inward chuckle at what might be the result.

He took a cigar, lit it, puffed leisurely as he looked at the fire in the grate, and said nothing. After a few moments, he puffed again, took the cigar from his mouth, and looked at it long and mysteriously. Now, said I to myself, we shall hear the verdict of guilty. "What an excellent cigar!" he said gently. "I can't get anything I can smoke in my hotel. Do you mind telling me where you get this brand?" "Not at all," said I, relieved. "I get them at the little tobacco shop on the

Corso, just at the foot of Umiltà. They cost three cents apiece." And then the walls of Rome shook with laughter.

Mr. Potter Palmer was another frequent guest. He often came to have a half-hour's quiet conversation, while, as he used to say, Mrs. Palmer busied herself giving directions to the King, the Pope, and all the officials of Rome.

Then there were Frank Higginson, Monty Sears, and John Burnett — all delightful Bostonians who loved Rome and the peace and interest they found in the old City.

Larz Anderson was then our Chargé d'Affaires — a competent and courteous one, too.

Bellamy Storer, then our Ambassador to Spain, came in from time to time. He was amiability personified. Later, he found himself between the devil and the sea diplomatically, with the usual aftermath. Such a pity! But why will well-meaning laymen mix themselves up in ecclesiastical politics which are always fatal to all who touch them!

They were a delight to converse with — all of them — so different in outlook and temperament, but so thoroughly American, and what that means to the exile, he alone knows.

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In delivering my mission to the people all over the two dioceses which I have governed during that quarter of a century, I can honestly say with perfect truth I have never spared myself.

As for the Apostolate of the word, my seven volumes of "Sermons and Addresses" demonstrate, at least, a plentiful exhibition of loving labor. Even these seven

volumes do not contain all, either of the addresses or the sermons. The continual succession of ordinations, visitations, confirmations, and dedications demanded of me no merely physical presence, but a message the best I could deliver to the thousands upon thousands who have assisted at these various functions.

In the matter of administration, I am happy to say I have never failed to keep an appointment during that time — not that I always felt up to it, but, however, I felt I kept the engagement and to the minute.

The institutions of the Diocese, their splendid financial condition and their efficient management are known to all.

The matter of Catholic education has been during all that time uppermost in my thoughts. It is now so well systematized and organized that, like a good machine, it requires only a kindly and efficient supervision.

There are about a dozen nationalities represented in this Archdiocese. They have all worked with me in complete harmony. I think that means much for both sides.

There has been no domination either of the clergy or the laity, but I think I can venture to say I have never hesitated to speak as plainly as possible and at the same time just as kindly, whenever direction was needed.

The constant visitation of the various parishes, whether official or unofficial, has been instrumental in keeping what might be called the ecclesiastical machinery of things in good order.

I am speaking now not so much, or indeed at all, in any attempt to give value to my services. That was a simple duty to be performed, and I have conscientiously striven to do that duty during all these years.

No one but God, more than myself, realizes the short-

comings and the defects which have accompanied my labors, difficult and trying as, of course, they always must be. But it has been a matter of the most profound consolation to me to see that whatever little I have tried to accomplish has been generously accepted at its highest valuation by my dear priests, no better anywhere in the world, nor more loyal, and my beloved people, no more faithful anywhere.

My heart is filled with deepest gratitude toward Almighty God for the strength and help He has constantly given me and for the talents, such as they are, with which He has endowed me.

Doubtless, I could have done more and better work, but God is a generous Master Who often accepts the will for the deed, and Who supplements with His omnipotent grace the shortcomings of His poor and unprofitable servants.

To the Holy See I turn, as I did twenty-five years ago, with the same complete devotion and attachment and with a thankfulness beyond words for the innumerable demonstrations of high consideration and, at times, even praise which I little deserved.

Whatever years are now left to me are God's secret, but I shall go on during such as remain with a renewed hope and courage, because of the wonderful demonstration of understanding and encouragement which I have received on this twenty-fifth anniversary of my consecration. I know that in those years to come, as in those now past, I shall have to cheer me and to comfort me, as the shadows lengthen, God's loving help, the paternal affection of my Father in God, the Vicar of Christ, and the affectionate coöperation of my priests and people.

To-day I look back over the past twenty-five years

and am almost staggered at the quickness of their flight and the rapidity of the course of events which have for me marked their transit.

I have had wide enough fields for my poor labors — fields wide enough apart to provide a wealth of reminiscence and contrast — America — Italy — Japan.

I have loved Italy sincerely, ardently, since that day in October, 1881, when I climbed the steps of the venerable structure on the Umiltà — the dear old College, whose birthday was my own, December 8, 1859, and which was to be in the designs of God such a potent factor in my destiny. I love Italy dearly.

I admire Japan since those delightful days, chrysanthemum days, of 1906, when I bore an historic message from the Pope to the Mikado, and received on all sides distinguished marks of consideration and kindness from the Emperor and his statesmen.

But how can I thank God enough for sending me home, back to my native land, and permitting me to live and labor among my own people in my native Diocese, in America — America to me the fairest land of all the earth, loved always devotedly, but once I had tasted the pangs of a long absence, loved passionately, as one loves a dear, indulgent mother?

Leo, the great, the lofty intellect, the keen vision, sent me back to America, and Pius, the holy Pontiff, the Saint, sent me back to Boston. God's mysterious designs Leo and Pius deciphered and wrote into the priceless volume of my life and labors — both of little value, save as by God's omnipotence not a sparrow falls, not a blade of grass grows but through His power and by His plan.

Dear Lord, take my years of worthless toil and make

them flower. Take, too, the trials, the grief, aye, and the tears that have fallen through long gray hours, when unwavering faith was wrestling with the shadows — and triumphed. The past is past forever. Pardon, Lord, for all its errors, its mistakes, and its defects! For, after all, dear Lord, for Thee I have toiled, for Thy Church, my people and my country who are also Thine.

Forgive me and bless them!

And now, under the fearless and noble leadership of our great and holy Pontiff, Pius XI, let us redouble our efforts to bring to the world the "Peace of Christ in the reign of Christ."

A VALIANT MOTHER [1]

MEN of the American Legion Post of Lowell, I am happy to return to Lowell. I can only express to you what all Lowell men know is in my heart at all times. Whatever the sons of Lowell have been called upon to do in the way of duty, they have always responded nobly. Lowell holds first place in my heart.

I prize very highly the opportunity to come back here, to the city of my birth, to commemorate with you the immortal dead who have gone that we might live.

To you, beloved men of the American Legion, I offer in the name of all assembled here, our tribute of respect, affection, and loyalty. We offer it also to all of the men of the whole Nation, who have given their lives for their country.

Let me now say how deeply I was touched this morning, just out here at the city gates in God's acre, where rests my dear mother. Nothing, nothing could touch me or any man more deeply. While we honor those who have made the supreme sacrifice, none of us forget those brave and noble and valiant mothers. She was one of them.

And for all of this, let me thank you from the bottom of my heart.

Wherever I am, I do not forget Lowell. It is always in my mind and heart, and I constantly think of her citizens, and upon them all I ask God's blessing.

[1] Delivered at Military Mass of Lowell Post, American Legion, Lowell, May 30, 1926.

NOBLE LIVES OF CATHOLIC WOMEN [1]

What mortal tongue has words to pay tribute to the brilliancy of the faith and the ardor of the charity which this majestic meeting embodies and expresses? With profound humility and with intense gratitude we accept the holy privilege of membership in this Congress of the Nations, called to honor God, truly present in the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist. We are come to this thriving American metropolis, known everywhere for the industry and energy of its citizens and for the rapidity and magnitude of its growth, to proclaim our firm belief in the divine source of true life in this world, Jesus Christ in the Holy Sacrament of the Altar.

The sublime idea which controls our minds to-day is figured faintly in what our eyes behold. This vast assemblage throbs with life. Our presence here is evidence of active devotion. We assemble as pilgrims at a sacred shrine after long and tedious journeyings. Who can estimate the sum of human energy required to make possible this magnificent manifestation of honor and love to the holiest of holy causes? Add to our effort the ceaseless, tireless toil of the countless workers of this great city. What a moving vision of human activity and enthusiasm! Surely life surrounds us in this blessed spot.

Our outlook here is wider than the scope of human sight and higher than the upmost reaches of the human mind. We declare in this Congress our perfect faith in the divine life of Heaven's grace. This life Christ our Lord came to

[1] Address prepared for women's session of Twenty-Eighth International Eucharistic Congress at Chicago, June 22, 1926.

purchase and to give. This life of grace is ours when we partake of the sacred food of the Altar's table. The life our minds and hearts contemplate to-day, is one true life given by the flesh and blood of the Son of Man. "Unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you."

The body of man needs constant sustenance and nourishment. In God's Providence nature furnishes the food essential to the body's life and growth. By the sweat of his brow man exacts from the fields and the beasts thereof assistance and protection for physical life. God provides all. We bow before God's bounty in providing for the earthly necessities of the children of men.

Here in our beloved country, our thankfulness is of necessity supreme. Nowhere in the world has God laid at the feet of His people more of nature's resources in support of the body's needs. Deep beneath the shell of the earth's surface lie buried our precious minerals and great ore deposits, the foundation of prosperity and wealth. Our fields are fertile. They give forth in abundance their fruits to tempt and to satisfy the appetite of man. Our people are industrious. With marvelous skill they produce and they distribute from great centers of population to every corner of this country the necessities for the support of human life. God has ordered it all. The American people take full advantage of Divine bounty in favor of the bodies of men.

As the body lives under law so does the soul. God, Who has blessed our country with prodigious generosity, spoke through His Son, "Be not solicitous for your life what you shall eat. Is not the life more than meat?" And at another time and in another place He spoke words which teach us the sacred significance of this Congress: "I am

the bread of life. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give is My flesh for the life of the world."

The soul of man, made to the Divine image and likeness, lives under the law of sustenance. God's fatherly concern for the life of the soul has moved Him to an act of Divine generosity beyond our comprehension. Our lips tremble in the great truth's utterance. The Omnipotent Creator, the Eternal Lover of the immortal destiny of man, has Himself become the food of the human soul.

Clearly and with Divine authority the voice of God reveals the secret of the soul's support. "I am the living bread. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me and I in him." Under intimate and constant contact with the Divine Presence in the Eucharist, the soul grows firmer in faith, more confident in hope and more ardent in the fervor of Divine charity. Let man offer his faith and his good will. Grace accomplishes the rest. Man must labor to keep life in his body during its allotted years. Man must but believe and love to become a sharer in the gift of the Bread of Heaven for the life of his soul.

The body's food is changed into the bone and fiber of the physical structure of man. The Bread of Life transforms the soul with the beauty and the power of God. He who avails himself of the unspeakable privilege of Holy Communion grows surely and steadily in the spirit and the virtue of Christ's own life on earth. Behold true life! Christ's life emulated and exemplified by humble partakers of the precious food of His Divine institution!

Witness the truth of this incontestable fact. Down through the centuries ardent sons and daughters of the Church have shown in manifold ways the charity of

Christ. In caring for the sick, the orphan, and the aged, the love of those who live by the Blessed Sacrament has found worthy and blessed expression. Amid the sacrifices inseparable from the struggle to carry God's revelation of truth and grace to the pagan peoples of the Far East, the noble foreign missionaries of the Church draw life and strength for their conquest from God's presence there in the Blessed Eucharist. In our own country the arduous responsibility of preserving and perpetuating Christian truth by means of Christian education is borne from day to day by holy religious who live by the Blessed Sacrament. In truth, God with us on the Altar is the life of the Church and of all her members at all times and everywhere.

In all these impressive and beautiful manifestations of charity in the world, the women of the Church have given powerful and brilliant example. From the sad hours of the faithful women at Calvary through all the vicissitudes and struggles of the Church's history, the hearts of Catholic women have ever been deeply receptive of the holy message of God's love for mankind.

To-day as always true Catholic womanhood is a tower of strength and beauty. The presence here of this vast multitude of Catholic women to do honor to their Lord in the Eucharist is inspiring evidence of virtue and devotion. We behold before us representatives of the thousands of our religious women who in sublime self-denial and heroism bless our country with their prayers and good works. We behold holy mothers of Catholic families whose sanctifying influence is the soul of their Christian homes. We behold noble, loyal women giving their lives in the spirit of faith to the advancement of professional and business life. Can we remain unmoved before this

inspiring and consoling spectacle? We bow in gratitude to God for the life of grace He so generously gives to these children of His own Mother, effective missionaries of Christian principles and Christian ideals.

Be mindful always, beloved women, of the great Reality by which you live. Be true to the Divine Source of your life, your virtue, and your love of the interests of Christ. In the precious moment of Holy Communion, in the quiet hour of your visit to the Blessed Sacrament, you meet Him Who gives you power to help others in the ways of His will. Living in Christ and through Christ, your lives become a bounteous benediction to your homes, your families, and to all who approach your holy influence.

Let it be ever so. True to your inheritance, true to the traditions of Christian womanhood, walk constantly in the companionship of Christ. He, Who loves His Blessed Mother, loves you. With His Divine life He strengthens and consoles you. May His presence and His guidance bless your homes and your works. May His truth and His grace enlighten all your days. May His love and the life He gives reward you abundantly and eternally.

THE AMERICAN MARTYRS [1]

We feel ashamed of ourselves, at times, when we think of how few sacrifices we have to make for our Faith compared with the sacrifices these missionaries made. For their Faith they laid down their lives. Here on this sacred spot they gave all they had to evangelize rude savages. For them they left their homes and families and loved ones, with no hope of ever seeing them again, to live the lives of the savages, to eat their fare, to teach them the Gospel, and to receive their martyrs' crown.

This they did, not for the space of a few days, or a few months, but day in and day out for many years, amid almost insufferable privations, in the fierce cold of these northern winters. When we think of the love of God and man in their hearts, I repeat we feel ashamed to come here except to do them homage. We come in obedience to the Church to dedicate this shrine erected on soil moistened by the blood of these holy men.

The world to-day is looking for heroes. Here they are. The world is looking for men of accomplishment. Here they are. The world praises men who win battles, but these men won greater victories among savage tribes than triumphs that entitle worldly heroes to lasting remembrance. We feel the sacredness of this spot. We are grateful for the invitation to come here. Indeed, we take away more than we bring.

These valiant men teach us the value of faith and the power of humility! They literally lived on their faith.

[1] Address delivered at the blessing of the shrine of the American Martyrs, Midland, Ontario, June 26, 1926.

They chose to live poorly and humbly. And so for two centuries according to God's designs they were forgotten, hidden in the heart of Christ. Now that the world needs humility so much, their heroic deeds have become known all over the continent.

We come, dearly beloved friends, to pay our homage to these unselfish men who gave their love so generously. There is no power in the world like the power of faith to bring mankind together. And this faith has brought us together to-day, and will bring others after us for many years.

These thoughts sink to the bottom of the heart and command silence. In the manifest presence of God there is nothing to do but bow our heads in reverence. We from Boston, when we go away will carry with us some of the holy atmosphere of this hallowed spot. What a privilege it is to take part in this sacred ceremony at this holy shrine, in this poor and humble spot, rich in its poverty with a wealth that the world cannot give, in this beautiful spot, sweet as the smile of God.

And so we thank you, Father, for the great privilege of coming here. We ask you, who are so near to this holy shrine, to pray for us when we are far away. God bless you all, and bless all Canada.

OUR HIGHER DESTINY [1]

THIS is an auspicious day for the city of Lowell as well as for the Diocese. We are here to bless and dedicate this institution, now an institution of learning dedicated to the glory of Almighty God and sacred to the memory of Mrs. Mary Keith.

About twenty years ago I remember coming here to preach the dedicatory sermon for St. Peter's Church. Two structures stood on opposite sides of the street — one the court of the civil law and the other the temple of Divine Law. I entitled my address, "The Two Temples." I remember saying that one court was dependent upon the other, for without the Divine Law there could be no civil law.

I remember clearly making the utterance that the story of human life never ends; as one generation is being born, the other generation is being carried to the tomb. What is the great problem facing us to-day? It is to find out why we are here, whether it is by mere accident or whether there is a purpose. No intelligent man can accept the creed that we are here by mere chance.

To us there is no doubt why we are here, for it is all explained clearly in that little paragraph which we read in our Catechism, that we are created to know, to love, and to serve God.

Some people, it seems, are born deficient in some respects, and fall prey to temptations. It is necessary for society to keep them confined. This is the penal side of

[1] Address delivered at the blessing of Keith Academy, Lowell, July 29, 1926.

the civil court. That is what this building was once used for, to protect the State from malefactors who had fallen prey to themselves.

These things must always go on. There never was a time, and never will be a time when there will not be prisons. But our great purpose is to help reduce to a minimum the number of people who go wrong. We accomplish this by religious training, by working on the normal child who will grow into the normal man.

Within these very walls, where once were confined the victims of their own misfortunes, young people will congregate, not to feel the force of restraint, but to submit to the voluntary training of character.

So I am very happy to come here and turn over this institution for the noble purpose of the training of character by Christian discipline, which alone can transform the world.

This is a monumental structure. As a boy, passing through the common on my way to school, I always admired it. All its strength and force was within its walls. Now it is to have another meaning, and the cross above its doors will indicate strength and love — strength defying all power of darkness and love of God for men.

The thought is overwhelming. I am touched most deeply by it. Thank God, I am able to do this for Lowell, because her good people richly deserve it. Here in Lowell I spent the earliest days of my youth; here my parents labored and strove to bring up their children in true Christian fashion. Here are all my holiest connections.

In the case of normal human beings serious attention must be given to the formation of character and to the building up, through educational means, of a true heart, a strong will, and a definite purpose in life. It is quite

freely admitted by educators to-day that character formation in the child is of surpassing importance. They agree that without the fundamentals there can be no promise of future development.

It is idle to proceed along the road of life without aim or purpose. It is even more futile to strive after true success in life without the necessary spiritual preparation. All things that we possess as creatures of God are His gifts to us: health, possessions, and talents — all could be swept aside in a moment were it His desire. Dependent as we are upon Him for the air that we breathe and the food that we eat and the raiment in which we clothe ourselves, we should always acknowledge our indebtedness to Him our Eternal Father, and most earnestly pray to Him for the graces that will lead us to success, not only here, but hereafter.

Because this institution stands as a spiritual influence in the community for the foundation of true Christian character, and because without such formation there can be no true citizenship, this Academy represents a holy work: and I am indeed happy in the realization that it is my good fortune, through the legacy of the Keith family, to bestow upon this, my native city, the gift of this institution which will mean so much for its true progress in the years that lie before us.

Indeed, it is with sentiments of deepest love and reverence that I make this presentation. Here in this building the future men of Lowell will be prepared to take up the great work of life and pursue it through to ultimate success. Here the Divine and human elements will blend in Catholic training, all to the one end of bringing out the best that is in the individual for the advancement of himself, the city, and the State.

Because the Keith family, with true Christian perspective, have made possible many benefactions to the devoted Catholics of this Archdiocese, I now ask you to remember in your good prayers both Mrs. Keith and her son. This will be your spiritual tribute to devoted hearts who have thought of you years ago. The material monuments raise their crosses to the skies in memory of their holy acts.

Quite opposite to the course pursued by the Keith family was that of the absent landlords. What have they ever done for Lowell or its people? None can gainsay that through the years they have made millions through the honest toil of the faithful workers of this city; yet there is practically no monument here to mark their recognition of that toil. Much of the money has been squandered in various places, but the men and women who produced the results that brought those riches received very little.

While the Lowell General Hospital was a gift of the Ayer family to this city, and represents in some measure a recognition of the loyal service of its people, this instance of liberality is so isolated as to make more conspicuous the fact that the great bulk of the rich people of the city have contributed little or nothing to its happiness or its progress.

None can say that the people of Lowell are not deserving of better times. There is depression now, but it cannot be laid at the doors of the people. Absentee landlords alone are to blame. Let them answer for the depression.

As Almighty God in His bounty and goodness has blessed the honest toilers of the past, so also by the erection of these institutions will He care for and inspire their children of the present. While, therefore, we kiss reverently the very soil that their feet have trod and bless the

noble purpose that motivated their lives and that flowered into the magnificent church buildings that adorn this beautiful city, let us remember that, even as they toiled and sacrificed for the onward march of the Faith, so also we, their children, must be ceaseless in our endeavors and sacrifices to preserve and prosper what they have given over to our keeping.

It is with this holy thought in mind that I purchased this grand old castle and transformed it into a school to prepare the youth for life, that our young children may maintain ever unsullied the honorable traditions and lofty principles for which our ancestors literally gave the last measure of their devotion.

Here, therefore, let us prayerfully express the hope that this institution will carry on for years the great work of Christian character formation and, by truly moulding the plastic minds and hearts of the youth of to-day, build up a strong virile citizenship for the arduous tasks that will face them as men of to-morrow. May the blessing of God descend upon you all and remain with you forever.

THE INJUSTICE OF THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT [1]

All the world knows that to-day a most deplorable and sad condition exists in Mexico. For months the American public has learned from the columns of the Press the series of despotic acts on the part of the Mexican Government against religion and those who profess the Christian faith. It is clear that those exercising civil power at present in Mexico have boldly thrown off the mask of hypocrisy, which served their purpose in obtaining foreign recognition, and are now openly defying the very first principles upon which government must rest by deliberately working to deprive Mexican citizens of their fundamental rights.

Were it not that we have the statement of facts under our very eyes, we should find it difficult to believe that any clique in power pretending to civil jurisdiction could be so utterly guilty of such criminal deeds inflicted upon a helpless population in the name of national welfare.

Nevertheless, it is a fact that to-day, in a country bordering upon our own, a band of unprincipled men, who have climbed to power by corruption, bribery, and force, are holding the great majority of the people of Mexico under the heel of the most brutal tyranny, a tyranny which not only deprives them of their inalienable civic rights, but which seeks to strangle the very soul of the nation by crushing out its religion.

Under pretext of an excessive and ridiculous national-

[1] Sermon at the Cathedral, Sunday, August 1, 1926.

ism they expel the citizens of other countries whose only offense has been that they have assisted in spreading the Gospel of Christ among the people. Under the pretext that the Church was too political, because, forsooth, she could not approve their crimes against God's law, this clique of atheists has attempted to crush the spirit of honor and the love of right in the hearts of the Church's pastors.

Finding that these men of God feared God more than them and, conscious of their sacred duty, refused to submit to decrees as unjust as they were cruel and inhuman, they exiled or imprisoned them. Because the Catholic people of Mexico, constituting the overwhelming majority of that country, refused to be bound in body, mind, and soul by a constitution imposed upon them by brute force, they were published to the world as rebels to progress and liberty.

The details of these bold and unjustifiable attempts on the part of an unprincipled band of conspirators, still holding office by corruption and force, are so revolting and shocking to all human and just sentiments as to make it evident that not the pretended reaction of honest and upright citizens against despotism, but a hatred of all religion, so violent as to seem diabolical, is the chief and guiding motive of this body of men, now calling themselves the Government of Mexico.

Their action, after all, is logical enough. They know very well that the Catholic Church, her Bishops, priests, and people, have been and still are the most powerful bulwark against rapine, robbery, and anarchy, which, say what they will, is the real spirit animating those now in possession of governmental offices in Mexico.

After all, to those of us who have lived over half a

century this is no new phenomenon. We have seen it at work in nearly every country of Europe. In Italy to-day, in France to-morrow, in Spain one day, in England the next; but there they found the conditions were not entirely ripe and their attacks were repelled with at least partial success, chiefly because again, in all these nations, the warnings of the Church were at last heeded, arousing the citizens to the dangers which threatened them.

But finally in Russia they scored success, and we know the bitter consequences to the Russian people. From their seat of power in Moscow they have sent their emissaries into every land. Thus far, there have been only skirmishes, again defeated by moral vigilance, but in Mexico they have climbed to power by brute force and corruption, and from their new citadel, the first in the New World, they have started their virulent campaign, first as usual against the Church, the Church which stands for eternal principles of justice, for the right to worship God, for the rights of private ownership against robbery, brigandage, and every flagrant injustice. Her towers must first be leveled in the dust before the principles which have hitherto been the basis of Christian civilization can be attacked and overwhelmed.

Oh, no, it is no new phenomenon. It is the same old story through the centuries. It began with Nero. It revealed itself again and again in all its horrible brutality, always flanked by calumny and robbery, until in Russia and now again in Mexico its agents stand exposed in the crude nakedness of their hellish purpose. First, demolish the Altar, the foundation of justice, and then, by mob violence, they can work their will upon the defenseless people.

That is the whole story of the Mexican situation in a nutshell. Its principles and its methods are as ancient as

they are false. It is nothing else but the battle of the powers of darkness against the powers of light, the battle that has gone on through all the ages, in which for a moment injustice may seem to triumph, but which in the end is defeated by its own methods.

For the dormant faith of a Christian people, sometimes, alas, lulled into too great a sense of security, is always finally aroused and, by God's grace and help, faces courageously all trials and persecution and rises once more to its rightful place in the life of the people, sanctifying, blessing, and guiding their homes and their human rights.

That expresses in a word the crisis which exists in Mexico to-day. On the one hand are corruption, calumny, robbery, and the hypocrisy which by external propaganda seek to mask a villainous purpose. On the other is the consciousness of eternal right and the determination to suffer death rather than yield that which no man has the moral right to surrender.

These are the forces in battle array. Can any Christian, nay, can any honest human being witness that battle with indifference? Is there any one with a spark of honor in his soul who does not feel a sense of pride in the courage which stands up fearlessly against misrepresentation, lies, robbery, and even the bayonet, and, with the spirit of the early martyrs, faces unshrinkingly those lawless miscreants who for the moment are in power, and calmly bids them do their worst with their bodies and their possessions, but their souls they will never conquer?

Throughout the whole world to-day arises the incense of prayer to the throne of God, appealing to His Judgment in His own cause and imploring for His Church, His ministers, and His people the Divine Grace of fortitude

in the face of outrageous injustice and unspeakable cruelty.

History teaches that such trials are sent to individuals and nations to strengthen them and to test their real confidence in God. Individuals and nations suffer for a while, but their very suffering brings a revelation of their own unfaithfulness and a new strength. Out of the tomb, where they were threatened with the sleep of almost death, glows the light of a great resurrection and a new spring dawns after a bitter winter has passed.

So shall it be with Mexico. After a brief period of sadness and sorrow, the faith of the Mexican people will take on a new lease of life. These very trials will make Mexico see her own weaknesses and will point the way to a vigorous resurgence.

These days now so dark will soon pass and with them the very names of those inhuman beings who, misled and misguided by the vanity of a fleeting triumph, will find how fickle is the lure of a false sense of power when used, not for the maintenance of justice and peace, and honorable laws, but merely to vent their spite against that which is eternal and immovable.

Yes, they and their very names will pass and the record and the names of those who to-day are bent down in grief and sorrow and trial, rather than yield to injustice, will live forever.

Let us join our prayers with the prayers of the faithful all over the world begging God to defend His people. May our Blessed Lord guard them against their enemies who are also His. May these misguided men, who are vainly attempting to stifle God's own voice, hear at last the warning which the whole Christian world is to-day raising as a protest against their infamous and inhuman actions.

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI[1]

During the past week the interest and attention of the whole Christian world have been focused upon the little town of Assisi, nestling in the Umbrian hills. There, seven hundred years ago, the seraphic St. Francis passed from his earthly cares and sacrifices to the enjoyment of eternal bliss. His indomitable apostolic spirit, however, which had brought peace and tranquillity among dissenting peoples of his day, has survived for seven centuries, purifying and elevating every class and condition of human society.

There is no mystery in the remarkable spiritual renovation produced by the life of St. Francis. A burning charity consumed his holy soul, and diffused itself far and wide, enkindling a like charity in others, and restoring to society its true Christian equilibrium.

In our own day, our gloriously reigning Pontiff, Pope Pius XI, with unflagging zeal is seeking to enthrone among all peoples the Peace of Christ in the Reign of Christ. Like the seraphic saint of Assisi, he sees the solution of the great social problem in the diffusion of Divine charity among the peoples of the world. Herein are linked, so to speak, the hearts of the world's greatest moral power of to-day and of the mighty exponent of social reform of seven centuries ago.

Charity is God and God is charity; and so the poor man of Assisi, seeking to live a life in perfect conformity with that of his Lord and Saviour, has made the strongest

[1] Message on the Seventh Centenary of the death of St. Francis of Assisi, October 9, 1926.

appeal to all races and classes and conditions of men throughout the ages.

Before his unconquerable spirit of love for God and all visible creation, the world bows in admiration. His life and ideals have been made the subjects of song and story, of painting and sculpture, of music and poetry, interpreting charity in terms of service to God and man with an entrancing loveliness and compelling force.

In his day, contentions, enmities, and jealousies wrought havoc on all sides. Visualizing the sad condition of society, St. Francis, fortified by holy poverty and a saving humility, transformed the world. Alvernia, purified, arose from her spiritual lethargy, and better days of fairer promise dawned for the Church and the nations.

Human society to-day, like society seven centuries ago, carries the wounds of many conflicts that threaten our peace. A weakening of faith and a deterioration of morals have resulted from indifference to or negation of the Gospel truths and commands. And their inevitable consequences are seen in selfishness and ambition both among nations and individuals that are the seeds of future conflict. From such evils only charity can save us.

Let love of God, embracing every noble virtue, again gain ascendancy among Christian peoples, and progress and tranquillity will be their lasting reward. Poverty, humility, Divine charity — these were the outstanding virtues of St. Francis of Assisi. Given their full expression, national and international harmony, which worldly formulæ have failed to produce, will be at last at hand. Truly then we shall see the fulfillment of our Holy Father's glorious motto: "The Peace of Christ in the Reign of Christ."

PRAYERS FOR MEXICO[1]

To All the Clergy and Faithful of the Archdiocese, Health and Benediction:

Once more the Holy Father has appealed to all the faithful throughout the world to offer their petitions to Heaven for the welfare of the Church in Mexico. Every one to-day must realize the urgent need of spiritual assistance which the faithful in that unhappy land stand in need of, for it would seem that only the power and the mercy of Almighty God can stem the tide of cruelty and hatred against all religion, which has seized upon the minds and hearts of those to-day in power in Mexico.

As the Feast of the Immaculate Conception approaches, the Feast of the Patroness of the Church in this country and of the Archbishop of this Diocese, it would seem that all the priests and people of the Archdiocese might well unite around the shrines of our Blessed Lady on that Feast and by our prayers and communions implore the Mother of God to intercede for those unhappy Christians so nobly striving in the cause of her Divine Son and so devoted to her honor.

Therefore, I request that in every parish throughout the Archdiocese the priests and people, responding gladly to the invitation of our Holy Father, prepare for the great Feast of the Immaculate Conception either by a Novena or a Triduum, and that the faithful be requested to offer their petitions and communions to our Blessed

[1] Pastoral letter directing that prayers be offered in all the churches of the Archdiocese for persecuted Mexico.

Lady on that Feast, begging our Blessed Mother, not only to obtain from her Divine Son the fortitude and fidelity so necessary to the Mexican Catholics in these unhappy days, but also to obtain His blessing and grace upon our united work for God's greater glory.

On the closing days of the year of my Episcopal Jubilee, I appeal to all the priests and people of the Archdiocese to unite once more with me on the great Feast of the Immaculate Conception, which is also my birthday, in thanksgiving to Almighty God for all the favors and graces He has conferred upon us all during these past twenty-five years and to strengthen our hearts with holy charity and Divine fortitude to face valiantly all the duties which lie before us.

Again I take this occasion to thank all the priests and people of the Diocese for the countless communions, Masses and prayers of which now I have a sacred and precious memorial in the great book which records them for an eternal remembrance and which is one of my most sacred possessions.

Begging upon all the clergy and faithful of the Diocese the blessing of Almighty God, the charity of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and the protection of His Immaculate Mother, I am,

Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL,
Archbishop of Boston

November 23, 1926

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS [1]

My dear men of St. Vincent de Paul, really I hardly expected to be able to come here to-day because there were other things in the way, but I always make a supreme effort to come to your meetings, because it is the only way I have to assure you how dear is the work of this association to the head of the Diocese.

Christmas is near and the same wonderful thoughts come back to us year by year. They are always the same, ever old and ever new. The one supreme thought that the Church keeps uppermost in our minds and hearts is that God so loved the world that He gave it His only begotten Son. So the whole meaning of the Feast of Christmas is love.

It is that supreme quality in the heart that makes one nearest to God, and it is that supreme test of the Christian that proves that his faith like his charity is alive.

Now, to men like you who are engaged all the year round in the ministration of charity, life is one perpetual Christmas. That is to say, it is constantly one revelation of love and of faith. That is precisely why the St. Vincent de Paul Society is what it is. It is the flower of faith and charity.

What a world it would be if the fire of charity were quenched in the souls of men. We scarcely realize what a perfectly bleak desert this world would be without this beautiful sentiment, that Christ came to redeem us and

[1] Address to the St. Vincent de Paul Society at the Cathedral, December 12, 1926.

to implant faith in His children so that forever afterwards the world might be, not a desolate waste, but a flowery garden.

Christmas is coming, and we have only to say that were it not for Christmas the world would again fall back into the most arid paganism.

Ought one to give at Christmas? Decidedly. That is the spirit of Christmas. The Little Infant Jesus came and gave Himself. That is the whole substance of Christmas. That spirit indicates what our spirit ought to be — the spirit of giving. We cannot be giving all the time except in good will. We choose this particular time because it is of the spirit of the time, and it indicates what Christ's good will towards us means.

He gave Himself. Well, the first thing to do is to give ourselves back to Him. When you awake Christmas morning, or if you are awake at midnight Christmas Eve, go on your knees somewhere if you can and say, "Dear Little Infant Jesus, You gave all that You had to me. Now I give all that I have to Thee."

Then your Christmas spirit will mean something. The high spiritual motive must exist. If it does not, the whole thing is barren and meaningless. By attending Mass, you meet the Infant Jesus, and by receiving Holy Communion, you receive Him.

The first gift is of ourselves to Him. The second ought to be to the children and the third to the poor. Give the children of your own family, of your brother, of your sister, some little thing; some pretty little toy, some inexpensive, but artistic little thing which a child will understand and enjoy.

Give them a little medal of our Blessed Lady, a little medal of the Sacred Heart, a little picture of the Infant

Jesus; something simple, inexpensive. Let us be children with the children.

We must give something to the poor. Think of the children in the asylums who have nobody to care for them. Make some little donation, no matter how small, to them.

To the poor give money or goods that they can use. Go to the trouble of buying them yourself. If you have not the time, give them money.

Then, what about your friends? It seems to me that here there ought to be a distinction. Your intimate friends understand perfectly well any little greeting from you. It need not be an elaborate gift at all. They only want to be remembered. They want to know if you are thinking of them.

Give them pretty, artistic things if you like and can afford it. They are certainly not useless, but the great thing is to keep within proper limits.

Among friends generally, I prefer the old European custom of sending your own visiting-card, written in your own hand, with all the blessings of the holy season. But give whatever you give in the same spirit of love that our Divine Lord showed when He gave Himself to us on the first Christmas.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE[1]

On this Day of Days our spiritual mother, the Church of God, recalls and reconstructs, by means of the marvelous symbolism of her incomparable liturgy, the central fact of human history — the Incarnation of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. And in keeping with the solemnity attaching to the Feast of Christmas, I invite you to go aside a moment from the thralldom of your daily cares and, in fancy, relive with me that sacred event. For, beside the lowly manger of the Prince of Peace, all Christian life and thought began; thence it converges and there alone can it be energized.

In the beautiful and dramatic Gospel for Christmas Day the inspired Evangelist takes us, as it were, by the hand, and by means of a narrative ever ancient and ever new — the Divine simplicity of which reveals infinite meanings — makes us spectators of a scene such as never before or since was vouchsafed to human eyes.

Angelic messengers were the heralds of a new dispensation. They clove their way through the blazing constellations that first Christmas night and announced, in imperishable language, the morning song of the New Testament. But let all men note well that there is current in the world to-day, in Christmas literature and on cards of greeting, an interpretation of that message which, I believe, embodies a serious error.

The world usually records the first message of the New Testament in these words: "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men." But it was for

[1] December 25, 1926.

grave reasons that the Fathers of the Church have preserved in Catholic Liturgy the reading found in certain of the ancient manuscripts: "*Pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis*" — "Peace on earth to men of good will." Is there not a pregnant lesson here? For to those who are not of good will, whose hearts are not right with God; to the rebellious and stiff-necked sinners of all races and times, He brought not peace, but the sword. Herod in his palace — the murderer of the innocent John the Baptist — was not of good will; the Roman Cæsars, steeped in unnatural vices, were not of good will. The haughty Pharisees, then abed in their warm chambers, were not of good will. That is why Herod's name is a synonym for all that is tyrannous, hateful, and repulsive. Augustus Cæsar? A memory study, a subject of declamation for students, a theme for college classes; while the Pharisee lives in the lexicons of the world as the quintessence of hypocrisy and pride.

"He came unto His own and His own received Him not." Peace He brought, but peace to men of good will.

That is why scores of nations and millions of men have strutted their little moment upon this worldly stage and then crashed down to eternal oblivion, because they had lived for the lure of the moment and died in achieving it, flesh without mind! Let us not be deceived in the coming of the gentle Prince of Peace. Peace and love and salvation He brings aplenty, but to men of good will. To the others — the sword! History with all its pages teaches nothing if not that lesson. And he who reads its pages aright learns that tribunes, chancellors, and statesmen and princes and paupers are all but so many players in a gigantic drama, more than world-wide, in which the protagonist is God. Nations as well

as individuals have their parts, their lines, their entrances and exits. But the Babe of Bethlehem remains the one permanent, vital force in a changing world.

The nations learned in their sorrow, when blood redemption came upon them in 1914, how impossible it is to do without the Babe of Bethlehem and how futile is any philosophy of life that is not founded on a right understanding of the promise enunciated that first Christmas morning.

Thoughts such as these have a special significance at this particular time. Our Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius XI, from the very first days of his pontificate, has repeated, and is repeating to-day, the Church's traditional interpretation of the Peace of Christ through the Reign of Christ. In setting forth the reasons for the establishment of the new Feast of the Kingdom of Christ which was celebrated for the first time throughout the Universal Church last October, His Holiness said: "It is clear that the broader this Kingdom becomes, and spreads among men universally, all the more will they become conscious of the common interest that binds them together, and this consciousness besides anticipating and preventing frequent dissensions will often soften and diminish their asperities."

The spectacle of discord, envy, and race hatred among the peoples of the earth which plunged mankind into four years of unparalleled slaughter has taught us a bitter lesson. Only by the return of human society to the principles of the Prince of Peace can humanity be guaranteed against the horrors from which the nations have recently emerged.

Now, in this practical age, men are more likely to be won to an ideal if they see it evidenced concretely by

works of peace and charity. Hence, His Holiness has authorized the foundation of a new Pontifical Society, the "Catholic Near East Welfare Association," to aid the Holy See in spreading the spirit of Christian charity throughout the world, particularly in the devastated areas of Russia, Greece, Asia Minor, and the Balkans. The people of this Diocese will be invited to participate in this noble mission on Sunday, January 23, 1927, when the movement will be explained from every pulpit.

I take this occasion to express to the members of our Catholic Faith, as well as to all the citizens of our beloved Commonwealth of Massachusetts, my earnest prayer that God's exceeding love may enfold them and theirs on Christmas morning and through all the days to come.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD [1]

CARDINAL O'CONNELL is sixty-seven years old to-day.

It is customary, on occasions such as this, for the newspapers to send men to Archbishop's House and procure from the eminent churchman interviews theological and topical. Always the result has been highly satisfactory.

To-day a reporter departs from the custom and on the occasion of the sixty-seventh anniversary of the birth of the Dean of the American Hierarchy dispenses with formal interview and substitutes for it a transcript of a friendly, informal talk that, to him at least, appears to sparkle with gems of wisdom and spontaneity of expression.

Be it known that the Cardinal-Archbishop of Boston delights in finding in visitors a quality of naturalness. To enjoy the esteem of the Cardinal, one must be one's self. Hence his great love for children.

"Children," he says, "are delightful. They are so honest, so frank, so much themselves, unspoiled."

And naturally, on the other hand, the Cardinal is impatient with sham and hypocrisy. Dissimulation is a sure road to his disfavor. These facts are well known to thousands. Those who know him, know of his love of sincerity, his patience, even with blunderers, if the blunderers blunder with honest intent. They know his joy at being able to talk from the heart about the simple, fundamental, real truths of life.

[1] Interview by Joe Toye, published in the *Boston Traveler*, December 8, 1926.

Thus it was that a reporter, calling to wish the Cardinal all good things fitting the occasion, paused for a friendly visit that brought forth utterances that should be shared with a public that recognizes the worth of opinions emanating from such a source.

What, during sixty-seven years, has life taught him?

Ever so much! Much too much to give any but a gossamer touch in any newspaper article. But his opinions and conclusions in answer to any question must be based on the fruits of that long experience. So let us ask him questions and see what he says.

Let us ask him why the world is always in a turmoil, why it appears sometimes that the wicked prosper and the righteous suffer, why nations appear to stand ready to leap at the throats of other nations, why civilization reduced to the single example of the average home is a struggle for existence in which, if one follows the rules of the moral code laid down by the Church, one's life is often hardship after hardship.

And we see the Cardinal smile. He nods as if in agreement, but he is just waiting to say:

"If there were only this world, it would be a mystery. You say how difficult it is for a person to play square in competition with persons who do not play square. Tell me, if it was easy to play square, where would be the merit?"

To which the reporter responded:

"Then the thing to do is to play square, and even though you get a lot of bumps, keep on playing square and defy the crooks to crush you?"

Again the smile:

"We mustn't be defiant" — gently. "To be defiant only brings pain. Remember, that what the other fellow

has may not be so wonderful. You see persons rushing, rushing to achieve financial success. Do not envy them. What they are after often is illusion. Nobody is free from illusions. But they are not reality. When you reach the things you are after, they burst in your hands, like bubbles.

"And don't become downcast because you do not get ahead as fast as you might wish. Remember, that nothing changes the facts of life. But have faith. The great, overwhelming power is faith — faith in God and a proper reasonable faith in yourself. It isn't a platitude to say that, when you have those two things, the universe is explained.

"We meet persons of abnormal ambition and persons of bitter jealousy. It is a question whether both are not the same. What are we to do with such persons? We are to realize that it is hopeless to get anything from them except the meanest selfishness."

So the reporter said:

"Then what is one to do?"

"There is nothing in the wide world to do," explained the churchman, "but be yourself. When you meet such persons, you must realize that no amount of attention or kindness will change their normal nature. Even when you have outdone yourself, one cannot change them. They'll poison you just the same.

"Go along your way. Keep your eyes open. The wise thing to do is to be aware that a serpent is in the path and then try as far as you can to go your way just the same."

Then he added:

"Because what more could you do?"

Of course there are persons in high places who are selfish and there are persons in subordinate places who

are equally mean. Neither subordinate nor executive has a monopoly of the vices and virtues. Now the Cardinal took the second phase.

"Every man in high office knows the contemptible fellow who, when he gets what he wanted, turns traitor. Such wounds often take long to heal, and the result is that it may make one or both skeptical and cynical, which is very unfortunate. The quicker one forgets such things, the better. Life must go on, and there are sure to be disappointments now and then, and surprises, too, for if you look about you, it will come like a flash of discovery that the world is really full of kindness. People who want nothing, expect nothing, are constantly manifesting a goodness of heart that is simply amazing. I think that every one set to govern men realizes that there are certain types who are abnormally mean. They simply seem incapable of even normal kindness."

To which the reporter responded:

"That includes those in power and those serving them?"

"It does. Such people are abnormal. I repeat, they are not normally constituted. There is something wrong with their makeup. Their minds are crooked. You will always find some people who are inordinately ambitious and selfish. Such men stop at nothing. Do not envy them. How do we know that they do not live lives of self-torture?"

"You mean," asked the reporter, "that they get it in this world?"

"In this world," he was sure.

Now the Cardinal laughed and said:

"Come! Come! Cheer up! Consider what a multitude of kind hearts live in the world about us. We sometimes

allow ourselves to be unduly depressed by an unusually mean exhibition of ingratitude or deception — and the depression unfortunately lasts altogether too long and succeeds in a sense in holding our attention too much. The fact is that for one such disagreeable experience there are thousands of most happy and delightful ones. Have faith!

"Faith is the most scientific thing in the world, because it deals with facts in the most matter-of-fact way. The person with faith is sometimes called a dreamer. The man who has faith — Catholic faith — Christian faith — is the man who lives from day to day on principles that are more provable than the principles of mathematics. Faith is the only thing that can possibly solve the riddle of life.

"So," he emphasized, "practically, what is one to do?"

"Yes?"

"Have faith in God and a reasonable faith in one's self, then go one's way in peace. Pay no attention to the selfish people who come across your path. They will be properly taken care of in due time. Look about you and see the myriads of kind hearts and beautiful souls whom you scarcely know personally, who are helping to make your life happy by little unseen acts of gentleness, consideration, and kindness."

Which caused the reporter to remark: "That optimistic spirit and advice coming from a man of your experience will cheer up a lot of good fellows who are plugging along trying to do the square thing for themselves and their families, but getting it in the neck every so often. I just want you to realize that you are answering a lot of questions that have bothered a lot of people a long time."

"Yes, I do realize it perfectly, and that is why I am saying it. Let us remember: that there is a God over us Who knows everything; that in the main the world is

good, and let none of us make the mistake of being turned aside to skepticism and cynicism by abnormal and selfish individuals who are permitted, God knows why, to intrude themselves on our path. Keep the soul open to the good that is in life and keep the heart fresh for all the kindnesses of life.

"Do your own little good as best you can and be sure, in spite of all your struggles, troubles, ups and downs, obstacles, and the meannesses of others, that with God's help you are going to win. And do not think that I am talking merely by the book. If any one imagines that I have not learned from long and bitter experiences that very principle which I enunciate with so much confidence then he does not know me nor the facts of my life.

"And I know enough of others seated in the high places in the world to say that the story is the same of each and all of them. They all encounter base deception, treachery, merciless slander, and the vilest misrepresentation.

"This is the price of glory, and all the great men of the world have known by bitter experience that if they would mount to greatness they must put all these under foot and forget them."

The visit was drawing to a close. To-day the Cardinal's programme is the same simple observance as that of years' custom. Mass at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross this morning. Then a few visits to Catholic institutions. Then work.

"Let me send this word of cheer, comfort, and encouragement, on this my birthday, to all the poor children of earth who find life a hard struggle because of the impediment of obstacles so often meanly placed in their way. And let them remember the words I have said, 'Have complete faith in God and a moderate faith in yourself and go on and win!'"

A TRULY CATHOLIC MOTHER[1]

The blessing of this beautiful chapel to the glory of God and veneration of His Blessed Mother was the outcome of the goodness and kindness of a truly Christian woman, Mary Catherine Keith.

By industry and perseverance and through the blessing of God, the Keith family accumulated a large fortune. The business in which B. F. Keith was engaged was filled with many temptations. But Mrs. Keith counseled her husband, and did much to see that the business was carried on in a decent way.

Her son Paul kept up the tradition. There was a great and true love in Paul Keith for his mother. The training that she had given him carried him through life, meeting and overcoming difficulties and temptations. He was a good business man. But he was always a man of honor. That was shown in his last will and testament. There the good son revealed himself in filial devotion to his good mother.

He left a very large fortune to various good purposes, first of all to those who were associated with him and his father, and then to some lifelong, devoted friends. The rest he left to charity. Now, of course, we are quite certain that all those who have been benefited by this generosity of Paul Keith in his last will and testament, while they live, will remember him gratefully, but they will all die in time, and then who will remember Paul Keith or his mother? The world may forget them, but this new

[1] Delivered at the Blessing of the Mary Keith Memorial Chapel, St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Brighton, January 19, 1927.

chapel erected in their honor will keep them in perpetual remembrance, and all who come to worship here will pray for them.

The new chapel is the most fitting memorial that could be erected to the memory of a truly Christian and Catholic mother. Not only will it be a haven of peace and blessing to the staff of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, to the sick under their care, and to the visitors to the institution, but it will stand out from its lofty hilltop as a beacon of hope to those who will see its Cross uplifting friendly and protecting arms above a weary and sin-stained world. It is the crowning of a great and beautiful work, a work most near and dear to my heart, the fulfillment of a dream cherished a long time and now gloriously realized.

The lessons of wisdom inculcated by the erection of this house of devotion are surely worthy of serious consideration in an age like ours, when the amazing prosperity which smiles on our country and its people is oftentimes a snare to draw them away from eternal things. This magnanimous act of Paul Keith should be an incentive to others who have been blessed with more than they need of this world's goods, to do good with them while they can, and to ensure for themselves lasting remembrance before God's holy altar.

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI [1]

I REJOICE that we are given this glorious opportunity, in the name of the Archdiocese of Boston, of manifesting our deep affection for the saintly apostle of poverty, love, and work, the illustrious St. Francis of Assisi.

The Order which he founded is now spread over the whole world and is carrying on the noble traditions of its seraphic founder. Humility, poverty, loyalty, and charity were the characteristic virtues of the holy founder of the Franciscan Order and these, too, are the virtues of his children to-day throughout the world.

I am happy to have representatives of the Order of St. Francis in the Archdiocese of Boston and I take this occasion to say that the work which is being done by the Franciscans is worthy of all praise and commendation.

All the world loved St. Francis, for he was a great apostle of love and thus made real the chief commandment of Christ, to love God and our neighbor above all things.

I trust that this renewal of the memory of the noble saint will make him better known, loved, and imitated all over this country. The special dangers which we have to face here are the allurements of cold and heartless wealth which bring in their train indulgence in luxury and, of course, as a consequence, inducements of sense and sensual things.

The love of poverty of St. Francis, his great humility,

[1] Message of His Eminence issued on the occasion of the Franciscan Centenary, April 20, 1927.

his deep spirituality, are to-day, as in his day, the remedy against temptation.

The whole life of St. Francis has given proof to all the world for all time that we may be supremely happy — nay, gay and joyous — in this life if, while possessing little of the world's goods, we hold within our hearts and souls the great treasures of God's love animating us to a life of simplicity and holiness.

To all the members of the Seraphic Order in the Archdiocese of Boston and to all those who love and follow the spirit of St. Francis in these days, I give with all my heart my blessing.

THE QUEEN OF VIRTUES [1]

The members of this charitable Guild are to-day achieving a notable work. Your retiring president, Mrs. Mary Donnelly, has imparted to the work a great impetus. At all times she has manifested unswerving devotion to this cause, so dear to the heart of Christ.

We feel that the Guild of the Infant Saviour has suffered a distinct loss in the retirement of its efficient president. She possessed to a remarkable degree the qualities necessary in a president of an organization of this nature. Indeed, the characteristics that she exemplified spell success in any work of the Church. May God bless her for all her great charities and for the good example she has constantly set to the members of the Guild of the Infant Saviour.

Only a short time ago her good husband was called to his reward. Like his faithful wife, he displayed conspicuous interest in everything pertaining to the Guild, and gave his active coöperation to every worthy cause that was brought to his attention.

The duty of charity is universal. Queen of the virtues, it should adorn every Christian soul. Faith, mere inactive faith, will save nobody. It is, so to speak, the groundwork upon which the love of God and neighbor builds itself. No Christian merits the name who fails in his high duties of charity.

We are all perfectly conversant with the masterly eulogy of St. Paul on charity. At the conclusion of his

[1] Address to the Guild of the Infant Saviour at St. Cecilia's Church, May 6, 1927.

burning words he said, "And now there remain faith, hope, and charity, these three: but the greatest of these is charity." This means that charity, in the sight of God, soars in spiritual heights superior even to faith. Remarkable as this may sound, remember it was St. Paul who said it.

It is the mind of the Church, therefore, that all should engage themselves in some form of charity. Some God has blessed with riches, because He wishes them to enter whole-heartedly into the service of others. There are those whose means are slight and who must eke out their livelihood by honest toil. In the faithful accomplishment of their work, they, too, serve God. In very fact, the duty of charity rests upon all, for the works of charity are the works of God.

Deplorable, indeed, is it that so many Catholics are absolutely oblivious of their duty in this very important field. Surprising it is, although to one of experience it is no surprise at all, that it is mainly those not blessed with abundant means who rise gloriously in the performance of charitable works, giving of their slender means, sometimes far beyond what they can afford, to advance these noble ends.

Although I have often repeated these words on other occasions, I now take advantage of this opportunity to lay particular emphasis upon the statement, that wealth, unless sanctified, is a curse. Hardening the heart, blinding the mind, and stifling the soul, it induces a selfishness in the end that is well-nigh brutal. Strong words these, but practical experience proves the truth of them. Consequently, before our eyes stands the exemplification of this clinching fact, that unless riches are used for high and sanctified purposes, they become degrading influences.

Even the pagans were acquainted with the idea of charity, and many instances might be cited from history to show how the spirit of charity found expression in their lives. Are some Catholics more pagan than the pagans themselves? Do they think, that, merely because the words "Lord, Lord" dwell upon their lips, they can use God's gifts for their own vanity and for the satisfaction of their own selfishness?

What is the story of many of our people? Their fathers and mothers were hard-working men and women with an ingrained conviction that faith was God's greatest gift to man. For it, therefore, they underwent every sacrifice and bore every hardship.

Then came the second generation. Because of the facilities ever present for acquiring money by good luck rather than by high intelligence, they won financial prominence. Then begins the story of their deterioration.

They send their children to ultra-fashionable schools, while excellent, high-grade Catholic educational institutions are at their very door, entering their children into schools where God is unknown and religious truth is never uttered. It is the "finishing school" of Miss So and So, whom all know to be a farmer's daughter, recently arrived from New Hampshire. This young woman, whose talents are loudly sounded, is the center of admiration of people who take appearances for realities.

The result is that such Catholic parents are willing to pay exorbitant sums for an inferior education of their children. Oh, yes, it is a Finishing School. Certainly, it finishes the child and sends her on her way to foolish snobbery, removing her from the good influences of her Catholic associates, and leaving her helpless and hopeless on the futile road to nonsense and humbug. No longer

are the high standards of her grandfather and grandmother held in honor and respect. What I say of girls is likewise true of boys, because the same principle holds good in both cases.

We need not go far afield to discover the truth of this statement. Much has been enacted under our very eyes; so that grandchildren of honest, God-fearing Catholic people, because their fathers acquired a little money suddenly and possessed very little Christian sentiment, have become actually indifferent to their religion, utterly worldly in their outlook, and — more often than not — have climaxed a miserable existence by marrying immoral adventuresses or brainless fops.

If this is not deterioration, what is? To what is it due in the main? It is an exemplification of the plain fact that a little money has turned the heads of vain men and women, and made them unmindful of their duty to God.

Selfishness is ever uppermost in their thoughts. Condescendingly they throw an insignificant dole to advance the works of God, while they waste vast funds in the futile education of their children. There is money for ostentation, but very little for religious education. Is it any wonder that we see before us the deplorable results of their own hard-heartedness and foolishness?

God is a good paymaster. He rewards generously any gift He receives. After all, are not all gifts His by every right? Without doubt, there is a fearful reckoning in store for those to whom He has given in abundance, and who have returned His benefits with nothing but forgetfulness and ingratitude.

It is obvious that no one can be a good Christian without strong coöperation in the charitable works of God for the welfare of humanity. How easy it has been made for

our generation to lend a helping hand to those in dire need! The Church, mother of the poor, has reared her institutions, hospitals, seminaries, and asylums, to care for every class and condition. Surely, he who opens his eyes and really sets himself to the task of serving God in charity need not go far to seek an opportunity for coöperation in the good works of these institutions. No Catholic of this Archdiocese or of any other diocese throughout the Christian world merits the name of Christian and Catholic, no matter what his professions may be, unless, according to his means, he assists in extending God's mission among men by coöperating in the works of such institutions.

It is unnecessary for me to point out to the good members of the Guild of the Infant Saviour that this organization is precisely one of these institutions, founded and carried on by the charity of the faithful for the welfare and well-being, spiritual and corporal, of the poor little children, who have no one to care for them. No Christian woman can be deaf to such an appeal, sent straight from the lips of the Infant Saviour Himself.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN [1]

Lincoln is, and always will be, the greatest lesson of patriotism to the growing child. Born in poverty, with all the disadvantages and none of the advantages of his time, he rose to be President of what is to-day the greatest country in the world.

My children — for it is to you I am addressing my remarks this afternoon — the triumph of Lincoln shows clearly that not wealth, nor social position, nor luxury, at the time of youth, is necessary to achieve success in life. Lincoln reached his great heights through his strong character, and the will to persevere.

Let Lincoln's life be your lesson and your model, no matter what disadvantages you are enduring. Wealth alone may be a curse, for it may lead to idleness and promote indolence and intolerance. Poverty, on the other hand, may prove your greatest blessing, by bringing out self-reliance and faith. Lincoln had these, and in every crisis he knelt down and asked God for help, strength, and counsel. With such qualities, nothing can hinder real success.

Without money or influence, or even friends, if you possess character and faith, there is nothing in this life worth while that you cannot achieve. Let the spirit of Lincoln, as brought to you by this cabin, be your guide. He faced opposition, the scorn and laughter of his enemies, but by perseverance and the help of God he won.

His end was tragic, as is generally the way with the

[1] Address delivered at the Lincoln Cabin on the Forbes Estate, Milton, on Memorial Day, May 30, 1927.

heroes of this world. They give their life-work to humanity, and humanity gives but little in return. Men have always laughed at the ideals of men more noble than themselves, but Lincoln went on, serving God and his ideals, and to-day, even the most ungrateful of men recognize his greatness.

The future, my dear children, is in your hands. I realize, as I look at you, that there are many among you who are without wealth, family, or social position; but fear not — lift up your hearts, for your success in life depends, not on them, but on your own character and ideals of life.

Long live the memory of Lincoln, and blessed be the memory of the man who triumphed over poverty, scorn, and ridicule, by the strength of his own character and the grace of God.

FIDELITY TO PRINCIPLES [1]

To-day all America honors Charles A. Lindbergh. There is something very fine in that character. Here he is, offered everything, but he knows that it will all be forgotten in a month or so.

So, Lindbergh will have his great feat to remember, and after a while the public will forget. That is its way. It is a wonderful thing that he has stuck to his principle. You cannot buy him with money or medals, God bless him.

After her husband died, Lindbergh's mother went back and taught in school and is a teacher to-day. She brought the boy up in poverty, but with the training that poverty brings.

Now, my dear girls, do not sell your birthright. Do not let your heads be turned by money — most of which is doubtfully earned. Do not follow fashion, insipid and stupid fashion. Money can do nothing for you but spoil you. Do not be carried away by the whims of the world. You must think in a trained way. Most people cannot, but trained men and women can and should.

It is a source of immense gratification to come here to-day and hand to you, members of the graduating class, your diplomas. You are very fortunate and very blessed, because the acquisition of a good education, pursued in an atmosphere of holiness, is always a blessing. Children should be guarded and guided by spiritual standards in the very tender years of their youth.

[1] Delivered at Commencement Exercises at Emmanuel College, June 9, 1927.

This is a community which values the trained and cultivated mind in a stable and honest character. That is sound judgment. I do honestly think the community in which we live really and truly respects more than anything else these qualities which I have enumerated, a cultivated mind in a solid and substantial character.

Wealth has its advantages. It has its best advantages when it is acquired by those having the above qualities. A vulgar person with money only displays his vulgarity. A fine individual becomes more and more conspicuous for his simplicity, kindness of heart, and, most of all, by his obedience to Holy Mother Church. It is not the right use of wealth that does harm, but its abuse.

You young women who have just been graduated are not representatives of the moneyed men and women types, with their questionable methods and tastes, but you are women trained in philosophy and science, and represent stability.

It takes a trained mind to understand the Catholic Church, the conviction of religious faith which can only come to the highest type of mind. Therefore the Church has always had the most tremendous interest in Catholic training.

A NOBLE RACE [1]

I COME to you to-day, beloved friends and dear children in Christ, because I rejoice with you on this occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the dedication of this Church of the Holy Trinity. This Church has rendered a very signal service, not only to the Archdiocese, but to the City of Boston and to the State of Massachusetts and to the country.

Any one with a large statesmanlike view and not a petty political view, can easily see that, when people come to this country from the old countries, they come here with the best of intentions, to offer what they have of service, of work, and of ability, not only to the building-up of their own families, but to the building-up of the Nation.

Who can tell the loneliness of heart of these wonderful people who have had the courage to leave their own beautiful country where for years they have been obliged to labor under the most disagreeable misapprehensions and misrepresentations?

No one with a heart can look upon the sight of the newly arrived immigrant, with his hopes and his fears, without being touched to the depth of his soul. What does it mean? It means that for some reason in God's Providence the Old World seems to have lost interest for them and only the New World can bring it back. They come here with their hopes, to offer what they have to give for the renovation of their own lives, and for the founding of their own little families.

[1] Delivered at the Golden Jubilee of Holy Trinity Church, Boston, June 11, 1927.

But poor human nature does not always welcome with open arms and with an affectionate embrace such good souls who, in their sorrow, know not where to turn. Ah, no, instead of that, it offers coldness and reproach. It is a bitter, sorrowful sight.

This Church was a friend to such people, and oftentimes their only friend. And that not once but many times during this half-century.

The German people are a noble race. No one race has a monopoly of all virtues. There are the Celtic, the Latin, and the German races. They all have wonderful qualities, all different, but all, at their best, noble and magnificent. After all, it seems that this is a part of God's wisdom that one race with its peculiar qualities supplements and oftentimes corrects the other.

The Latin and the Celtic races have wonderful romantic generosity of heart. The Teutons, with their coolness and deliberation, are a good balance to them. The German race is thoroughly reliable, substantial, and if sometimes, to those who do not know, it appears to be cold, that does not indicate that there is no less warmth or devotion than in the Latin.

I have to speak in different churches. My sentiment is the same. You are all mine and I love you all, and it is my duty to serve and to help you and I hope to do so. Let us all unite here in the presence of our Lord, Who died for all races and nations and ask His blessing, the only influence that can hold all the people in living unity.

Many of your ancestors walked to this Church from Dedham. Never forget that fidelity. Be loyal as they were. May the blessing of God rest upon this Church. May God bless it for the work which has been done for the State and for the Nation, and bless all who have contributed to its unity, its growth, and its influence.

THE INFLUENCE OF TRUE LEADERS[1]

First of all, let me congratulate Boston College, its President and Faculty, upon this fiftieth anniversary of the first graduating exercises of this magnificent institution. I heartily concur in the conclusions which the eloquent orator of the day has drawn and placed before you for your serious consideration. The heritage that has been passed on to you, as you receive your degrees to-day, brings duties and responsibilities serious and far-reaching. Always be mindful of the sacrifices and hardships undergone by your good parents and return to them your gratitude for their loving devotion. Remember that the future, filled with great problems, beckons you on to true Catholic leadership. After all, what preparation to this end is more complete than the one which the Catholic college offers to-day? If, therefore, you have been blessed by Almighty God with the good fortune of a truly Catholic education, you must rise to this two-fold responsibility.

The sight of young men on an occasion such as this is to me particularly impressive. I might go further and say that it is inspiring. It means the launching out into life of another large body of young men, who after years of intensive study have fitted themselves for the battle of life. With the reception of their diplomas their battle begins.

Bound up in this life struggle there is something heroic, because the victory for truth and the right will be won

[1] Address delivered at the Golden Jubilee Commencement at Boston College, June 16, 1927.

only by testing the very metal of which they are made. Only in the vaguest way can they now form a realization of what that battle is to be: and yet, is it not a mercy of Divine Providence Itself that none of us ever knows beforehand the tremendous forces that will be ranged against us?

One of the first postulates in leadership to-day is character. Without this all effort is futile. Because the Catholic graduate has had instilled into his mind and heart the true teachings of Holy Mother Church in the formative years of his life, character has been strengthened and high purpose ennobled. Clouded though the future may be and freighted with grave problems, the Catholic graduate goes forward armed with the spirit of faith and the truths of our Divine Religion. What force in all the world can overcome these?

In our day, when false doctrines are widely disseminated and unsound systems of thought and action promulgated, the influence of true leaders must impose itself upon serious-minded men everywhere. The leaders and teachers of men in possession of Divine Truth can easily point out the errors and apply to them the proper antidote.

Take, for example, the immoral literature that gluts the bookshelves to-day, and you will perforce realize the dangers of corruption to the growing generation. If true leaders of the people do not teach and admonish, seditious and pernicious teachings are bound to do their destructive work. Herein lies the great duty and high responsibility of the Catholic graduate.

One might run through the whole list of evils affecting our generation and lay emphasis upon the Church's power in promoting the virtues and offsetting the vices

of men. Suffice it to say that, in giving a true Catholic direction to the youth of our age, we are raising up leaders of men who will be invaluable to the future progress of both Church and Nation.

Therefore, persevere in whatever vocation you may choose to follow. Be of strong heart and do not be discouraged. Difficulties will face you, trials will beset you; but he alone wins who perseveres. Others around you will succeed in various spheres. Envy them not, for they have won their spurs through hardship, sacrifice, and intelligent activity. What others have done you can do. Here character, true teaching and devotion to a great ideal will prove invaluable. Boston College has held forth to each and every one of its graduates this triple badge of success.

Be assured of this, young men, that you will never erect your success upon the failure of somebody else. On stepping stones of our dead selves we rise to higher things, not by pulling down structures that have been reared through sacrifice and devotion. As men endowed with reason, not to say faith, you cannot rise to triumph through means upon which an honest and honorable character frowns. And yet, how often do we see attempts made along these lines? Contradictory, indeed, is such conduct to that of the great model of Christian perfection, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

In life's struggle, the memory of the sacrifices of your good fathers and mothers will rise to strengthen you; the loyalty and zeal of the Jesuit Fathers at Boston College will encompass you; the example set in the classroom will abide with you. Courage, then, vision and strength in the knowledge of the truth of your position will carry you forward to your desired goal of real leadership.

Let me congratulate also the Sisters of the various congregations and orders, who by hard study, notwithstanding the laborious work they are constantly and nobly achieving, have received degrees from this institution to-day. Everywhere we see parochial schools, academies, and colleges for women growing at a surprising rate. In very truth, the schools are advancing faster than the parishes themselves. For this reason we need the best Catholic training for our teachers. Hence it is well to see attached to religious devotion the degree that indicates a high standing in intellectual life.

This is, indeed, a new step forward and one that must elicit encouragement, approval, and admiration. It places before the public the guarantee that they, as well as others, have reached the highest standard of education, and can impart it to the children committed to their care.

In the degree that you follow out faithfully the teachings and examples set before you during your college years, in that measure will be your ultimate success. Therefore, go forward courageously, choosing your life's work prudently; not led astray by strange and erroneous doctrines, but ever building upon the structure of Catholic Truth that you have received at Boston College. May the blessing of Almighty God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost rest upon the President and Faculty of this great institution, upon the distinguished orator and guests of this great occasion, upon the graduates and their fathers and mothers, and upon all here present and remain with you forever.

THE LOYALTY OF CATHOLICS[1]

The underlying purpose of this very beautiful occasion, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of this parish, is to render fervent thanks to Almighty God for all His graces and blessings during these eventful years. For me this occasion is made particularly happy, because, besides being able to join with you to-day in prayers of gratitude and thanksgiving, I am delighted beyond expression to meet my dear old friends of other days in Rome — the Bishop of Sioux Falls and good Father Driscoll.

How quickly time has passed. It seems but yesterday since we were busily engaged in our duties in the Eternal City in one capacity or another. In God's mysterious way our paths frequently crossed. Hence then and there was cemented a beautiful tie of friendship; surely one of God's noblest and holiest blessings. When I came here to-day and met these two dear friends, the occasion took on a special, I may say, personal significance.

After all, seventy-five years, as a matter of history, constitute a very short period. Certainly, as regards the long and glorious history of the Church, it is a very brief span: yet, in this country, where changes come so rapidly, where there is such a complete transformation in very much less than seventy-five years, it is of interest to note the conditions then prevailing in the beautiful cities, towns, and villages that comprised the countryside of dear old New England.

[1] Sermon delivered at the Diamond Jubilee of St. Augustine's Church, Andover, Massachusetts, August 27, 1927.

That appealing beauty is our inheritance. We have an abiding affection for New England's mountains and valleys, and for her swift-flowing rivers that have produced such wealth for the great cities located along their banks. Indeed, these are all God's blessings to humanity. We who love and live in New England feel a profound interest in all that has occurred during the whole range of her history.

The Puritan and Pilgrim have left their impress upon this section of the country. They came to seek civil and religious freedom. The excesses of their zeal, however, form in some instances a sad chapter. They were pioneers. Coming to open up a new country, they needed tremendous physical and moral strength. We marvel at their perseverance, at their power of endurance and industry, the results of which are visible all about us.

A rugged people, they possessed rugged ideas. They were not always very sympathetic, even to one another. Certainly they showed scant sympathy for Catholics. This attitude was due, doubtless, to erroneous opinions and misconceptions regarding the Church. Not the least scathing of their epithets was that of Papist, which carried a sinister meaning to Puritan and Pilgrim alike. And they hesitated not at all to deny to Catholics the very liberty they came to seek for themselves.

How things have changed since then! The descendants of this very rugged folk gradually gained a better understanding of their Catholic neighbors. By laboring with them side by side, by living in the same community with them, not, indeed, without constant apprehension all the while, a finer appreciation of Catholics and things Catholic was at last evidenced; for

Truth has a way finally of asserting itself and winning the recognition even of reluctant men.

And so, through the exercise of heroic patience and fortitude, fear and doubt have almost vanished and mutual good-will now largely prevails. This Catholic community is well understood by all men who wish to understand it.

Catholics here, as elsewhere, are striving to eke out an existence under God's protecting grace. Loyal, devoted citizens of State and Nation, they labor side by side with those who do not always understand them; and hence is lacking to-day even in certain quarters that perfect harmony that should be universal. Despite this, however, true to the faith of Christ, Catholics suffer misunderstanding and misrepresentation in charity. It is not always necessary to have material martyrdom to cause suffering. Oftentimes, doubt and suspicion make sensitive souls suffer keenly.

However, these trying days are passing. Little by little this small parish and the good priests in charge made themselves understood, so that the descendants of the Puritans quite generally attest the fact to-day that the Catholic is a strengthening asset to the community and the Nation.

The reason for this is clear. The Church ever and always has taught strict obedience to law. The Catholic, conscious that all authority is from God, knows that the law derives its sanction ultimately from God Himself. Understanding well that he has manifold duties to perform on earth in order to gain his crown in Heaven, the Catholic realizes his responsibility both to God and country, and faithfully fulfills it.

Sunday after Sunday, he hears from the lips of the good

priests at the Altar a clear exposition of his moral duties, even as Bishop Mahoney clearly and brilliantly has expounded Catholic teaching before you. Neither fear nor misunderstanding regarding Catholics need occupy the minds of men to-day.

Unswerving loyalty to country and strict obedience to its laws, therefore, are the very embodiment of Catholic doctrine. This being true, the Church lays rightful claim to being the bulwark of national honor and the greatest safeguard of orderly government. Indeed, liberty, as we understand that term, finds its strongest support in the Church of God. Time and time again, throughout the eventful history of our beloved America, this has been proved, until to-day it is an accepted fact. Who, then, can deny that from the very beginning of this Nation the Church has played a great and constructive part in its progressive advancement?

Since the formation of this parish, what miracles of sacrifice and devotion one can recount! Strong hearts endowed with high purpose have leveled the prejudices then widespread. Priests and people with religious zeal have opened the way to a better understanding. Were it not for this, much of the mutual good-will now happily present might have been dissipated amid growing doubt and misrepresentation. And so we cannot too highly commend the deep spirituality of priests and people who faced prejudice and sometimes bitter injustice three quarters of a century ago.

They have set a high example of patient endurance that has inspired those who have followed them. One is not surprised that the burdens, heavy though they were in those days, were borne with courage by the good Fathers who had charge of this parish. Like the great

Doctor of the Church, St. Augustine, they reposed in God their confidence in confounding errors against faith and the rash judgments of men. Triumphing against heresy after heresy, St. Augustine added luster to the Church in Africa. So, too, the good Augustinian fathers did their arduous work, and did it well.

Contrast with this beautiful picture, the terrible blight that must come to the mind of one who has inherited his faith and who then forfeits it, forsakes God and forswears allegiance to the Nation and its laws. What a horrible state of mind and heart such conduct reveals! The true Catholic, strong in faith and valiant in his defense of law and order, knows not that deplorable condition.

Fully realizing this, the descendants of the Puritans over the length and breadth of the land now understand that they were fortunate, indeed, to have had Catholics in their employ in factory and field. Intimate contact and long association have demonstrated to them beyond peradventure of doubt that Catholics are neither atheists nor anarchists.

In our day Atheism is beginning to show its head in America. Its logical result is Anarchy. Where is the power that can offset this evil influence? The Church of Christ alone can meet and triumph over both atheism and anarchy to-day, as she has conquered error and heresy in the ages that are gone.

It is my fervent prayer and cherished hope, therefore, that good men everywhere will quickly come to a full understanding of the valuable and noble service rendered them by such fathers and mothers as constitute this congregation this morning.

Hesitatingly, at times they do admit it, though the admission is often grudging. Admit it or not, however,

the plain fact stands; and sooner or later the conviction will be borne in upon all that the Catholic Church, endowed with apostolic rights and duties, teaches Divine truth, and demands absolute loyalty to the Nation, its laws and institutions, and is ever ready to lift her voice in defense of truth and right.

THE QUALITIES OF GENUINE SUCCESS[1]

On the occasion of your Golden Jubilee, dear Father George, it is my happy privilege this morning to extend to you my warmest and sincerest congratulations. With all your other good and loyal friends, I pray that Almighty God may continue to bless you with abundant health and happiness in these your declining years. Fruitful, indeed, has been your long life of indefatigable labor; rich is your reward for hard work and ceaseless sacrifice in the consciousness of God's crowning benediction and the overflowing gratitude of the multitudes to whom you have ministered so faithfully and zealously.

Such an example of patient endeavor and loving service gives reason for sincere congratulation, as well as for reflection and meditation. For this reason I derive great pleasure from this occasion.

It is not often that a Passionist Father reaches that happy stage in life, when the love and admiration of all are expressed in words of such profound and heartfelt felicitation. Nor would age alone justify these expressions, unless he, to whom they were addressed, had emerged from the years laden with good works, and still was looking forward to further triumphs for God in the salvation of souls.

To me it has always been a source of interest to know just why Father George appears so kind, so mild, and so genial. The explanation, of course, is found in his abiding love for God and in his close imitation of our Divine Lord.

[1] Sermon delivered at the Golden Sacerdotal Jubilee of Father George, C.P., at St. Gabriel's Monastery, Brighton, September 22, 1927.

Trained according to the severe asceticism of the Cross, the spiritual sons of St. Paul of the Cross, like the Crucified Saviour Himself, give practical effect to their sentiments of pity and gentleness toward sinful humanity. Here, and here only, is the essence of true and genuine religion, love, and compassion. Such a spirit reveals the secret of success of the Passionists, not only in this Diocese, but throughout the world.

Any one who has experience with the different ways in which different men look out at religion from their inner souls must soon realize that there are types in the religious life as well as in the business life of a community. The more experience a man has in dealing with these various types, the more readily he can distinguish them one from another.

As in everything else there are two ways of looking at religion and all that it implies, the right way and the wrong way, and not unusually each type bears even upon the surface an index to the character underlying it.

Not infrequently the physical make-up of a man is a fair indication of his outlook on life, temporal and eternal. There is some reason in the general idea that a man with a crooked head has a crooked mind. Myopia may be moral as well as physical, and a man with narrow eyes not infrequently has a narrow mind. It is fairly natural to assume that a man with thin spiteful lips, a lantern jaw, and a long morbid face is as cramped in heart as he is in facial expression. He is usually the type of man who wants to reform the whole world in a day for his own advantage. If his face is repulsive, his point of view is no less so; and his sanctimonious platitudes are as barren as his sentiments toward humanity.

This type has always existed from the beginning of the

world until now. It has been found in every phase of every religion, and it has made its way not only into the pews, but into the sanctuary of every faith. Filled with conceit and pride and ambition, such hearts are as bitter as gall toward the normal-minded human brotherhood.

At once we see in this connection the pharisee and the puritan; men physically, mentally, and morally incapable of a single humane sentiment. Aloof from all their fellowmen, they pronounce their heartless judgment upon all but themselves. They alone are perfect. They alone are holy. They alone are judges in Israel; and we may well add they alone were condemned and despised by our Blessed Lord, Who knew their rottenness, their pride, and their conceit. The hypocrite and the pharisee are the curse of every phase of every form of religion. They go about with their long faces, and instinctively normal men are repelled by the sight.

The pharisee is found in every gathering where men meet on religious grounds. One thinks immediately of the two outstanding types of this repulsive creature, Voltaire and Calvin, with their spiteful faces and their wolf-like expressions. Such men with such temperaments and such make-up are utterly incapable of understanding the true outlook on the religious life of humanity. And the founder of Christianity despised them utterly; for His Gospel is love and theirs is diabolical hate.

Much as they attempt to conceal with a false mask their inner sentiments, their very physical appearance gives them away. Ambition and conceit are written on their brows; jealousy and envy are in their eyes. They never build up. Their only ability is to attempt to pull down; and for that purpose they will stop at nothing. And these are the men who call themselves pious, whereas

in reality they are only human monsters with no drop of any normal human sentiment in all the blood of their bodies. Truly Christ named them well when he called them a race of vipers, whose only function is to bite and poison. Yet they are found in every religion and in every age. And this, I repeat, is one type of outlook on the life of man — here and hereafter.

The other type, the normal as well as the supernatural type, is that of which Christ Himself was the model. Love was His whole life, and gentleness, sweetness, forbearance with human weakness. He was helping always, never condemning except the hypocrite whose face he knew at a glance. Pardoning, aiding the weak, strengthening the lowly, He Who made the law found a means of pardon and forgiveness, even for those taken in sin. And then, oh, culmination of divine love, He suffered, as no one ever suffered, and He died, as no one ever died, for the poor, the weak, and the sinful; not for John alone who seemed temperamentally different, but for Peter who denied Him and for Magdalen, and for all the Peters and all the Magdalens until the end of time.

The Passion of Christ is the Book of Wisdom. There is love and sacrifice and sweetness and gentleness and pardon and forbearance. No wonder that those who open that book every day and read its wonderful story have learned in very truth the right outlook on the life of religion! The sentiments they have learned by meditation on the Passion animate their very souls and show themselves in the very expression of their faces.

So it was always with such men and such priests as St. Vincent de Paul, St. Philip Neri, and the dearly beloved and unforgettable Pius X. Look at their portraits and you see the portraits of normal men, transformed by

the love of Christ, yes, but filled and overflowing with the look of the normal man supernaturalized. No spiteful lips or gloomy faces or lantern jaws there! No crooked heads or myopic eyes! God made them even physically fitted to understand, to feel, and to manifest, what it is to be Christlike.

This is the true type of the Christian whether he be priest or layman, pope or king. And so, dear Father George, the highest compliment we can pay you to-day is that you remind us of these wonderful types of the fine humane, kindly, gentle, understanding priests of Christ, whom the world has loved because they loved the world, whom the world has understood because they understood the world.

You and your confrères of the Passionist Order are doing great work for God here in our own beloved Archdiocese, and you have endeared yourselves already to all the priests and the people. You lead them in the ways of God, not by the methods of conceited reformers who had much better reform themselves, but by the methods of Christ and Christ's Church, gentleness and understanding, humility and love. May God prosper your work and that of all your brethren!

The work that you are doing in the laymen's retreat movement was inaugurated by me, and I am proud to have been a pioneer in this country in that holy movement. I have seen the fine results among our good men and I love that work with all the love of my soul.

The kindliness and the gentleness and the self-effacement which men read upon your very faces are the keenest reproof to the hypocrite and the pharisee, wherever they are found. You know that nowhere in all the world is there to be found a better clergy or a better people.

No hypocrite and no pharisee, strive as they may, and they are always working hard, can efface that simple truth.

May God reward you, dear Father George, with many more years of usefulness to your Order and to us, and may God's blessing be upon you and your work.

THE LAYMEN'S RETREAT MOVEMENT[1]

I AM very happy to be present here to-day at the closing of the congress, the purpose of which is to stimulate all our good Catholic men in the Archdiocese and out of it to the practice of making, from time to time, a spiritual retreat.

No one can doubt the wonderful efficacy of this spiritual practice, who knows anything of life, and who realizes the need of keeping his heart and mind on eternal things in the midst of the confusion, which, now above all times, reigns in the world about us.

Living in the midst of constant worldly occupations and social duties, it is morally certain, that without some such spiritual aid, our faith is weakened and our perception of our duties toward God and our neighbor is dimmed. I think there never was a more hurried period, a time more exacting in its demands upon all our physical and mental resources, than the present time, especially here in America.

Science has, indeed, made its revelations to the modern world and they are certainly wonderful, both in themselves and in their application to human life; but they have hurried us breathlessly on from one clamoring need to another so ruthlessly that they allow neither peace nor rest to those who, having once entered the maelstrom, find it almost impossible to escape the whirl of activities which it produces.

The days are filled with nervous activities which be-

[1] Address delivered to the Congress of Retreatants of the United States at St. Gabriel's Monastery, Brighton, October 15, 1927.

come so urgent that even the night is no longer the time for rest. Competition in every line of business, trade, and professional life is so keen that to achieve even mediocre success nowadays means such a complete devotion to work that there is little time left for the recuperation of the very forces which are most needful to carry on work. So that even the wealthiest now have no leisure, which used to be the desideratum of every one, once he was able to amass sufficient means to allow it.

The example of a few ultra-strenuous apostles of the strenuous life has succeeded in making life a veritable nightmare — with the result that there is time for nothing else but perpetual toil of mind and body. This is simply slavery, gilded, if you wish, but sordid, all the same.

Looking back over the period of a quarter of a century, we see that the life of our people at that time was fairly restful and that there was time for religion, some amusement, and a little art. And now that the gospel has been sent forth — work until you drop — instead of a graceful, comfortable and pleasant old age, we see the pathos of elderly men drawing no longer upon the interest of their vital forces, but on the last penny of its principal. And all for what? Well, they scarcely know themselves. The current is running, and they run with the current. Now, what else is all this but madness, madness that is blind to its own folly?

Clever, able, talented men find themselves exhausted before they arrive even at middle age. They have acquired the habit of whipping their poor, jaded forces until they fall. And this is called dying in harness, as if it were some species of glorious heroism!

Now, what is the remedy? There must be a remedy,

otherwise life would not be worth living, and success would not be worth attaining. The only remedy for the excess and for the tyranny of what in the end is only purely monetary success is repose, physical, mental, and above all spiritual repose; time to think as well as to do; time to deliberate as well as to act; time to plan as well as to execute; and above all, to think, to deliberate, and to plan for that which is eternal, not merely for that which to-morrow will turn to ashes.

Now, any one who reasons at all will be convinced that this is right reasoning. For the body to be ready for work, there must be rest intervening between toils. For the mind to acquire activity and foresight, there must be time to think in quiet and in peace. For the soul to rise to the contemplation of its highest destiny and the possession of God's best gifts, here and hereafter, there must be time for contemplation and meditation. For truly the prophet has said, "With desolation is the world made desolate; for there is no one who thinketh in his heart."

Now, my dear men, the whole purpose of this house of retreats, established by me on this holy hill, and entrusted to the Passionist Fathers, is just that — to give our men, so constantly immersed in work and business affairs that at times they are weary to death of it all, a haven of rest and peace. Living here in an atmosphere of holiness, they can see straight up through the stars to God. And from here, they can look down upon the busy hives of toiling human beings, and be glad that, at least for a short time, they can escape it and forget it.

I know what wonderful results have already been accomplished in this place and by these good Fathers.

It was nothing short of inspiration from God that impelled me, when I did, to acquire this wonderful site for a wonderful work. To-day we should never be able to possess it; but it is ours, and we have dedicated it to God for the welfare of our good men. And we rejoice, also, that with that same inspiration came the other, to entrust this work to the Fathers of the Passion.

The Passion of Christ is just the lesson which the world needs to study and to learn. The world is filled with animosities, antipathies, and hates, personal, national and racial. The fruit of all this is war, strife, and bitterness. The Passion of Christ is the lesson of Divine Love — love for all without exception, love unchangeable, eternal, endless. Thence alone come peace and quiet and strength. The world is filled with jealousies, envies, vanities, and money-madness. The Passion of Christ is sublime self-sacrifice, complete self-denial — the utter emptying of one's self for others.

The spirit of the world to-day is one entirely and completely devoted to self-interest and self-satisfaction, so that life has become a riot of pleasure-seeking. The Passion of Christ is the lesson of patient endurance, of absolute submission to God's will in the midst of pain, the keenest pain man ever suffered. Just below us is the great hospital, filled with bodies racked with pain and agony. Go through its sacred halls where the Crucifix reigns and you will hear no moan of complaint, no murmur of reproach. This is the silent testimony of sufferers who have learned the lesson of Christ's Passion, the wonderful lesson of the Cross.

And so, to those whose daily meditation is fixed upon Christ's Passion, cross, and death, I have entrusted this sacred work for the edification and sanctification of

men's souls, and also, let me add, for the repose and strength of their minds and bodies.

And now, dear men, let me not be misunderstood. The Fathers of the Order of the Passion would be the last to claim any monopoly of this great work of spiritual retreats. The Church is too great, too wise, too spiritually competent, merely to put into categories and divisions her graces and her helps, and give the monopoly of any of them to any one man or any one Order.

In our Father's house there are many mansions, and in our Church there are many ways and means through which Christ imparts His graces and His benedictions. The priesthood in general is the channel of God's graces to the world — not any particular priest nor any particular Order of priests. It is a false position for any Catholic to take, to make distinctions where there is no difference. Each religious Order was founded for a particular purpose; for no one man and no one order can accomplish everything in the spiritual life for the salvation of souls. So the Church uses all priests and all Orders to do the work confided to all priests working in unity and united with the center of unity.

When vain distinctions, which are always invidious, are made, not good, but harm may come. The Franciscans show forth the glory of Lady Poverty. The Dominicans spread, with the fervor of their founder, the message of God's Word. The Benedictines conserve the love of study and the cultivation of scholarship. The Jesuits, with the zeal of their glorious founder, the great Ignatius, teach and train young Christian manhood. The Passionists, as I have said before, spread throughout the world the knowledge in which St. Paul glorified, that of Christ and Him crucified.

But they are all working in the same glorious and sublime cause, the glory of God, the exaltation of Holy Mother Church, and the salvation of souls. But again, let it be said, the Church never sanctions petty monopolies. She is too big for that; and her cause is too great to be weakened by self-appointed monopolists. The Church alone has the right to approve and sanction the work of the priesthood at large and of all the Orders.

One of our late holy Popes, who had a particular sense of humor as well as a reputation for the highest sanctity, upon hearing that a little group of local reputation was claiming a monopoly in the training of priests, called the leader of the group to him and, with a very benevolent smile, said: "You are the head, I believe, of this wonderful organization which alone claims the special privilege of training young men for the priesthood. Of course, I am only a poor humble Pope, who never had the inestimable advantage of your training, but I am not conscious that either I, or any of my predecessors, committed this sacred and inestimable privilege to any group except the hierarchy of the Church, using for that end, as one of our great Councils prescribed, the services of the secular clergy for the training of the secular priesthood."

Whereupon he blessed the confused, self-appointed monopolist and sent him away with a lesson, well needed, and let us hope, well learned.

So that in entrusting to the Passionist Fathers the care of these retreats to laymen, it is not to be understood that they alone are capable of this holy work. My intention — and I know these Fathers understand well my intention — was and is to give to the good laymen coming here for rest and refreshment the spiritual benefit of the story, never old, always new, of the love of our Blessed

Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, Who died that we might live.

And now, dear men, I cannot refrain from saying — I trust not in any vain sense — that I am proud and happy at the thought that I, under God, founded this work, in this place, and with these good priests to help me, for the spiritual and eternal welfare of your immortal souls.

God has blessed your work in a thousand ways. It has had the difficulties which every good work must encounter, it seems, until its worth is proved and tried. That time has now arrived; so with the blessing of God and my own poor weak blessing, I commend this house of retreats to His loving care, that here the weary may find rest, and the troubled, peace of heart. And I only ask that in your prayers, communions, and Masses, you will not forget him to whom, under God, you owe this sacred house on this holy hill.

THE FRANCISCAN MONUMENTS [1]

It gives me no little pleasure to call the attention of the faithful of the Archdiocese to the work of the restoration of the medieval monuments in Italy in memory of St. Francis of Assisi.

With the approval and blessing of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, a committee has been formed to secure funds for the restoration of these monuments and a delegation has been entrusted with the duty of bringing this project to the attention of the lovers and followers of St. Francis in America.

The Catholic world has every reason to love St. Francis and to be devoted to his sacred memory. In the troubled times of the Middle Ages this Saint combated the extravagant luxury of his time by the practice of holy poverty and turned the minds and hearts of men to the Cross, which he had uplifted in his emaciated hand, the glorious sign of charity and peace. His memory was not soon forgotten. His labors and work won for him the deep love of his people and shortly after his death churches dedicated to the Seraphic Father, and admirable for the beauty of their architecture and art, began to rise on the plains where he preached and on the hills where pilgrims flocked to hear him.

Many of these monuments, however, have fallen into decay, but faithful followers of the Saint, earnestly desiring to preserve the memory of the holy man of Assisi and

[1] Letter issued by His Eminence on the restoration of the medieval monuments in Italy in memory of St. Francis of Assisi, November 10, 1927.

his noble and heroic deeds, and moved by the stirring appeal which the ruins of monuments to his honor hold out to them, ask the Catholics of the world to assist in the worthy work of restoring them.

All of us owe a debt of gratitude to St. Francis and to the land of St. Francis, and we may now show our appreciation in part by contributing to the fund for the restoration of the medieval monuments in his honor.

THE SACRED MEMORY OF THE DEAD [1]

To All the Clergy and Faithful of the Archdiocese, Health and Benediction:

The great devotion of the faithful to the remembrance of the souls of their departed during the month of November is most consoling and one of the noble inspirations of our holy religion. I am compelled, however, by contrast, to call your attention to a pertinent subject which is not so consoling and which demands an early and immediate understanding — the burying-ground of the dead.

Some of our Catholic people spend great sums, oftentimes entirely out of proportion to their incomes, on elaborate caskets and profusion of flowers, and then bury their deceased, only to be quickly forgotten; while the flowers decay and, with them, the remembrance of their dead. This conduct is unchristian and a great departure from the simple customs, both of old Christian times and of the Christian countries of our day. In Christian times and in Christian countries the coffins were of simple wood, regardless of the social condition of the deceased; the dead were clothed in simple garb, and there was no embellishment of flowers, which, indeed, may bring profit to some, but means nothing to the repose of the souls of the departed.

The attempt to cover up the real meaning of death by gilding its surroundings is childish. It is more pathetic when we consider the neglect of the final resting-places of the deceased. The Catholic Church grants a great privi-

[1] Pastoral Letter issued December 1, 1927.

lege to her children in permitting them to be interred in consecrated ground, and it is a crying shame for Catholics to bury their relatives in this blessed soil and then forget all about them. The people themselves must exercise their own judgment against the unchristian extravagance which is widespread to-day in the burial of the departed. It is our duty, however, to safeguard the sacredness of the cemetery.

I call these abuses to the attention of the parish priests and people of the Archdiocese, therefore, in order that the immoderate financial expenses of a funeral may be curtailed and that the proper attention may be given to the care of the graves of the deceased and to prayers for the peace and repose of their souls.

In order that this crying abuse may be soon eliminated, all those in charge of cemeteries, priests and superintendents under them, are hereby directed to see to it that perpetual care be provided for all the graves of those interred in our cemeteries. Hereafter no monuments or stones may be erected on lots which are not recorded as provided with perpetual care. And if, after due notice, the people who own these lots have not seen to it that this provision has been made, the cemetery will take over the lot and deal with it as forfeited property; for it must be remembered that graves are not the property "in fee simple" of those holding deeds to them, but are legally regulated by the by-laws of the cemetery.

I take this occasion to direct all those in charge of our cemeteries in the Archdiocese of Boston that all moneys received from perpetual care funds must be set aside in special trust in the name of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Boston, and only the interest on these funds will be used for perpetual care of the graves.

The regulations of the Archdiocese require that an annual report be made of all funds received and expended for the care of cemeteries by those in charge of them, and an exact report must be made of all moneys received for the perpetual care fund, which, I repeat, must be deposited in the name of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Boston, in trust, for the perpetual care of the graves.

It is a sad sight and a sad thought for one who goes through our cemeteries to find that those who should show their gratitude by caring for the graves of their relatives seem to forget them and leave to others the burden of keeping in decent condition the places where their bodies rest.

It is my request that the parish priests of the Archdiocese take the occasion of reading this letter to instruct their people on their Christian duty, both as to what they should avoid in the matter of funerals and what they ought to do with regard to the sacred memory of their dead.

GRATITUDE TO GOD[1]

THE very first thought in my mind is one of gratitude to Almighty God for reaching this sixty-eighth birthday in perfect health and with a sense of humor. I think one has a great influence on the other. I am very happy to say that all through my life, which has had its difficulties and trials, I have never allowed myself to lose anything of the sense of proportion.

Difficulties are a portion of human life. It seems that the higher the station, the greater the difficulties. That is really normal because the fact that one is in a higher position ought to enable him to face these difficulties with more equanimity.

I am talking of a balanced life. I think God endowed me with that, and it certainly not only has saved oftentimes a situation otherwise disagreeable enough, but has saved my health.

I can honestly recommend that to everybody whose work is hard and whose life, no matter whether his position is high or humble, has its share of burdens and trials and crosses. Do not take them too seriously. They all pass in time, and if one in the meantime can follow Kipling's good sense in his "If," where he voices the really fine sentiment that, if one can keep his head when all around him are in confusion, and if he can hold his balance and sense of perspective when everything around him is blurred, and if he can lift his head up to Heaven when everybody is blaming him and keep a firm hold on the eternals, then he will be a man.

[1] Message delivered at the Cathedral by His Eminence on his sixty-eighth birthday, December 8, 1927.

There is a great philosophy behind those words. I am far from agreeing with Kipling in many of his utterances, but that certainly is very fine, because it is based on the Gospel. It is trust in God. Evils come and go, but God reigns forever in Heaven.

I do not mean by this that I claim to have had more than my share of difficulties which come to a man who is in a very important place, but I only say that I have had enough to make me feel surer than ever that the great thing in life is, first of all, the sense of God's presence, and that everything will have its day and wrong will be righted finally.

To repeat, I think that by keeping that constantly in mind, I have been able to do my work every single day that I have been a Bishop, twenty-six years now, facing every day's labor and going to the work with the strong sense of duty and courage which enables one to face one's task with a sense of justice and of humanity.

Zeal, courage, and responsible position make one devote one's self entirely to the work in hand, but have a tendency to remove one from the great human family, high and low, rich and poor.

But that can be safeguarded, and I have really safeguarded it by keeping my friendships as strong and as firm now as they were forty years ago. That is, I mean the worthy ones. I thank God that on account of my good health and sense of humor I can laugh to-day just as heartily as any boy, as I often do when the day's work is done. I am very happy that my lot has been cast in my own native Diocese, and that Boston is the seat of my best work.

I look back with pleasure on my experiences in Rome and in Japan, in both of which places part of my work

lay, but my life-work has been here, and no one, I think, has been more blessed with finer friendships, more delightful people as neighbors, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, and a more congenial atmosphere of friendliness which to me is of the most precious value. These, of course, are all happy thoughts. It does not mean that there is not a sad thought underlying them all, and that is the thought of Mexico.

How can any American be complacent in the great prosperity of his own country, while at our doors is a condition of things which reminds one of the most barbarous times in history? We read with horror of the atrocities that the pagan Emperors inflicted upon the early Christians, yet we seem to be unmoved in reading of the horrors which are being perpetrated by an unspeakable demagogue, who seems, whether it be true or not, to boast of the friendship of this country and the support of its Government.

I am not a politician. I am not interfering in that respect. I am speaking now as an American citizen, proud of his own country, and must deplore this riotous, blasphemous Communism at the very doors of our own country without, it would seem, a single protest from any one in high position, whose voice would carry across the Rio Grande and influence some one to cease from this wolfish hunting down of perfectly innocent Mexicans whose only crime is their determination to serve God.

What is the real reason for all this silence? Of course, we have our reasons for thinking that there are influences not entirely imbued with the highest motives. Well, I do not want to pursue this subject further, but it is an overshadowing sadness that prevents our being perfectly happy, when the cry of suffering Christians, hounded to

death with the most brutal persecution, is in our ears.

I face the coming years with confidence in God, all the more so as recently I have had the good fortune of adding to the number of those who are my helpers in the Diocese. The new Auxiliary Bishop, Bishop Peterson, and the new Vicar General, Monsignor Haberlin, are known to all, priests and people. Their ability and their piety and their fitness for their work are well known. That, of course, will lighten my task and make the burdens easier to bear.

The Diocese has grown by leaps and bounds, in such rapid strides and power of numbers that even those living here scarcely realize how different the circumstances are from what they were thirty years ago.

I am speaking now from a religious point of view. I myself have created ninety new parishes in twenty years. That means that where there were no churches, there are now ninety, each with a new parish around it. That speaks for itself. That multiplies the work and makes the task harder, but with it is the great sense of consolation that the growth is not merely in quantity, but also in quality.

I finish by sending my very best and heartiest good wishes to all my good Bostonians and to the people throughout the State. They are all my neighbors, they are all kindness itself to me. I have received nothing but the finest consideration at their hands and I am deeply grateful for it.

A NEW YEAR[1]

ONCE again the wheels of time bring us into the presence of a new year. Time is the gift of God which enables us to make an honorable record of our days. It flies speedily and is quickly gone, never to be recalled.

The past is the past forever. What is recorded there, for or against us, constitutes our page in the book of life. That page for each of us, if we could read it in detail, would be a revelation to us of high desires and noble aspirations, often thwarted and sometimes, perhaps, blighted by the human weakness which resides in every man.

Fortunately for us, it is not an absolutely indelible record. There is One Whose love and understanding are so infinite that a return of that love blots out many a black mark. "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." Shakespeare, in these words of Mark Antony, was giving expression to a pagan sentiment, and not the Christian doctrine in which repentance blots out folly and love gives eternal life to even the smallest kindness.

It is well for all of us, as the year closes, to look back on what now constitutes, in the light of the right perspective, the high lights and the deep shadows that the year 1927 has turned over to history.

And first, every American must be grateful to God for the wonderful internal peace which the Nation has enjoyed, notwithstanding the diverse elements of which it is

[1] Sermon delivered at the Holy Name Union Service at the Cathedral, December 31, 1927.

composed. Thanks to a stable government and to the good sense of the American people, who are not blind to defects, to be sure, but too loyal and sensible to see only defects, the Nation has enjoyed an immense prosperity. The continuance of both these elements is the best guarantee of national welfare.

To one who sees only the surface of things, we are a people of strange contradictions. There is, for instance, on the part of some, an almost inhuman greed for money and material things. To one witnessing that alone, it might appear that Americans were totally selfish and inhumanly devoted to the gratification of worldly desires.

And yet, on the other hand, where, in the whole world or in the whole history of the world, do we find such a magnificent outpouring of beneficence on the part of the wealthy for education, for institutions of learning, for the care of the sick and the poor, as even this past year has evidenced?

Again, if one were to get his knowledge of our people merely from the daily papers, he would be horrified at what appears to be a veritable riot of crime. And yet, we look around us and see our neighbors on the same street, in the homes of our various localities, settlements, and communities, and there is no external evidence of anything except the proprieties and the decencies of human life.

And if we go deeper and know our America better, side by side with this flippancy of so-called moderns who exult in a feverish joy of life, we find men and women going about their daily tasks, devotedly and religiously.

To the superficial observer again, noting the apparent growth of such moral cancers in the body politic as societies for the spread of atheism, the secret nests of perverted bolshevists, the trouble-makers and the disturbers of the

peace of every kind, it might appear, unless he lived among the common run of respectable people, that all religion, all law, and all civic order were very soon to be utterly destroyed, and in their place would appear vile anarchy and the disruption of both religion and government. But we know that no such danger really exists, at least not now. There is more noise than numbers in all these baneful influences; and even to them, time often brings its own remedy.

And so the past year has had its high lights, its middle tones, and its dark shadows; but after all, that is life as it is in great, powerful, thriving nations. But no one who witnessed the outpouring of good-will and fine human feeling that the Christmas Day of only a week ago evoked, can doubt that the heart and mind and soul of America are sound and that her people above all the peoples of the world are cognizant of their prosperous present and of the duties with which the future confronts them.

What are those duties? They are, to be sure, manifold and complex, but the whole code can be reduced to a few simple formulæ. And this day of all days is the time to proclaim them afar and aloft.

Let us think of God first; for He alone is our last end. Let us work, not merely for personal gain and utter selfishness, but with the sense of obligation to our country and our neighbor; with no rancor in our hearts toward any man or any group of men; and with the knowledge deep down in our souls that the years pass quickly; that what we do for God, our country, and our neighbor never dies; that soon, in any event, time for us will be no more, but will become eternity with the record at least of what we have tried best to do.

And now, when all is summed up, what does it really

mean but the great commandment which Christ gave to His followers: Love thy God above all things; love thy neighbor as thyself?

May the coming year bear upon its now blank page the noble record of our best efforts for God and the human family! So will the errors and defects, the follies and the weaknesses of 1927 be forgiven and forgotten in our blessed hope of a better, holier, and happier year.

THE POWER OF TRUTH[1]

I BID you a very hearty welcome to Boston. It is a long time since we had the pleasure of greeting in Boston this body of men who represent the Knights of Columbus, and I have been looking forward to your coming.

I think you must all know that from the very beginning I have been interested in your organization in a very sincere and earnest way. I know of the wonderfully fine things you have done. Of course, I do not wish to conceal that there was the usual exhibition of human defects here and there, which is not surprising, because that is true of every human organization. These are all forgotten and all petty comment is swept aside in the light of the big things that you are doing.

It is always easy to criticize, but it is difficult to build up; and that you have done.

Unfortunately, there are organizations whose purpose seems to be anything but similar to the one that is your outstanding purpose, organizations which seem to thrive on misrepresentation, and I am sorry to say even on hatred. But in time, little by little, all these things take care of themselves, and high and good organizations, those that have the background of solid patriotism, thrive.

I was talking with an American gentleman this morning who is a great lover of America, but who also knows something of the American temper. We were talking about organizations which have not brought much credit to the Nation. I said I thought Americans very progres-

[1] Address of His Eminence to the Supreme Officers of the Knights of Columbus, at his Brighton residence, April 14, 1928.

sive, quick to see things and alert, but nevertheless credulous, but he supplied the word with another, perhaps more forcible — I would not have said it — "gullible."

Unfortunately, it is true. The old nations are skeptical of all these various professions of patriotism. They want deeds more than words. America is a new nation, and unfortunately, our people, instead of putting their trust in organizations like yours, which are created and sustained on principles of patriotism and religion, sometimes through misrepresentation are led astray.

The great point to remember, in all these disagreeable circumstances which are bound to arrive from time to time, is that truth is eternal, and can afford to wait. Chicanery and misrepresentation will all be revealed in due time. Therefore, again we must follow the example of the Church with the ever-abiding sentiment of patience.

Oftentimes in these irritating moments, the best thing to do is to keep silent. I understand perfectly that it is difficult at times not to break out into open denunciation of what we know to be false, but, I repeat, on such occasions, silence is golden and in the end vindicates the truth.

And so, with this sentiment in your hearts, love of Holy Church and devotion to our beloved country, go on your glorious way, cherishing as your highest and most precious gifts your faith and your fatherland.

DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY [1]

To the Reverend Clergy and Faithful of the Diocese, Health and Benediction:

With her fine instinct for the fitness of things, Holy Mother Church dedicates the month of May as the season of special devotion to Mary, the Mother of God. To this loveliest of God's creatures she consecrates the sweet days of the springtime, when all creation awakens into new life, and all nature in joy and gladness exults in the beauty of the early flowers, the blithe song of the homing birds, and the growing warmth of the lengthening day. God makes all things well, but His noblest creature is Mary, the work of His redeeming grace. In grateful recognition of her mother love, the Church would spread nature's robe of richest verdure at her feet, and to her shrines invite young and old, that in the purity and splendor of the Maytime they may see symbolized the purity and splendor of her whom Christendom greets as the Queen of May.

Eagerly the whole Catholic world heeds the Church's invitation to unite in thus giving honor to Mary. Wherever the religion of Christ is pursuing its divine mission, there during the month of May every heart will turn with tender pleading and ardent love to this peerless Maid and matchless Mother. Around her altars will gather saint and sinner, prince and peasant, learned and unlettered, to offer their tribute of loyal affection.

Around Mary's shrine all gather because it is the shrine

[1] Pastoral Letter, issued April 30, 1928.

of the Mother of God. Lovingly they light the candles around it and for her fair image weave as a crown the fairest blossoms of advancing springtime. Joyfully they join in solemn procession, throwing silken banners to the breeze and filling the air with hymns and canticles sung in Mary's praise. And the whole Christian world knows that all this honor paid to Christ's Mother is all the more to honor God Who chose her to be the Mother of His only begotten Son. Queen of Heaven — the Saints of old called her — Star of the Sea, Light of Nazareth, Ladder of Heaven, Beauty of the World, and a thousand other names of honor. But whatever titles they give her, they know that they all are summed up in her most eminent title — Mother of God.

The Virgin Mary is Virgin Mother of the Incarnate God — that is the sole patent of her nobility. To the Eternal Word she gave the flesh and blood by which He was united to the race of Adam and which He gave to redeem the world. That is the foundation of her unspeakable dignity, and the explanation of all the love and honor we give her.

In the Divine Mind the idea of Mary coexisted with the idea of the Man-God; her maternity and the mystery of the Incarnation were from the beginning together. It was God Himself Who foretold her as the sinless maid whose heel would crush the serpent's head. His prophets heralded her as the Virgin Mother of the Messiah, of Him Who was to be the world's Redeemer. And when the ages rolled by and the most stupendous moment in history arrived, it was God's angelic ambassador who brought the tidings of her high dignity and greeted the lowly maiden of prophecy as Full of Grace. Then was accomplished in a little village home at Nazareth the

mightiest mystery of God's great love; and from that instant the Incarnate Son of God was Mary's Child.

We speak of Mary's Divine Motherhood not as a thing of figure or of shadow. In virtue of the marvelous relationship established on the first Annunciation Day, Mary is Mother of God as really as any human mother is the mother of her own child. Even as every mother in all truth receives that title, although from her the child derives only its material substance, but not its spiritual soul which comes into being through God's creative act, so, too, with Mary — because in her Child two natures, human and Divine, are united in the Person of God the Son; she is the Mother not merely of His human nature, but of His Divine Person; she is the Mother of the Word made flesh, the Mother of God.

The thought of Mother and Child, therefore, is inseparable. It is God's will that it should be so. By His own hands the crown of Virginal Motherhood was placed on Mary's brow and it can never be removed. Dante in his wondrous vision lets St. Bernard sing of her — "O Virgin Mother — Daughter of Thy Son. In Heaven Thou art as the noonday torch — and to men a living spring of hope."

In the Gospel story they are ever together — the Immaculate Mother and her only Child Who is a Child Divine. The Mother is with the Child at the Crib and at the Cross, amid the poverty of His birth and the gloom of His death. She is with Him in the wayside cave of Bethlehem, to welcome in His name the humility of the shepherds, to receive in her holy hands the Magi's gifts for her Child, and in His place to smile approval on the faith that brought them from afar. "And entering in, they found the Child with Mary, His Mother."

Like other mothers, she watches over her Babe; she nurtures Him at her bosom; she nestles Him in her arms; she sees Him grow up at her side, a loving Son, who revered her and called her "Mother." She is with Him at Cana to request and witness the first exercise of His miraculous power, and again at Calvary, in the throes of sorrow, to coöperate in the work of man's redemption and become the mother of the redeemed. "There stood by the Cross of Jesus, His Mother." In the Gospel story Mary has her great part.

According to Catholic doctrine Mary's Divine maternity is essentially involved in the fundamental truths of Christianity; it must stand unshaken if Christianity is to remain as God Himself established it. And so the name of the Mother is ever on the lips of those who invoke her Divine Son; her shrine is near His Altar; her "Hail Mary" is united with His "Our Father" to form the Rosary whose mysteries are an epitome of His life and hers. For the Mother there are festivals as there are for the Son, and for both, devotions beautiful and varied. To the normal mind veneration for the Mother is inseparable from adoration for her Son.

Throughout the ages Catholic life has been full of veneration of Mary, the Mother of God. Nearly two thousand years separate us from the momentous scenes at Nazareth, Bethlehem, and Calvary; and all those years have been vocal with hymns in her praise. Under God, every honor has been paid her and every devotion the love of an admiring people could suggest has been offered to her great dignity.

That love has inspired the most beautiful pages of the Christian Fathers and has tipped with lyric beauty the pens of the greatest poets. It cut her fair image in stone or

carved it in wood; it kept lamps and torches burning before them. It traced the rude frescoes of the catacombs; it painted the glorious Madonnas of the Masters; and in the fairest dyes borrowed from the sunset, it imaged the beauty of her features in the glass of jewelled windows. That love, too, dedicated guilds and confraternities and religious orders to the honor of Our Lady Saint Mary, and about the temples of Jesus it gathered young and old, rich and poor, to pay reverence to their Queen. It set up wayside shrines and chantries, and gave Mary's name to little children, to glorious basilicas and to comfortable inns, even to traveled roads, to the healing herbs and the gorgeous flowers. Into the language we speak, man's love to link Mary's name with all that is most beautiful brought such pretty phrases as "Our Lady's Bower," "Our Lady's Mantle," "Marygold," and Old England was known as "Our Lady's Dowry." Among all peoples, with the Gospel of Christ the Son, love for Mary the Mother entered; and from every quarter of the earth that love through all the centuries has burst forth in one vast and mighty chorus, "Ave Maria, Salve Regina Nostra."

Those who will not understand tell us that such honor given to Mary detracts from the honor due to Jesus. But they, also, are those who have already begun to deny the truth of Christ's divinity, interpreting His life and teachings as those of a clever philosopher or kindly social reformer, not God, but a mere man. It has ever been so, as history attests. Those who fail to honor the Mother end by dishonoring her Son. For a religion without Mary is a religion without Christ, the Son of God.

Christians, therefore, have no apology for the honor given to her whom they will greet with filial affection so often during the coming month as the Queen of May.

Christ is God; Mary is His Mother — this is answer enough.

God Himself placed Mary upon the pedestal where we Catholics find her. He made her the purest, fairest, and brightest creature that ever issued from His creative hand; upon her He lavished privileges and prerogatives the richest that infinite wisdom could devise and omnipotence bestow. That the Eternal Word might have the most perfect mother, God gave her the fullness of His grace. He chose Mary as the Mother of His Son — He could not honor her more. In His eternal decrees He predestined her as our Mother by adoption — He could hardly honor us more; but with this astounding gift came the solemn command, "Honor Thy Mother."

The full meaning of those words no one understood so well as Christ Himself; no one translated them into action more faithfully than He. To her, the most perfect of Mothers, He, the most perfect of Sons, was subject; and subjection is a synonym for devotion, as devotion is another name for love. Jesus Christ loved Mary for her incomparable graces, loved her with the infinite love of God for His Mother.

And may we think that such a Son can be pleased with those who have never a thought for His Mother? May we suppose Him to be indifferent to the neglect of those who bow in reverence to Him and turn coldly away from her whom He so loved? Deep down in the heart of every child is an undying instinct, planted there by the Creator of humanity, which prompts him to rejoice at any honor given to his mother and to consider any slight or insult to her a slight or insult to himself. Infinitely more must the Divine Son be solicitous for the respect and reverence due to His Mother. He has given us the example and we but

imitate Him when we give to Mary, His Mother, the praise and honor our love for them both suggests.

That Immaculate Mother, God's Mother and ours, the crown and climax of God's creation, appeals to man's purest affections and awakens in his soul the tenderest emotions. Our very nature would have it so. Instinctively we honor excellence wherever we find it. We honor it in our heroes, in our statesmen, and in all who lend luster to our country's name, giving to them a veneration bordering upon worship, and perpetuating our devotion and their memory in the most enduring marble or bronze. Nor do we fail to bestow honor upon their mothers. In this we obey a fundamental impulse of our nature, which comes to us from God. By that same impulse we must, by every human instinct, pay tribute of honor to Mary, not alone because she is our Mother from whom only an ingrate child can turn, but because, the fairest creature of God's hands, she possesses all the combined graces of virginity and motherhood, and because, after Christ, she is God's instrument in the salvation of the world.

It is difficult to understand the position of those who banish Mary from their worship or mention her name only in tones that are cold and indifferent. Mary and her Child are inseparable. She must be with Him to give Him His human reality, to provide human meaning for the mysteries which center about Him. Her Motherhood and His human Sonship stand or fall together. Aware of this, some who have fallen away from the Church, but have wished to retain the Christ of the Scriptures and of history, have never allowed either schism or heresy to snatch from them His Immaculate Mother. And there are many sects which, though they exclude Mary from their creeds and their liturgies, cannot help cherishing

a love for her in their hearts. And so, we repeat, it is difficult to explain the denial of Mary by any one who claims to be Christian. It is difficult to understand how they can kneel at the Crib and by the Cross, meditating upon the mysteries of the Incarnation and Redemption, and yet remain indifferent to the presence of her who is so intimately connected with them.

Those who assume this attitude are paying the penalty, however, as must all who do violence to the principles of nature or of grace. They are losing the supernatural touch on life and are loosening their grasp on the very essentials of Christian belief. To-day they are engulfed in religious chaos and helplessly distracted by confusion in discipline and doctrine, for, whatever the matter involved, men cannot forsake the beaten path of truth without losing themselves in the strange vagaries which end in chaos. By the force of logic they are driven either to deny that Christ is God or to affirm His divinity vaguely, with halting voice and half-hearted worship. They may plan and discuss reunion, but they will never really return to the bosom of Christ's true Church until they restore Christ's Mother to the niche from which in rueful times their ancestors had cast her down.

Consider what Mary has meant to womanhood the world over. Before the sweet face of the Madonna looked out upon the world, woman was regarded, as she is in heathen countries now, as a drudge or a chattel, with neither rights nor dignity. Venus was then the ideal; and the members of her sex, subjected to disgrace and degradation, were slaves of man's will and victims of his passions.

By Christ's Church, Mary was at once adopted as the glorious ideal of womanhood, the true type of womanly

dignity and perfection. Chosen for signal honors by God Himself, she lifted up her sisters from the shameful servitude to which they had so long been subject and placed them in security around her. Possessing the tender grace of the Maid and the amiable dignity of the Mother, she won the admiration of those who bowed instinctively in reverence before her Son. Her humility, her gentleness, her purity awakened a new concept of womanhood which was touchingly portrayed in the sublime character of the Virgins and Martyrs who followed in her train.

The exaltation of Mary meant the exaltation of all womanhood with her; it won for womanhood respect and reverence and it raised the Christian woman to her throne and to queenship in the Christian home. Wherever the Virgin Mother was welcomed and honored, womanhood was thus enthroned, and virtues, domestic and social, were developed as the safeguard of sound morality and the guarantee of true refinement.

We shudder to contemplate what the world would be without the benign influence of Mary and of the devoted Christian women who have imitated her virtues. From the records of pagan ages in the past, when the empire of vice was universal and helpless woman was subjected to dishonor and to the most revolting forms of atrocity, we can gather some idea of the moral degradation Christianity has corrected and of the brutality which Catholic devotion to Mary has banished. And to those acquainted with the life and customs of non-Christian or pagan peoples of the present day, among whom the Madonna is unknown, what a world of difference is revealed between woman's place and mission there and her exalted station among those who love to behold the Child Jesus in the clasp of His Mother's arms! How repulsive, then, how

depressing is it to see a woman barter her sacred dignity for the misery and degradation of Oriental slavery!

Mary is to us, who love her as children and reverence her as the Mother of God, the purest and highest ideal of human life after her Son. Christ, it is true, is the perfect pattern of life to all men. In taking our nature He sanctified all the states of human existence, all its trials, temptations, duties and joys, and to all mankind He gave Himself as the source and exemplar of every virtue. He became Man that He might show man how to become like unto God.

"Follow Me," He says; "I am the way, the truth, and the life. He that followeth Me walketh not in darkness, but shall have the light of life." In the work of attracting and transforming souls, however, Christ is not alone. He raises up among men saintly figures who manifest to us the possibility of imitating Him and who coöperate with Him in His work. As the light of the sun is broken up into the beautiful tints of the rainbow, so the transcendent character of the Saviour is reflected in the heroic virtues of holy men and women, to whom we are drawn by one of the best and deepest impulses of our nature. Far in advance of all the rest stands the Virgin Mary, who is surpassed in holiness only by the Author of all sanctity Himself. She is a model for all; she is the mirror of true womanhood.

The world to-day needs the virtues of Mary, for they are the virtues which God desires to find in every member of His great human family. It needs her faith, simple, strong, and constant. Men in their blindness are rejecting beliefs the most sacred, and in their conceits are vainly struggling to reason away Revelation. It needs her meekness and humility — ours is an age that worships material

power and force, and in its boastful pride looks with scorn upon the humble. It needs her obedience, her patience, her resignation; it needs her stainless purity — in a generation like this, with its temptations of every sort, the sinless Virgin Mother is an example and an influence whose presence amongst us is imperative. In fine, it needs all the wondrous charm of goodness with which Christ adorned His Mother and which He Himself emphasized as the conditions of discipleship and the passports to Paradise.

It is through womanhood, especially, that Mary's power and influence must be manifested in the world. The Virgin Mother of God made man has emphasized the dignity of woman, the nobility of parenthood, and the beauty of chastity as imperishable ideals for mankind. This splendor of Mary's character must be reflected, however, in every woman's life in order that these ideals may find concrete embodiment in her soul and through her in the home and in the community where she abides.

The home is woman's normal sphere — maidenhood, wifehood, motherhood, and home. It is God's institution. It is the cornerstone of civilization and the foundation of social order. Upon its purity and integrity God based the stability of nations and the peace and prosperity of society. The home is a sanctuary where woman's functions are sacred, and in the performance of these she exercises a power that is practically unlimited. Necessity and duty may demand her work and presence elsewhere, but normally her place is at home.

To the women of a country are entrusted the most vital elements in the education of its citizens. Within the hallowed precincts of the home, the mother, the wife, the sister, and the daughter are ever exerting a momentous,

even though silent and insensible, influence upon all those who are bound to them by ties of affection. They are the moulders of character. In the heart of a son, or husband, or brother, or father they can form or foster the great social, civic, and personal virtues which are the source and secret of a nation's strength.

No trifling influence, then, is woman's; no unimportant mission is hers; no insignificant responsibility does she assume. She is the educator at the hearthstone where the destinies of a nation are determined, for there the character of a nation's citizenship is formed.

If ever there was a period in our country's existence when good and God-fearing women were needed, it is to-day. If ever it was necessary for the Nation's womanhood to exert itself in the interests of virtue and religion, and to throw about the Nation's children the saving influence of a Christian home, that time is now. Women of high ideals, of noble sentiments, of deep religious convictions, women who imitate Mary, must show the way.

Every agency, it would seem, has been pressed into service for lowering the ideals of womanhood and substituting pagan for Christian principles as rules to guide woman's conduct. And all about us the disastrous results are revealed. Wives are finding domestic duties irksome. Daughters resent parental control; and their extravagance in dress and their craving for pleasure and excitement outside the home, are stifling the domestic virtues — meekness, gentleness, and love. Thus the bonds of domestic life are being loosened; the sacred traditions of the home are gradually being destroyed; and the Nation whose virtue can be no greater than that of the homes and the women composing it, is losing strength and vitality at the very source where it should be strongest.

This situation, fraught with so much peril to society, can be remedied only by a return to the Christian ideals of womanhood. Every one must be aware that present conditions demand a vigorous, healthy domestic life, but such there cannot be until society heeds the lessons taught by the Holy Family in their lowly and lovely home at Nazareth. A chaste, gentle, virtuous womanhood, this now and always must be society's protection, but such there cannot be unless women of every rank and condition cultivate the womanly virtues of Christianity's model woman — the virtues that shone in the Virgin Mary's life.

Therefore, with all the solicitude of paternal care we exhort the faithful of the Archdiocese to make this month of May truly the month of Mary — to assist each day at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, wherever possible, even at the cost of trouble or inconvenience — to gather for devotions around the flower-decked shrines which love for Our Lady erects in Christian homes and Churches — to tell Mary's beads and answer to the chant of her litanies — to remember that true devotion to Mary is manifested, not alone by prayers which fall from the lips, but by cherishing her virtues in the heart — thus to give our May to Mary as her own beautiful season.

Our devoted women, who, in their triple office of daughter, wife, and mother, must ever be a tower of strength to the home and a powerful auxiliary to the Church in the regeneration of society, will learn at Mary's altars the salutary lessons she has taught throughout the ages. They will then realize that the world's most influential women have been the most feminine. They will be deeply Christian women, tenaciously adhering to Christian principles, because they will understand that, as Christ's

Church has placed them on a pedestal of dignity and of power, only Christ's Church can keep them there.

Let all of us, men as well as women, renew in our hearts the native love of every Christian for Christ's mother, the eternal ideal of mother love and maiden purity — Our Lady Saint Mary — our own Madonna. May Mary, God's Immaculate Mother and ours, gather us all beneath her sheltering care, for we are all her children, sharers of her mother love! May she watch over our beloved country, which has been placed under her special patronage, and may she guide it ever in the ways of virtue and peace by the grace of Her Divine Son!

Pray for us, O Holy Mother of God, that we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ. We dedicate to Thee the lovely month which comes with all the promise of a new life of nature and of grace — the blossoms of hope destined to become sound and wholesome fruit enriching the souls of those who love Christ because He has redeemed us and who love Thee because Thou art His Mother. Amen.

WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL
Archbishop of Boston

April 30, 1928

AN EXPRESSION OF FAITH [1]

I CONGRATULATE you first of all on your courage and most of all in that courage which finds its strength in confidence in God and in Divine Providence.

The whole world was thrilled at the news of your safe arrival and edified by the expression of the first thought in your minds — thankfulness to God. The whole world was waiting for that word, and though people may not tell you in so many words, you owe to that expression of beautiful faith and confidence in God the affection which you find on all sides here in America, because America is profoundly a religious nation.

I welcome you to Boston with all my heart, and bid you Godspeed and God's blessing. To Major Fitzmaurice, who comes from the land of my fathers, I give a most hearty greeting, and to Baron von Huenefeld and Captain Koehl, the gallant flyers of the Fatherland, I also give my most heartfelt greeting and blessing. I trust that God will continue his watchful care over you, so that you may win in the great effort you are making to bring the peoples of the earth together in amity.

Above you hangs a painting. It is one of the greatest treasures I possess. You see what a wonderful, lifelike painting it is of Christ, carrying His Cross. It shows the tenderness of His eyes, but, with all the suffering there so graphically depicted, courage still beams from them.

It was given to me by the Bishops of Germany on behalf of the German people for the assistance we sent

[1] Address of His Eminence to the Bremen flyers at his Brighton residence, May 20, 1928.

them after the war. I treasure it beyond words. It is a great work of art, and, besides that, it has a great sentimental value attached to it, because it came from the heart of the German people, on account of what little I was able to do for them in their great distress after the war. I did not forget that, though they had been enemies, they now were fellow children of God.

A HOME DEDICATED TO HAPPINESS[1]

I AM very happy to speak to you in Italian, first, because I know you love that beautiful language. I also want to recall what happiness it gives me to be here with you to-day, to dedicate this beautiful house which will be given over to the service, instruction, and education of the dear little children of the Italian people.

Now the memories of one's home are the most sacred memories of one's life. Whatever happens to a child, he never forgets. The tender care of a good mother and the watchfulness of a good father are priceless treasures. A child who has that blessing will grow up to be a man who will never forget the beautiful memories of home. Alas, there are many children who have no beautiful memories of home, because they have had no home. For those you have now begun to provide.

You are giving to these children what no one else could give them. This house will be dedicated to happiness — happiness here and hereafter. The good nuns will be father and mother to them, and you, my good Italian people, will be father and mother to these poor little children.

I do not like the word orphanage. But I do love the word home. This is a home, not an orphanage. So let us join together to get the funds to furnish this Home.

[1] Delivered at the dedication of the new Home for Italian Children, Jamaica Plain, September 16, 1928.

DEVOTION TO THE HOLY GUARDIAN ANGELS[1]

To the Reverend Clergy and Faithful of the Diocese, Health and Benediction:

The economy of God in spiritual affairs clearly manifests His tender solicitude for the welfare of the human race. Man, of his own efforts, limited and weak, was inherently unable to attain the supernatural goal for which he had been created. To help him save his immortal soul, the Almighty bestowed upon him a wealth of means which far surpasses the wisdom of the most provident father or the loving care of the sweetest mother. Indeed, every natural object, yea, even the world of pure spirits, has been shaped to serve and uplift mankind. The glorious universe around us, the world of sense, the earth with its floods of life and color and light, the sky with its dazzling sun at noonday and its mysterious stars set in their watches at night — bespeak the omnipresent Creator. "The heavens show forth the glory of God and the firmament declareth the work of His hands." (Ps. 18:2.) Then the system of the Sacraments, those outward signs and channels of supernal help, were instituted by the all-loving Son of the Almighty to give us in our every need the assistance of the Holy Ghost. Proceeding even further, God, in His eternal decree, did not stop with tangible matter to support man in the important affair of salvation, but, to the aids supplied us ever through natural and physical elements,

[1] Pastoral letter, issued October 2, 1928.

He added the ministrations of His Messengers, His Ambassadors — the Angels.

Because these agents of Divine Providence are creatures of a purely spiritual nature we are prone to entertain inadequate knowledge or false concepts concerning them and all too apt to forget their presence, or to be unmindful of their constant companionship. The Church, therefore, often during the year in her calendar of worship would remind us of God's Messengers who are ever by our side. At the beginning of the month of October, which popular devotion dedicates to the Holy Angels, she solemnizes the feast of our Celestial Guardians.

From early childhood we have been aware of the existence of certain beings superior to ourselves. Our first glimpses of benign spirits have come through the charming and reverent stories heard, perhaps, at our mother's knee — the stories of the Angels walking upon the earth and conversing with men. We have seen these exalted beings pictured in glowing colors on the immortal canvases of painters. The fairest lines of the poets echoed with the chants which the heavenly host proclaims forth in praise of the Most High.

To the inspired pages, however, must we turn if we would have God's own account of these, His faithful attendants and our watchful companions. For their world, not being a world of matter, is beyond the limited reach of human powers and to it revelation only can be our guide. Only the pictures drawn in the records of Holy Writ can open to our view the magnificent creation of the preternatural order of beings which we call the world of the Angels.

And how sublime, how inspiring is the scene which the Scriptures open out before us! From the inaccessible

light of God's eternal throne, stretching downwards on all sides are the tens of thousands of God's Angels. Pure spirits, immortal and incorruptible, possessed of a beauty and power of intellect beyond that of all the beautiful things of earth, they fill the Heavens with their enchanting music and incessantly hymn the praises of the Most High. "Holy! Holy! Holy!" they sing, "Lord, God Almighty, Who was, Who is, and Who is to come! Thou art worthy, O Lord, our God, to receive glory and honour and power: Because Thou hast created all things; and for Thy will they were, and have been created." (Apoc. 4: 8, 11.)

The Scriptures teem with the most touching descriptions of the Angelic Host. Nearly every page tells us of the existence of created intellectual substances, entirely incorporeal, who, by their God-given power, exercise a tremendous influence over the eternal destinies of men. The Biblical narratives are a succession of important events which mark God's dealings with mankind, not by direct contact, but, as is His wont, by the intervention of Angelic ministrations. Frequently these holy spirits appeared to the Patriarchs, to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. They delivered Lot from the burning city of Sodom; they conducted the Israelites to the Land of Promise; they preserved the three children in the fiery furnace; they guided the peregrinations of Tobias and rescued Daniel from the lion's den. With their beneficent influence they were ever at hand when dangers and tribulations encompassed the Jewish people.

Under the New Testament, Angels took a part in all the circumstances of our Saviour's life. They announced His incarnation to the world; they presided at His crib in Bethlehem; and to the shepherds on the cold

hillsides beyond, they proclaimed the glad tidings of His birth; they ministered to Him in the desert; they comforted Him amidst the lonely horrors of Gethsemane; they kept guard at His tomb, and from Mount Olivet they conducted Him back home to Heaven. And on the last solemn day, when the Son of Man will come to judge the world in the clouds of Heaven, with great power and majesty, His Angels, attending Him, will carry out the happy or unhappy sentences passed upon the children of men.

The Angels are thus deeply concerned about our interests because they are our constant companions in life. To each of us one of these pure spirits has been assigned to watch over us and protect us from birth to judgment. They who are so exalted, who rejoice with the ineffable happiness that comes from the vision of the Creator, ever attend us as we journey through this vale of tears, sharing in the various vicissitudes of our life, assisting us to serve God, and watching our every step lest we stumble amid the manifold temptations of the world.

This consoling doctrine is plainly written on the records of Holy Scripture. "Behold," says God Himself, by the mouth of Moses, the Jewish legislator, "behold, I will send my Angel, who shall go before thee, and keep thee in thy journey, and bring thee into the place that I have prepared. Take notice of him, and hear his voice, and do not think him one to be contemned; for he will not forgive when thou hast sinned; and my name is in him. But if thou wilt hear his voice, and do all that I speak, I will be an enemy to thy enemies, and will afflict them that afflict thee." (Exod. 23: 20–22.) And the Psalmist, speaking of the ministrations of the Angels, says, "He hath given His Angels charge over

thee; to keep thee in all thy ways. In their hands they shall bear thee up; lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." (Ps. 90:11, 12.) Our Divine Saviour, denouncing him who scandalizes the little ones, declared that their Angels, who are in Heaven, always see the face of His Father who is in Heaven (Matt. 18:10); and St. Paul, referring to the Angels, asked, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent to minister for them who shall receive the inheritance of salvation?" (Heb. 1:14.) The Angels, therefore, are our friends and companions. This is our firm and comforting belief; for the God of the Angels has given it to us.

Plainly and beautifully expressed on the pages of Christian literature is the thought of these tutelary spirits and their ministry to their charges upon earth. "The Angels," says Origen, "have a care of our souls, which are confided to them, as tutors have a care of their pupils." And St. Justin adds: "The dignity of our souls is so great that each one from his birth has an Angel appointed to guard him." St. Augustine, who wrote at length about our Guardian Angels, assures us that they accompany us wherever we go. "The Angels," he says, "go in and out with us, having their eyes always fixed upon us, and upon all that we are doing; if we stop anywhere, they stop also; if we go forth to walk, they bear us company; if we journey into another country, they follow us; go where we will by land or by sea, they are ever with us."

On this belief tradition could hardly be more general, more uninterrupted, or more uniform. From the earliest years the faithful have given expression to it in the devotion paid to their celestial companions and in the shrines and sanctuaries erected in their honor. And the Church,

with her special Feast of the Guardian Angels, keeps before our minds the great truth that we have been entrusted by God to their unfailing care and insists upon our duties toward them.

Oh, how boundless is God's goodness, how admirable His Providence in all things! He who created and redeemed us is so anxious to welcome us into Heaven that He allots to each an Angel to guide and guard us along the way. One by one He brought us into existence; one by one His Divine Son, our Saviour, thought of us as He prayed in His agony, and stumbled along the Way of Sorrows on the first Good Friday afternoon. Nailed to the Cross, He died as if for each one of us alone, and the abundant showers of His redeeming grace He now pours down upon the soul of each, as if it alone were the object of His mercy. It is God's way to deal with the race of the redeemed as if each member were the only one appealing to His solicitude and love. Hence it is that in His ardent desire for the salvation of all, He assigns a Prince of His heavenly court as an instrument of salvation to each. For so says the Psalmist to each one of us in beautiful words full of comfort and hope, "He hath given His Angels charge over thee, to guard thee in all thy ways." (Ps. 90: 11.)

In thus acting our Heavenly Father is but pursuing His general plan of employing some of His own creatures in the government of His universe. Through the agency and instrumentality of others come most often the blessings we receive from God's bounty in the temporal order. The community in which we live, the society of which we are members, is one grand scheme of assistance by which the strong help the weak, the rich the poor, and the learned those who are ignorant and unwary. How much

we owe to the friends whom God has given us! How many elements of worth in our character might be traced to the example or instruction of men and women around us, who have been interested in us and who in various ways have aided us in our struggle with the forces of ignorance and evil! The lives of every one of us, if we think them over, are but a history of such timely helps from our fellow-men, and these helps are none the less efficacious because perhaps they were unconsciously given and received. From various persons they came to us, only some of whom we have known and prized, and in lovingly mysterious ways too, though in our ignorance we but deemed them the ordinary occurrences of life. For like purposes and in similar ways God has recourse to the agency of the Angels, those rich powerful Princes of Sion who bring from Him the exhaustless source of good, and abundance of material and spiritual blessings to the weak and needy children of men.

When all is said, there is but one family of God, its members His servants in Heaven and on earth, all united by the bond of a common obedience to their Heavenly Father and by the strong ties of love for one another. The Angels, secure in the happiness of Heaven, are, as it were, our brothers, strong, experienced, rich in the wisdom of God, and we, poor, faltering pilgrims of earth, are entrusted by the Eternal Father to their care, even as in the home sometimes a mother commits the helpless child to the special charge of older brothers or sisters who strive to excel one another in the loving affection bestowed upon the object of such a precious trust. But in the vast household of creation, over which God presides with supreme power and majesty, the love of the Angels for their charges upon earth is a love, in strength

and tenderness, surpassing that of brother or sister; it is a love beyond that cherished even by a mother.

Many are the motives which prompt such constant devotion to our interests; many the sources from which such surpassing love is drawn. These celestial patrons, we know, are close to the merciful Heart of the Redeemer; they understand, therefore, His untiring concern for our welfare and from that inexhaustible fountain of love they imbibe the tenderest affection in our regard. They know, too, that we, their relatives, not by the flesh but through the spirit element in our nature, are destined to share their glory, to be their fellow citizens in Heaven, and one day to enter into their unending companionship. In the unselfishness of their love, they are anxious for the period of our probation to close triumphantly.

However, what especially enhances the intensity of their affection is the fact that they have a Divine commission to watch over us, and to be for us here upon earth the instruments of God's mercies. This it is that urges them to sweep down from their golden skies and to flash swiftly and joyously through the dim air of this lower world, that they may assure us of their love and be at hand in all fear and trouble.

And with what admirable solicitude and unceasing watchfulness do these protecting Angels fulfill their Divine commission with regard to us. At every moment, though unseen, they are by our side. They never forsake us from the first breath we draw until we have entered into the possession of our eternal destiny. They hover about the babe slumbering in its crib. They guide the timid and untried steps with which childhood and youth enter upon life, at first so strange and at all

times so full of peril. They hold out a helping hand to strong and rugged manhood, seasoned by struggle with the forces of evil and bearing, perhaps, the scars which the wounds of sin have made. And when the light of life is transformed into the darkness and gloom of age, with its dreams unrealized and its hopes cherished in vain, Guardian Angels are near to support the bent form and tottering steps, and to banish the shadows of loneliness and sorrow.

Wherever we go this angelic partnership is never interrupted. Heavenly spirits shield us from bodily danger and minister to us in our temporal needs, even as the Angel of the Lord loosened the chains from St. Peter's limbs and opened the iron gate of his prison. "They bear us in their hands," say the Scriptures; day and night they are vigilant for our well-being. They who keep Israel neither slumber nor sleep. Intent upon the salvation of our souls, they instruct us; they protect us; they plead for us with God. They ward off temptations, overcome obstacles physical as well as spiritual, and pointing out the path of virtue, they guide us lest we go astray. To our prayers they unite theirs; they inspire holy thoughts or whisper helpful inspirations; at times, too, they inflict upon us healing and salutary chastisements. To every want of the soul through life they minister, that they may assist it to arrive safely at its journey's end. All this they do for all of us, if we but let them; every help that they can give is ours, if we but welcome them and with them gratefully coöperate.

These various and unceasing ministrations but show forth with greater force the marvels of Divine Providence. For Holy Writ tells us that some of the Angels,

unfaithful to their high calling, were dethroned from the celestial courts and hurled with wrath into unending perdition and damnation. These same fallen spirits, retaining withal the penetrating and keen knowledge proper to high intelligence, are waging fierce battles against those creatures whom God had commanded them to serve. Although pure spirits, they were still left the power to disobey, and now, in their morbid despair and jealousy, with their strength surpassing the utmost might of man, they aim at our destruction. "Our wrestling," says St. Paul, "is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers of the world of darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places." (Ephes. 6: 12.) But the paternal care of God shielded us from their malevolent attacks by surrounding us with the protection of our good Angels. These, by their fidelity to God, are in every way capable of warding off the darts of the disobedient spirits.

What friends they are; next to God and the Virgin Mother, our oldest and our best! "They stand by us," says St. Augustine, "with the greatest care and watchfulness, aiding us and providing for our necessities. They assist us in our labors, protect us in our rest, encourage us in combat, crown us in victory."

Never do they leave us. Especially in our dying hours will they be near, when the struggle with the powers of evil is fiercest, to awaken within us contrition and confidence, even as a celestial visitant came to the Saviour in His agony and strengthened Him. Not even at death does this friendship end. For the Angels are ministers of judgment; the souls they have watched upon earth with zealous care they proudly escort to the mansions of the blest, or delicately bear to the darkened realms of

Purgatory, where, we may well believe, they console their imprisoned clients with visions of future bliss, and, after the period of the purification is over, beckon them away to enjoy the presence of their eternal Father.

These are thoughts which it is well for us to cherish. They help to impress us with the infinite tenderness which binds the Creator to His creatures, and to assure us that we never can be away from the loving arms of His omnipotence. They tell us how ineffable must be the grandeur and how unapproachable the majesty of Him about Whose throne are gathered myriads of adoring spirits brighter than the brilliance of the sun and clothed with a beauty no tongue can adequately describe. And then to think that this mighty Lord of the universe stoops to our weakness and that these celestial Princes are our companions!

We are in touch with two worlds — the visible world of material things all about us and the invisible world equally real though unseen. All these considerations make us the better realize the meaning of the words of the Royal Prophet, "Thou hast made man a little less than the Angels, thou hast crowned him with glory and honour; and hast set him over the works of thy hands." (Ps. 8: 6–7.)

Though by faith we know the truth of these sublime doctrines, we are, alas, all too prone to let it be banished from our minds by undue attachment to the material things of mortal life. It is the consciousness of such failure to draw upon this vast source of spiritual treasure that prompts us to address ourselves to the faithful of the Archdiocese and with all the solicitude of paternal care emphasize these sound, healthy elements of Catholic Spiritism, especially at this time when Holy Mother

Church commends to her children devotion to the Holy Angels.

How consoling to poor humanity is this overwhelming thought of God's protection throughout all our lives and in all our ways. What folly to turn from this most beautiful and encouraging teaching of the Divine Master to the wickedness and falsity of a spiritualism which is nothing short of a temptation of the Devil. What intelligent person can really put faith in the trickery of charlatans who, by the cheapest and meanest methods, seek to entrap unwary victims for the sole purpose of self-aggrandizement? No reasoning man can doubt that people who submit themselves voluntarily to this false spiritism, condemned by God Himself, are either feeble-minded or deluded.

The purpose, therefore, which we have in mind in emphasizing at this time the doctrine of the Church respecting our Angelic Guardians is to make us ever more and more conscious of their presence in every phase of our lives, in every deed that we perform. In this way the thought will be always present to our minds that a loving Father and a dear, devoted older Brother, in the person of our Guardian Angel, are always with us to guide and protect us during our whole mortal life.

And with this consideration inevitably comes a great sense of gratitude for God's eternal love and care for His weak and wandering children on earth. So, it is our duty to offer to Almighty God our deepest and sincerest acts of thanksgiving for His constant attention and to our good Angels the most affectionate and tender sentiments of love and reverence. May our prayer each day and often during the day be the prayer which

Holy Mother Church places upon our lips: "Angel of God, dear Guardian, to whose care the Divine Goodness has entrusted me, deign to enlighten, guard, rule, and guide me."

WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL
Archbishop of Boston

Given at Boston, October 2, 1928
Feast of the Holy Guardian Angels

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST [1]

We rejoice to-day, my beloved brethren, in the acquisition of this new temple dedicated to the glory of God and the honor of the good St. Ann. It is not precisely a new church, but in our sense, it is, for it is blessed and dedicated by the Catholic rite, and will so remain forever.

This is now a sanctuary of God, where the sacrifice of the Mass will be offered daily and weekly for the glory of God and the welfare of souls. Beloved children in Christ, we all know that the sacrifice of the Mass is but the continuation of the sacrifice of Calvary, and that Our Lord will preside here in the great sacrament of His Love.

We dedicate this church on the feast of Our Lord Jesus Christ, King. Kingdoms of the world come and go, but here is a king who will never be destroyed — Christ the King — whose kingdom will never have an end.

Let me remind you of the words of Christ. "Art Thou a King?" he was asked. "Thou sayest that I am a King. For this was I born, and for this came I into the world, that I could give testimony of truth." They asked him: "Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar, or not?" He knew they were only trying to catch Him. That was a very dangerous question to ask. "Show me the coin of the tribute," He said. And they gave him the coin. "Whose image and inscription is this?" And they said to Him, Cæsar's. Then He said to them: "Render, therefore, to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's."

[1] Sermon preached at the opening of St. Ann's Church, Boston, October 31, 1928.

We render to Cæsar what is Cæsar's, but not our souls. To God only we give our worship. We give to the laws what the laws demand, if they are just, and we are taught to obey the law. We always reserve within our conscience the moral right to worship, realizing that our first duty is to God.

We respect law. The very foundation of law is moral right. Where there is no moral right, there can be no just law. We observe the decencies. Among the early Christians in the catacombs, death was preferable a million times to the betrayal of God. That is the spirit we need to-day.

We as Catholics are ready and eager to give to our country what she demands from her citizens. We abide by her laws and give our beloved country our unfailing loyalty.

Our right to worship as we please is guaranteed in this Nation by our Constitution. We must guard that right jealously. We give Cæsar what is Cæsar's — even our very lives, but we will not go one step further. We have seen how far the civil government will go — yesterday in Russia, to-day in Mexico, and possibly — who knows? — to-morrow in this country.

When that day comes — and I am not prophesying, God grant that it will never come — it is my firm belief that the Catholic Church, a conservative element always, will be standing side by side with the best and highest of a large element of non-Catholics having the true Christian spirit. Here they will stand to the last to preserve the welfare and prosperity of this wonderful country, which we love with all our hearts.

The trouble is that most of our fellow citizens are asleep. Our Catholic churches are crowded every Sunday,

but thousands of good Christians in the other churches are not awake to the dangers. They must arise from their lethargy and beware of the treacherous forces which beset our great spiritual organizations.

All this is part of the spirit of unrest and discontent prevalent to-day. Reverence and veneration seem almost things of the past. Our children are not to blame. We must hold responsible their elders who ignore their churches and by their example lead the young people astray.

The Catholic Church stands as a great conservative force in this country. The God-fearing non-Catholics of the Nation must stand with her against the destructive agencies I have mentioned.

I offered up the sacrifice of the mass to-day for the welfare of America, our own dearly beloved land in this Church dedicated to St. Ann. May God keep it and preserve it.

THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE OF PURGATORY [1]

"It is, therefore, a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins." (II Machabees 12:46.)

To the Reverend Clergy and Faithful of the Diocese, Health and Benediction:

The thought of death strikes at the very core of the human heart. The soul is immortal, and the body was originally destined by the Almighty to be its inseparable companion. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that the thought of the separation of the soul from the body, as a result of man's guilty interference with the Divine plan, should perturb the innermost fibers of the heart.

If the grave were to end everything, man's plight would be more pitiable than the dull fate of the brute creation. The mineral world cannot feel; the animal kingdom has no spiritual elements impelling it to conquer matter and to outlive it. Man alone feels the necessity of an unending life of perfect love. For those who rely upon the fancies of skeptics or disgruntled failures, for those who blindly follow the sweeping denials of materialists, death, indeed, is an appalling disaster. For them it mercilessly tears apart the friendships of this world which are the most binding and sacred. For them it annuls the necessity of family and civic life with its attending props of law and order, of reward and punishment. But, for the reasoning man, the Christian of firm belief, whose conception of death is the beginning of life unending, based upon the

[1] Pastoral letter, issued November 2, 1928.

victory of Christ's Resurrection, the thought of the departure from this earth is soothed with hope and encouragement.

True enough, death still retains some of its sadness for the believer in immortality because it places a temporary barrier between beloved ones. But the belief that, although we no longer hear the familiar voices, nor see the welcome countenances of our brethren, there exists a bridge over the chasm of death, consoles the heart and appeases the mind instead of stifling all hope merely because their dead bodies have been committed to the earth.

Search where we will, no greater consolation can answer the throbbing desires of humanity than that which comes to us from the doctrine of the Catholic Church with regard to Purgatory and the Communion of Saints.

Indeed, even the most benevolent teaching of unbelievers plunges us into freezing theories of despair concerning the lot of those who have gone before us into the vague beyond. They misunderstand one of the most consoling doctrines of the Church of Christ. They cannot explain, therefore, the great mystery of the future life; namely, where do the souls of the just go to purge themselves of their imperfections which render them unworthy of immediate union with God? Surely, the souls of the just are not lost forever. If so, where is the justice of God? Can they enjoy at once the perfect vision of God face to face while still bearing the stains of human imperfections? If so, where is the sanctity of God?

There is no solution to this dilemma unless we accept the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory, wherein all those who depart from this life with God's grace not entirely free from venial sins, or from what remained of temporal punishment due to grievous sin, must be cleansed and

purified before they can reach the portals of Heaven. The Church knows this doctrine to rest on such reasonable grounds that she will not allow her children to mourn hopelessly the loss of their loved ones, but bids them take fondly to their hearts the consoling doctrine of Purgatory.

This belief is thoroughly Scriptural. The Old Testament describes the Jewish custom of praying for the departed ones, who, it was hoped, were not lost forever. When Judas Machabeus, the leader of the Jewish armies, had triumphantly met the attacks of his enemies, the first thought which came to his mind was of the valiant warriors who had fallen in the field of battle, "And making a gathering he sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection (for if he had not hoped that they that were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead), and because he considered that they who had fallen asleep with godliness, had great grace laid up for them. It is, therefore, a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins." (II Machabees 12:43–46.) This Jewish custom, which endures even to this day, is but a plain and natural outcome of the entire system of religion given by God to man. Notwithstanding the fact that the soldiers of Judas "had fallen asleep with godliness," a sacrifice was offered up for the remission of their sins.

Holy Writ is too clear in the matter of the eternal punishment of those who die in enmity with God. Of such there was no question in the thought of Judas Machabeus. On the other hand, the Book of God from its very beginnings proclaims incessantly the absolute sanctity of God in whose presence even the just, as Moses, were not

allowed to appear, much less men guilty of even smaller offenses. The holiness of God is of itself the very opposition of the shadow of iniquity. The God of the Heavens above is all beauty and light. How, then, could the darkness of sin penetrate into the heavenly mansion of His glory where "nothing defiled can enter"? (Apoc. 21: 27.) The conclusion is evident: Either the soul departing from this life must already be pure as the truest drop of gold or else must pass through some period of probation and of purgation before the vision of God is ultimately attained.

This sublime belief is preached in the parables and teachings of Christ. Our Lord, in the Gospel of St. Matthew, speaks of the prison from which no one can find freedom until the last farthing be paid. Thus also our Divine Master declares that "Whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him; but he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, nor in the world to come." (Matt. 12: 32.) What more convincing words could have been uttered by the Son of God with regard to the possibility of remitting sins even after death? "For," explains St. Augustine, "to say that some sinners are not forgiven either in this world or in the next would not be true unless there were other sinners, who, although not forgiven in this world, will be forgiven in the world to come."

Indeed, Christ with His sympathetic insight, with His knowledge penetrating to the very depth of our being, knew how few there were who would be worthy of direct and immediate possession of His holy kingdom. He foresaw what any observant person can see with regard to the attitude of men toward their eternal destiny. Few are

spotless; many are great sinners whose hardened ways lead to the realms of eternal punishment; and above all, there are myriads whose guilt has been forgiven, but whose punishment has not yet atoned for their imperfections and frailties. It is to these that the merciful heart of Christ referred when He reassured us that some sinners could find hope for the remission of their imperfections after death, except those who had sinned against the Holy Ghost.

Clearly, therefore, the Church's doctrine with regard to Purgatory is drawn from the very words of God Himself. In them all mankind should find strength and consolation. They are so consonant with the yearnings of all humanity that many of our separated brethren have found their way back to the true fold because of this Catholic doctrine of Purgatory, and in so doing they returned to the Faith of their fathers among whom prayers and Masses for the dead were a very live part of that Faith and conviction.

All the doctrines of the Catholic Church can easily be traced to the Apostles, through the monumental works of their learned successors. Even from the very first centuries the practice of praying for the dead, indicating a firm belief that the departed ones were in some place or state of probation, is clearly found in the Liturgy of the Universal Church. Just as to-day Catholics pray for the suffering souls and address supplications to God in their behalf, so in the days of the catacombs the early Christians inscribed, on the tombs of the faithful, words of hope and petitions for peaceful rest in the Lord. The anniversaries of the faithful departed were remembered and the underground passages then sounded with the pious intercessions: "May you live in the Lord and pray for us."

"May refreshment be granted to thee." This faith is none other than that which has come down to us through all the centuries.

How close to the beliefs of the disciples of Christ are our own when we read their literary testaments! There is no difference in thought between the theological treatises of our day and the works of the Fathers of the fourth century writing for their contemporaries that which they had received from their forefathers and ultimately from the Apostles. "We pray," writes St. Cyril of Jerusalem, "for the Holy Fathers and Bishops that are dead; and in short for all those who have departed this life in our communion; believing that the souls of those for whom prayers are offered receive very great relief while this Holy and tremendous Victim lies upon the Altar."

The great doctor of the Oriental Church, St. Ephraem, at the very beginning of the fourth century was so convinced of the existence of an intermediate state of expiation that he begged of his brethren "to make a remembrance of him on the thirtieth day after his death; for, through the offerings of the living, the dead are helped." And again, speaking of the customs of the very earliest Christian days, Tertullian said, "On the day of anniversary we make oblations for the dead," and he wishes to strengthen the position of the early believers by calling upon the example of their forefathers.

If at times the Fathers of the Church were obscure in their explanation of various doctrines of Christianity in an effort to avoid undue persecution, certainly in this matter of the sufferings, after death, of those who were not entirely cleansed, they were unanimously and fearlessly clear. For instance, St. Augustine mentions the

necessity of the prayers of the Church for the assistance of the dead, with the clear statement, "This custom has been received from the Fathers and it is observed by the Universal Church." So patent is this belief throughout the whole early Church, based on the apostolic custom and Scriptural evidence, that not one of the many enemies of the Church has ever been able to find any contradictory doctrine in all the early literature.

With the Catholic Church we are forced to admit the logical conclusion that, besides a place of eternal torment destined for those who die as unrepentant enemies of God, and Heaven with its everlasting happiness for the entirely holy, there exists a place where those who die, not enemies of God, but, nevertheless, not perfectly stainless, suffer for a time until the purging process has purified them of all dross, when finally they are ready to enjoy the beatific vision for all eternity.

The Church further clarifies this doctrine by describing the sufferings of these poor souls, and in this relation she speaks to us of the pain of loss.

The human soul is created by Almighty God for the possession of the Supreme Good, which is God Himself. Man was given abundant means on all sides, means supernatural as well as natural. This all was according to a plan which established a perfect order between man and God. So long as this order remains undisturbed, happiness and peace are sure to follow. The disturbance of this order means disaster and utter ruin of all happiness.

For us on earth, who have not seen God face to face, His infinite beauty cannot be clearly understood, but the soul, once free from the body, glimpsing for even an instant the resplendent beauty of its Creator and Father, when deprived of that inestimable boon can never be

happy again until it returns to gaze upon the brilliant glory of Heaven and the holiness of God.

Their momentary vision of all goodness and all purity makes them doubly conscious of their own stains and defects. And so, not daring to lift their eyes again to the splendor of God's glory, they turn almost gladly to the place which His mercy has assigned to them, for that space of time which will in the end cleanse them from all stains, and at the end of which they rush out of their prison house toward the gates of Paradise.

The Church is always very cautious in speaking of other sufferings besides the pain of loss during the time of probation. It is, undoubtedly, the general sentiment of writers upon this subject that the soul undergoes some sort of affliction by fire. However acute such sufferings may be, they can never be compared with the pain which the soul undergoes by even momentary banishment from the sight of God.

So, it is clear from all the teachings of the Church that the souls in Purgatory suffer and that their sufferings will end only when the soul is purified of all dross and stain of sin and demerit. And these good, holy souls would not have it otherwise. They love God now too well. They understand now the infinitude of His Holiness too clearly to desire to sit in His presence as a leper would before a king; but they are thoroughly and entirely willing to wait for the happy day when, completely clean in the vision of God, they may partake of His wonderful glory and participate in the light of His infinite holiness.

The consoling doctrine of the Church with regard to these holy but unhappy souls is this: That while of themselves they must await the completion of their just sentence, the All-Merciful God, by His wonderful law of

charity, has placed in the hands of those still living the power to hasten the day of their liberation and of their flight to Paradise. What a privilege! What a duty is involved in this consoling doctrine! A privilege because it is given us to help the friends of God; our friends, too, to shorten the time of their painful probation. A duty, too, because when the All-Merciful Father places in our hands something of his own power for the benefit of others, it is nothing short of cruelty not to use it in the way in which He has intended, namely, to hasten the day when these souls, whom He loves and who are for a moment far from Him, will enter at last His celestial court; and with the Angels and Archangels and all the Saints of Paradise sing the never-ending chorus of His glory, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts!" (Isaias, 11: 30.)

Therefore, no Christian may shirk his duty of charity toward the souls in Purgatory without himself incurring serious blame. The Church of Christ is one family whose head is our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and whose members are all related to one another and all interdependent to some degree one on the other. The blessed in Heaven, the souls in Purgatory, and we poor mortals are all of that most united family.

The Saints in Paradise look down upon us with love and help us in our way, rough as it always is, toward our place with them in Heaven. We, too, mindful of our brothers and sisters still deprived of God's vision by some venial stains which yet they carry, must help them as we hope to be helped by them when after their brief sojourn in Purgatory they climb the ladder which leads straight to God and eternal happiness.

And so, the Saints in Heaven, the suffering souls in Purgatory, and we strugglers and poor sinners of earth,

constitute a wonderful circle of love and tenderness which builds up around us all the most perfect and beautiful unity of God's eternal charity toward His poor, weak children.

This month of November the Church dedicates and consecrates to the memory of the suffering souls of Purgatory; not that our love for the suffering members of our great family should be confined to this month alone, but because, by allotting this time to the purpose of realizing our duties toward our suffering brethren, we shall be encouraged to practice every devotion which Holy Mother Church places in our hands for their benefit and their relief. Alas, we forget so easily, even at times our most sacred obligations and our tenderest ties. Is it anything short of a crime that a son should forget his father or a daughter her mother, once death has claimed them and taken them out of their sight? Surely, there is nothing tender and beautiful in such oblivion. Is there nothing harsh in the fact that a friend is forgotten as soon as the earth covers his mortal body? Thank God, in His Church such apathy and thoughtlessness have no place in her ministrations and her lessons to her children. No — she follows them beyond the tomb, and taking her children still living here below by the hand, she teaches them to tread softly upon the earth 'neath which they lie, to kneel reverently above their graves, and to look up to Him as they are looking up to Him, and pray for the day when God's justice shall be completely requited and His loving children at His side forever. This is what is meant by helping the souls in Purgatory.

How consoling, how salutary, how helpful, not only to those who have gone before us, but to ourselves left behind, but soon — oh, so soon — to follow after them

through the gates of death before the judgment throne, and then by God's mercy to join those who from sheer love of God are willing and happy to suffer and wait the day of eternal freedom.

Beloved children in Christ, forget not your dear dead. In the feverish activities and endless cares and engrossing occupations of your busy lives, listen, listen with affection to the cry that comes to you, "Oh, at least, you my friends have pity on me, for the hand of God hath touched me; pray for me that soon and forever I may behold God in all His holiness, in all His tender love."

St. Monica at the point of death said to her saintly son, the great Augustine, "Son, beloved Son, bury me wherever you please; but remember me every day at the Altar of the Lord." There is no mother who does not repeat to her son these pathetic words of Monica to Augustine, who wrote down in the clearest of language the strength of his faith when he said, "The prayers and alms of the faithful, the holy sacrifice of the Altar aid the faithful departed and move the Lord to deal with them in mercy and kindness."

Every Catholic knows well his duty to those who have gone before him, who were his parents, his relatives, his friends. What hardness of heart, therefore, to forget selfishly all that has come to him through them in life. What ingratitude never to feel the debt which at least in small measure he can now pay by remembering them at the Altar of God, in his prayers and in his good deeds offered in behalf of those he loved on earth, now suffering perhaps for the sins of which he himself was the occasion. Oh, this would be cold-heartedness, indeed, cruel not only to them but to himself. For, beloved children, do not forget that where now the faithful departed are we shall

one day be. If we fail to help them now — who will remember us in our sore and sorry need? If we are content to forget those we loved, we should have no right to complain when we, too, are utterly and entirely forgotten.

The doctrine of Purgatory is another manifestation of God's love for humanity, and of His great and tender mercy even for those who during life have offended Him, but who, dying, at least came back to receive the pardon of His love.

The doctrine of Purgatory is not only sane and reasonable, but most intelligible to all who understand anything of the spiritual life of the soul, of God's eternal justice, and of His unspeakable mercy.

While during November, Holy Mother Church reminds us of our duty toward those whom we loved and lost, she teaches us at the same time our duty toward ourselves. By her tenderness for the dead she extends that beautiful bond of charity which unites the Church Suffering and the Church Militant, both to the Church Triumphant.

Let, therefore, this holy month of November, dedicated to the poor, suffering souls, be observed by all of us with the tenderest feelings of devotion. Let us kneel again above the graves of our loved ones. Let us take our prayers and our good deeds, which are far more pleasing in their sight now than the fairest flowers, and offer them to Almighty God as a pious memento of our affection to those we have lost. Above all, by our daily prayers, by our frequent holy Communions, and by the Masses offered for their eternal repose, let us consecrate in deed and in truth this holy month to the peace and repose of all the suffering souls, still waiting for the happy day of release and eternal freedom with God. Again and

again may the thought of them bring to our lips the touching prayer of the Church, "Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them."

WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL
Archbishop of Boston

Given at Boston, November 2, 1928.
On Commemoration Day of all the Faithful Departed.

ADDRESS TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES[1]

MR. PRESIDENT:

The Catholic University of America is one of the very youngest of that great family of centers of learning, whose origin stretches back to the Middle Ages — whose birth was blessed by great and learned Popes — and whose charters were endorsed by the civil rulers of their time, whether emperors, kings, or presidents.

The Alma Mater of all the great Christian schools, from Bologna, Padua, Paris, and Oxford to Washington, is Sancta Mater Ecclesia. The most beneficent and powerful founders and protectors of the schools, whether popular or of the highest grade, were the Popes, fathers of Christendom. Ever conscious of their Divine commission to go forth and teach, they have been not only the common fathers of all the nations, during all the centuries, but the promoters of everything that was surest and sanest and soundest, in the whole wide world of Christian civilization and the refinement of Christian influence.

Their first care, naturally, was the propagation of the Faith, the truth which comes from God; but that never prevented them from giving the freest scope and encouragement to the cultivation and the study of all truth, human as well as Divine. And so not only theology, but the humanities and law and medicine and literature and

[1] Delivered at the inauguration of the new Rector, Monsignor James H. Ryan, D.D., at the Catholic University, Washington, D.C., November 14, 1928.

the fine arts, and all the various branches even of experimental science, made their home in the great centers of learning, founded and endorsed by Popes and Cardinals and Bishops in nearly every land wherever the Faith was preached.

For reasons obvious enough to an impartial eye, this story of the founding of the schools of Europe and of America, especially South America, has been deliberately obscured, ignored, minimized. But the facts were so plain that no modern historian, who respects his own reputation for truth, now hesitates to proclaim it from the housetops.

Every student of the history of human learning realizes quite well that even universities may have their fads and fancies; and that from time to time mere suppositions and conjectures, which are nothing but theories in the end, are seized upon with the frenzy of an enthusiasm worthy of a better cause, and raised to the dignity of a dogma.

Those of us who have known something of this state of affairs, even in our own time, can remember the widespread excitement which the unproved statements of a few pseudo-scientists have aroused, not among the real scientists themselves, but among what might be called the camp followers of science. And we realize well, also, how to-day these very theories have been utterly disproved and cast into the discard. They were the momentary ebullition of minds too close to their work and without the balance which a great tradition and a clear perspective always give to knowledge.

The Catholic centers of learning in their time have naturally been brought into contact with this; but the keen mind of the Church, enjoying as she does such an

age-long experience in these matters, stood calmly by, gently warning the enthusiasts of the danger of yielding to novelties without foundation. She has saved both teachers and scholars and the world at large from the craze of every new fantastic theory; and biding her time, has kept clear and true the stream of knowledge through all the centuries.

In those moments of premature exaltation, caused by a fervor with little reason behind it, the Church has had to take her share of derision, as standing in the way of progress. The Church knows very well the difference between progress by mere guesswork and advancement on the solid ground of revelation, tradition, and reason; and she is always perfectly content in these trying moments to wait until the shouting dies down, as it always does, when the real scholars, scientific and impartial, at last discover that what for the moment appeared a fixed star in the firmament was not even a meteor, but a rather distracting display of mental fireworks. This same experience is repeated century after century during which the Church, conservative, yet always conservatively progressive, remains on firm ground, unmoved by any passing spectacular performance. And those who sincerely love real knowledge, fully cognizant of her position, turn to her as the great Alma Mater of all true learning.

The Catholic Church is a devoted mother, and above all else she is anxious about giving correct guidance and direction to the mind of her children. She takes an active part in supervising and wisely directing the chief courses of study in our schools and universities. And it is well that it is so — for by this maternal kindness, our centers of learning are spared many a painful and bitter experi-

ence, which others, lacking in just this, have found to their cost to be of all too frequent occurrence.

Every one knows that no more competent and authentic group of educators exists than the Congregation of Studies, whose head is the Pope himself and whose members are universally conceded to be men of widest experience and profound learning. And besides all this, whenever there is a question of examining a theory, a doctrine, or a principle of science, they have the finest experts in the world in all these branches at their disposal and beck and call, to deliberate and decide upon what ought and what ought not to be taught as well-proved and well-grounded, sound and safe learning. Far from being a hindrance to any real progress and education, this is of the very highest advantage; and safeguards from momentary fads those institutions dedicated only to the knowledge and propagation of the whole truth. To any fair-minded and impartial witness, all this is a matter of history and of fact.

This Catholic University of America, though youthful in years, has the tremendous advantage, unspeakable in its value, of being founded by one of the most enlightened Popes the Church has ever had, the immortal Leo XIII; and is to-day under the watchful and loving care of the Pope whom all the world knows as an ardent lover of learning, Pius XI. It was established for the purpose of studying Christian truth, and propagating what is known to be sound doctrine and true science. One of her chief missions is to reveal to America the true significance of the Church. And no one, alas, who knows present-day conditions will deny that America has not entirely understood, as yet, either the Church, or her Divine and supernatural mission to all humanity, to every nation under

the sun, and to this our own beloved land, our own America.

It is our hope that this institution, imbued with the most sacred love of Holy Church, as well as with the most deep and genuine affection for America, will, in due time, make it clear to all fair minds that the Catholic Church, and all she has stood for through the centuries, and all she stands for to-day, will now, and in the years to come, be one of the strongest props upon which the continued welfare of America may lean with the most perfect security.

Never will any doctrine of disintegration, rebellion or destruction find a place within these halls. Here will be taught forever the glorious privilege of freedom under law. Here will be inculcated devotion to the Nation. Here will be encouraged every sentiment of harmony and unity between citizen and citizen of this great Republic, which depends so much upon the unity and harmony of its fellow citizens for the continuation of its very existence.

For these reasons and because we know and give our solemn pledge to all the world of the truth of our patriotic sentiments, here taught and lived, I feel it a proud privilege to welcome to the Catholic University of America the presence of the President of these United States. Not once, but many times he has borne testimony of the fundamental truth, that without religion there can be no government; and that learning, unless inspired and sanctified by religion, is of small importance in the upbringing and the training and the formation of the future citizens of America.

Mr. President, for many years in our own beloved New England, we have stood upon the same platform, before

the citizens of whom you were the Governor and I was an humble Christian Bishop. Therefore, I have good reason to know that both as Governor of Massachusetts and President of the United States, you have ever given valiant testimony of the need of faith in learning.

The Catholic University of America was founded upon this principle; and with a heart full of admiration for your constancy in behalf of that same all-important doctrine, I and all the Board of Governors, the faculty and students of the Catholic University of America, bid you a most hearty and loyal welcome.

ROYAL HEARTS AND NOBLE CHARACTERS [1]

Americans, even though their form of government is democratic, have an innate respect for any one who is not only of high birth, but of fine, noble character as well. They are always interested in personages from the Old World who, like our royal Spanish guests, not only bear royal titles, but have royal hearts. Therefore, Americans are very happy to welcome them here.

I have known the mother of Don Alfonso for a great many years. She was the Infanta Eulalia, who came to this country to visit the great American Centennial Exposition in Chicago. I saw the Infanta Eulalia the last time I was in Europe. The years have dealt lightly with her, and she is as youthful and active to-day as she was when she visited this country, although now she is a grandmother.

The Prince Alvaro, who is accompanying his parents, is one of her grandchildren. His uncle and aunt are Prince Ludwig Ferdinand and Doña Paz, both friends of mine as far back as thirty years ago.

They were, as they deserved to be, deeply loved by all Bavarians, especially by the citizens of Munich, where their home was. Nothing could be more beautiful or more edifying than their family life.

Prince Ludwig studied surgery and became a celebrated surgeon for the purpose of giving his services to the very poor who could not pay for a doctor. And that he did as

[1] Tribute of His Eminence to the Spanish Royal Party, who attended Mass at St. Ann's Church, Boston, Sunday, November 25, 1928.

a religious duty. Doña Paz, the aunt of Don Alfonso, was one of the most beautiful characters I have ever known. She gave practically all her time to ministering to the wants of the poor of Munich. There was no good work done for the welfare of the Bavarians of which she was not the head. She gave her time, her energy, and her very extraordinary ability for the welfare of her good people.

So that no wonder, when the Revolution came to Germany, this family, in fact the whole royal family of Bavaria, had made themselves so beloved by the people that the bitterness of the struggle never reached them. They were then, as now, admired, revered, and venerated by the people of Bavaria.

The simplicity of their lives was an indication of their character. On state occasions, of course, they appeared in the royal robes of their office, but the functions once over they returned to their life of perfect simplicity that was almost austere. They gave all they had to give to the welfare of their people. Everybody considered the Doña Paz, aunt of Don Alfonso, a saint.

Many of the congregation who assisted at Mass yesterday morning have come to me to say that they were edified and touched by the sweet and simple devotion manifested by this royal family during the holy Mass. That was to be expected. It is in their blood. All their family whom I have known for years have been exemplary Christians and devout Catholics. No wonder that the people of Spain love this charming and intelligent royal couple as I know the people of Bavaria venerated their uncle and aunt, Prince Ludwig Ferdinand and Doña Paz.

I am entirely of the opinion that America benefits quite as much by the visit of such royal representatives of

old Europe as the visitors gain by wide experience of the life and character of our people.

Both Don Alfonso and Doña Beatrice have spoken to me of the noble manner in which the congregation at St. Ann's yesterday morning conducted themselves. I in turn told them that our good Catholic people found that they were of the same family of the Faith; and gave them, as they always do, the respect due to their position, and that all the more gladly, as they left such a deep impression upon the whole congregation.

As I said in the beginning, although our form of government is democratic, our people have an innate respect and even veneration for those who represent the traditions of centuries, particularly those who, like Don Alfonso and Doña Beatrice, are kindly, simple-hearted characters, who make every one love them.

For my part I feel sure that wherever they go they will bring out the same sentiments of respect and admiration that they received here from the people of Boston.

A MODEL CATHOLIC WOMAN [1]

We are assembled here to-day to offer our prayers, together with the priests, in the holy sacrifice of the Mass for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Elizabeth Iasigi Dwight. Only by what might be called the merest chance did we learn of the death of Mrs. Dwight. She was a model Christian, Catholic woman. She was so modest that she would be the last person to imagine that the head of her Church in this Diocese would deliver a eulogy of her in this holy place before the public of Boston.

She had a most marvelous mother, a fact which accounts nearly always for the wonderful religious spirituality in the children. Her mother's home was one of the finest in New England. It was the center of all that was considered cultured and refined. And this wonderful Christian mother, in the midst of all that, kept her religion, her faith in God and her Church. And while the social world came and went and was honored by her invitations to her house — perhaps the largest house in Boston at that time — this model Christian wife and mother reared her children in perfect simplicity and nobility.

Her daughters were brought up in the strictest loyalty to Catholic standards, without any regard to what the people all about her, mostly non-Catholic, thought. What God thought mattered most to her. In fact, that was all that really mattered. Her daughters were sent to the Notre Dame Academy on Berkeley Street, not to any

[1] Eulogy delivered at a Solemn Requiem Mass at St. Cecilia's Church, Boston, January 29, 1929, for Mrs. James Dwight, who died at Mentone, France, December 5, 1928.

fashionable school with high social prestige, although they mingled with the very highest in the social world.

They learned, together with the other knowledge so essential to life, the most important and most essential of all knowledge, the knowledge of God — the knowledge of spiritual truths. She brought up her children according to the strictest Christian principles, and I dare to say some of those children were saints — one of them was Elizabeth Iasigi.

When I came here as Archbishop, I was well aware of the need of bringing together the Catholic women of this Archdiocese, so that they might learn the spirit of Catholic principles and understand more and more the essence of the spiritual life of the Christian mother. Then I looked for somebody to lead this organization which is already attaining such gigantic proportions.

I did not look for a social leader, who would think only of herself, not of the welfare of others. I did not look for anybody who had mere wealth, and would use it for vulgar display. I was looking for a truly Catholic-minded woman who could convey to her sisters in that association what the Church could do for the best interests of Christian womanhood — and strange to say there were really not very many who could take that position and carry it on as a sacred trust, under ecclesiastical direction. There were too many willing to take it and carry out their own little plans for mere vanity and self-seeking.

There were women of prominence, but not prominence of the right kind. Little by little my mind centered on one who was the last one who thought she could lead the Catholic women of this Diocese. When I proposed the matter, she shrank from it. "I could never fill that position," she said, "I have no gift of leadership

nor public address." "Allow me to be the judge in this matter," I said.

Very reluctantly she accepted the position and she filled it for several years with complete satisfaction. She was a Catholic gentlewoman, retiring, and a little shy. But her Catholic spirit carried her on courageously. She knew it was her duty to keep the organization together purely on the Catholic principles of supernatural life. It is not easy to hold together such an organization.

Suffice to say Mrs. Dwight, with all her shyness and very great modesty, carried out my ideas. Social prestige she cared little for — she had it, she did not need it. Publicity — she shrank from it. She was a Christian lady. A lady means so many different things nowadays. She simply stood on the fundamental principles of a Catholic life.

Her memory will live here among all our good Catholic women forever — a memory of a true Christian life brought up in wonderful refinement and culture — and only wanting to do one thing — God's will.

How much we owe to the Christian mother who loves her Church and to whom the world is secondary, tertiary, or nothing at all. Life is very transient. We are here to-day, gone to-morrow. When we are gone, we are soon forgotten. Forgotten except by God. The Church, like Him, never forgets.

What does it mean, all this social strife, this climbing for various positions, the straining after something not worth while. The serious things of life, the solid, substantial principles of Christian life are what count — not in forged notes, but in solid gold for all eternity.

Do not mind the judgments of the world. They are

always false. The women of the League of Catholic Women must have noble standards. Their vision must be clear and far-reaching, if they are to be as they ought to be, leaders among their sisters. Let us live for God and God will be our great reward. May her soul rest in peace. Her memory will never fail as long as the League of Catholic Women exists.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE[1]

I FEEL just as well as I did twenty years ago, and all through the blessing of Almighty God. I work every day and all day, and that is, after all, the greatest blessing, to be able to give all the force of your mind and body to the great work of the ministry, and to enjoy the happiness and consolation that follow from being able to lead your flock along the paths of the Church with all her blessings and consolations.

After I leave here I go to my office and about my work. That is my celebration. The numerous telegrams, cablegrams and messages of congratulation that I receive on these occasions from various parts of the world, as well as from friends near by, touch me very much, because I think there is nothing under God's grace so beautiful as a constant and abiding friendship and the affection of friends.

Of course, during all these years, going on twenty-eight years as a Bishop, I have simply tried to do my simple duty as it lay before me. This is not always easy, for duty is oftentimes misunderstood and indeed sometimes misrepresented.

But that is all a part of the day's work, and the only thing that really counts is that I am answering to my responsibility. That I try to do and leave the rest to God, as He, after all, is the only real judge of what at least we try to do, even though we never really accomplish all we want to do.

[1] Birthday Statement of His Eminence at the blessing of the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, on the Seminary Grounds, Brighton, December 8, 1928.

I think it is something to be able to say, in all these twenty-seven years and more, that I have never disappointed any one with whom I made an appointment. I have kept every single engagement, and I think that is something to be legitimately proud of, because I must say that many times I did not feel able to keep an engagement or face the work, but, nevertheless, I arose in the morning with the spirit of duty, and when the work was over, I found I was better and happier for it.

I continue to make my life just as simple as I can make it. My only recreation seems to be work and more work, and I love it and enjoy it. I think no man ever had dearer friends than I have, friends who have proved their affection by constancy even to the point of sacrifice. That I think is a great gift of God. I have never willingly turned away one who proved himself to be a friend.

During the past few months we have all been rather tried by the actions of some people who, either through malice or ignorance, were guilty of gross misrepresentation of us and what we stand for.

I understand that after the election was over, somebody had the audacity to pretend that I had contributed money toward the campaign of one or the other of the parties, and that they made a sort of propaganda of the lie that I had favored one party or another.

I want to say that I have never contributed a cent in my whole life to any campaign or to any individual who was running for office or to any party.

As an American citizen I vote according to my conscience, and it is nobody's business for whom I vote and why I vote. I think it will be granted that I have at least average intelligence, and I know what I am doing when I am responding to my duty as an American citizen.

But this is only one in a series of misrepresentations that have come to my ears during these last twenty-seven years as a Bishop. When I was a young Bishop, I felt this rather keenly, and spoke of it once to Cardinal Gibbons, who was a patriarch as well as a great American, and he said:

"Never dignify a lie by even publicly denying it. I have been through a long and very laborious life. There has scarcely a year passed that some malicious tongue has not endeavored to asperse my character with calumny and lies. I have never deigned to notice them, for I knew well what their real purpose was, but I observed the delightful allusion which Dante made in his 'Inferno' when he said 'Si guarda e passa,' which means, I look and pass on."

Ever since that conversation with Cardinal Gibbons, I have faithfully followed that excellent counsel. I know that the higher we climb and the greater our successes, the greater the temptation of malicious minds, for their own reasons, which they can best understand themselves, to send forth the poison which in the end hurts only themselves.

I am on the verge of my seventieth year and, therefore, I may well be said to be in the evening of my life. Well, all I can say is that I am enjoying the evening to my heart's content, and all I ask for the rest of whatever years remain is the strength to do God's work, to keep my friends who love me, and to bear myself with indifference, at least, to those who, instead of helping, only strive to hinder.

I was born on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception and our Blessed Lady has been a tender mother to me all my life. My mother at my birth invoked her protection

for me, and I have always felt in all these years that it was a living, active influence in my life.

So, to-day, on my sixty-ninth birthday, I am blessing a chapel in her honor in the Seminary grounds, a chapel which for years it has been my desire to build. It will crown the little hill which is the highest spot in the Seminary grounds.

That chapel will be devoted to her honor. Outside, in a niche above the door, is a statue of our Blessed Mother, with arms outstretched to receive us.

One day, which is known only to God, my lifeless body will pass through that door, beneath that statue, for in the crypt is the place my body after death shall repose until the Judgment Day.

I see the little chapel every morning the first thing after I awake, and I salute her whose statue is above the door; and I know what the vacant crypt will one day contain. So, in the midst of life and health, I have no fear of death.

Familiarity with the fact that one must die takes away all the horror of death, and I have thoroughly familiarized myself with that thought, which is before me every day as I leave my house for work. But the real reason why I want a place in that crypt is because I feel I shall not be without many prayers, on account of the situation of the chapel.

Every time I enter the sanctuary of the Cathedral, I say a *De Profundis* for my predecessors lying in the crypt below, but I cannot help wondering how few there are who do the same. I think that it is a part of the destiny of leaders and people who have in their time held conspicuous, high office and great responsibility, to be very soon forgotten. And I have no illusions about sharing the same common oblivion.

My hope is that the sight of the little chapel on the hill will lead the seminarians and those who pass within sight of that beautiful little shrine to think at least once in a while of me and say a *De Profundis* or an *Ave Maria* for my eternal rest.

THE GLORIFIED TRAGEDY OF HUMAN LIFE[1]

I HAVE come this morning, beloved brethren, with a very special satisfaction in my heart to bring to the jubilarian pastor of this parish my most heartfelt congratulations, not only upon the wonderful work which he has accomplished, but because he has accomplished it, one might almost say, with the fervor of youth.

I bring to you, dear monsignor, the blessing of our Holy Father himself. He knows your work and he knows you. I am here to testify this morning, and it is proud testimony that I offer, that in all these years of service, fifty long years, Father Connolly has been a real priest of God.

Of course, nobody realizes, and I fancy no one can realize, what fifty years mean. I mean no one but the priest himself can realize it. Fifty years in any one's service is a life of great trial. I wonder how many public men would be willing to give fifty years' service to the public? I wonder how many public men could stand it physically or mentally?

Well, here is a priest of God who for fifty years has faithfully and loyally served Almighty God first, but the public also. I think that is a phase of the priesthood that people are very often apt to forget — that the priest is not living apart as a hermit for the sanctification and salvation of his own soul. He is living with the people. He is serving God, but he is serving the people every day of his life.

[1] Delivered at the Golden Jubilee of Right Reverend Arthur T. Connolly, Blessed Sacrament Church, Jamaica Plain, December 30, 1928.

Every time I look at a priest I think I am looking at a miracle of God. And it is true. Without a doubt it is a miracle. No human being could stand that work and not break under it morally, physically, spiritually, and mentally unless he had the special grace of Almighty God.

Have you ever thought of that before? This is not merely a golden jubilee, with fine singing, beautiful music, and eloquent speeches but the glorified tragedy of a human life that has offered itself for you for fifty years.

To live in the world and to serve God and the public is a great test. And for a man to be happy through that for fifty years is a miracle.

Some people have an idea that religion ought to take all the joy out of life. It was that idea, I imagine, that brought about Puritanism with all its attendant evils. Even now the lives of some of the descendants of the Puritans are made unnecessarily heavy because they think religion must be without joy.

God does not want frozen hearts. What have we to offer God? A broken heart, a heart filled with trials and tribulations? Yes, but a heart filled with joy and the consolation of God. That is religion. That is the spirit of faith. And that, thank God, is what this jubilarian has had all his life.

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